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THE

Broad Stone of Honour:

OR,

THE TRUE SENSE AND PRACTICE OF CHIVALRY.

vol. II.

The Second Book,

TANCREDUS.

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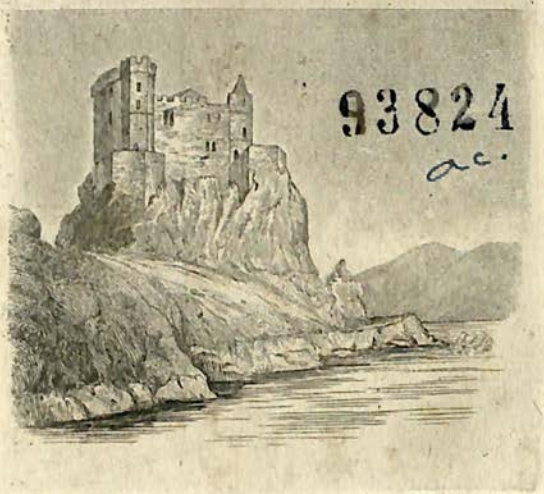

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Tancredus.

"Quæ vera esse perspexeris, tene, et Ecclesiæ Catholicæ tribue: quæ falsa, respue, et mihi, qui homo sum, ignosce."

St. August. *de Moribus Eccles. Cathol.* 20.

We were five in company, on an evening in August, leaving the little town of Egeri, upon the lake of the same name in Switzerland. We had travelled far through a sultry day, and the sweet refreshing air which had now sprung up invited us to pursue our course to the convent of Einsiedlen, which we hoped to reach that night. Our way was over a wild barren mountain; and we had hardly risen above the town, when the sky exhibited no dubious signs of an approaching storm, which was gathering in deep purple volumes over the high range of the Bern Alps. However, the present was all enjoyment, and we scorned the counsel of our Nestor (for among five there is always one to fill this character), who sagely advised us to proceed no farther. On reaching the summit we found a chapel, with a little bell to ring to mass; and before the altar there knelt a hermit, "un sainct preud'homme hermite," who seemed unconscious of our presence, so absorbed was he in meditation. The thunder now was distinctly heard. It is related of St. Chad, Bishop of Lichfield, that, as often as it thundered, he went into the church and prayed prostrate as long as the storm continued, in remembrance of the dreadful day in which Christ will come to judge the world. But we were impatient, and we wanted some water

to drink; and we knew, instinctively as it were, what was the charity of these holy men, whose obedience was before their sacrifice. He arose quickly, and went to his little cell, which stood before the chapel; and having procured a vessel, he soon presented us with some delicious water from a spring which gushed out close to his door. He was a tall fine-looking man, with a long black beard, and a keen searching eye; he wore a dark habit with a cowl, and his waist was bound by a cord, from which hung his beads and crucifix. When he went for the vessel I was following him to the door; but he waved his hand, and intimated that I must not enter. Much I wondered to observe how well he had guarded his poor dwelling, every aperture being furnished with a strong bar. I even heard the door bolted within when he entered, though he was to rejoin me in a moment. In the Palmerin of England, indeed, the young knight of the Wild-man was treated in this way by the hermit, who, shocked at his loose discourse, went into his cell, and fastened the door after him, just as if the giant Bracolan, his old enemy, had been alive again, and was following him: but I was no giant, and had said nothing. One might have remembered how the noble hermit, William, Earl of Warwick, recommended Tirante the White to depart immediately, adding as a motive, that it was late, and the road hard to find, and never offering to give him lodging, though he had been generous enough to give the hermit a book: but this was no time for recollections. Afterwards the mystery was explained. One of his predecessors, the good St. Meinrad, had been murdered on the neighbouring mountain, by two strangers whom he had admitted into his cell. Certain it is, everywhere holy men had somewhat to apprehend from similar guests. When St. Ernoul and his companions retired into the most remote

part of the forest of Ouche, in the diocese of Lisieux, which was only inhabited by wild beasts and robbers, a peasant discovered them, and warned them of their danger. The saint, however, replied, "We are come hither to bewail our sins: we place our confidence in the mercy of God, and we fear no one." One of the robbers was converted by them, and he persuaded his companions to change their mode of life. Even in the romance of the "Round Table," Mordrec killed a preud-homme hermit in a forest, to the great horror of Sir Lancelot. In the seventh century, St. Monon of Scotland, who lived a hermit-life in the forest of Ardennes, was murdered in his cell by robbers. Now we were strangers, and our dress denoted that we came from beyond the seas; and, in fact, we learned afterwards, that in the forest, on the other side of the mountain, and within half an hour's walk of his cell, there stood a lone house, which was the abode, at intervals, of desperate men who lived by rapine. The good hermit presented us right courteously with his pitcher; and while we were drinking in succession, he talked about the mountain, and the wild wood through which we must pass. "That cross," said he, "shews the track to Enisiedlen; and see there, in the distance below, by yonder lake, is the pass so famous for the '*Schlacht* of Morgarten': Das ist der Platz wo die Schlacht von Morgarten vorfiel." But his wild discourse was broken as ever and anon he gazed fearfully upwards on the advancing storm, which now wrapt in thickest darkness the very mountain over which we had lately passed. These were the clouds coming on after a sultry day which Homer so grandly describes as accompanying the retreat of Mars when, wounded by Diomede, he fled, roaring, up to Heaven.[1] A strange livid and ghastly light

[1] Il. V, 864.

gleamed beyond the mountains, such as might be reflecting the brazen god, while their summits were lost in the blackness of the storm. As we stood to watch the lightning, a forked beam darting across made one of our light companions laugh with admiration; but a look of humble censure from the hermit was a sermon which I can never forget, as he shrunk under his cowl, and bowed down to the earth with a most appalling expression of terror and humility. It was a look for Titian to have caught, though I doubt if his unrivalled pencil could have expressed it. We presented him with some small pieces of money; and as we hurried down the mountain, we heard his blessing and his prayers following us; as if he had no thought for himself, though we left him to await in solitude this night of horror. On entering the pine forest, the night had prematurely overtaken us, and the storm was already upon us. It was a night in which the beasts would go into their dens, and remain in cover, and when the knights of old would remember the Pater Noster of St. Julian. The thunder rolled heavily, and the forked lightning darted on every side: the rain began to fall in large drops, which quickly passed into a flood, as though heaven and earth would go together. Heartily did each one of us wish himself back in the hermit's cell, as we hurried on in silence over rough and smooth, wet and hard; but we had come too far to think of returning. At length, by the glare of the fast-succeeding flashes, we discovered a collection of houses, as we thought, at a small distance in advance; but on approaching they proved to be nothing but deserted and roofless chalets. A quarter of an hour further we caught a light from some window to the right, across the waste; we ran towards it, and discovered a wretched lone house, into which we fled for refuge. It stood at the skirts of the wood, in a flat morass. About ten o'clock the

night seemed to clear, and after deliberation, we resolved to proceed; but being very tired, and having now no wish to arrive at the convent that night, since I knew that the reverend father would not be visible for whom I was charged with a letter, I reluctantly, and not without forebodings, left the company, and resolved to make my way back to the hermit's cell, and with him to wait till morning. But the interval of calm was deceitful, and darkness returned with greater horror than ever; the thunder roared, and the lightning flashed, and the rain fell, and the mountain-torrents raged along under broken bridges of pine thrown across, till I was knee-deep in soil and water, and my eyes were nearly blind by the brightness of the fiery shower, and the hermit's cell was still far distant; and now the track through the forest was buried deep, and to climb against the blast was no longer possible. Sooth to say, though solitude was nothing new,

> When comfort ne mirthe is none,
> Riding by the way dumbe as the stone,

this was a moment which I imagined would have somewhat dashed Sir Launcelot or King Arthur himself. However, there was nothing to be done but to work my way back again, and to the same ominous lodgings which I had left. There I was glad to enter, though it was filled with brutal-looking villains nearly drunk, who greeted me with a most disheartening laugh as I entered, dripping and right cold. However, they allowed me to creep up into a loft where was some straw covered with sackcloth, where I should have slept comfortably enough (though I did feel suspicious, not knowing my company), but for the horrible yells of debauchery which out-noised the storm, excepting when the thunder-crash broke over our head, and made the very planks shake under the straw on which I

lay. It was past midnight, and the spent storm seemed to slumber; the iron tongue of time tolled one upon the drowsy ear of night; the lightning was unaccompanied by thunder; and as soon as the first streak of grey gave notice of the dawn, I left my straw with a light heart, and escaped from the odious loft, and breathed free in the morning wind. In two hours, briskly walking, I reached Einsiedlen, and rejoined my friends. Here we were received at the convent, a holy pile, which must have awakened in more than one beholder a desire to trace the progress, and to mark the spirit of that religion which, while secretly ministering during successive ages to the multiplied wants of the race of men, has not the less become associated with all the incidents of our heroic history, and with the most inspiring recollections of past greatness. It was amid the savage crags of Einsiedlen, and the eternal snows of Engelberg, among the melancholy ruins of Jumiége, and on the desert shore of Lindisfarn, in the peaceful valley of Melrose, and amid the wild northern scenes, like those of Norway's wastes,

> Whose groves of fir in gloomy horror frown,
> Nod o'er the rocks, and to the tempest groan,

that I first indulged in the hope that the pleasures of imagination might conduce to more permanent and perfect enjoyment; that to youthful, and generous, and romantic minds, there would be no distance between observing and loving the spirit and the institutions which belonged to the religion of the Christian chivalry. "In the morning," says St. Augustine, "prayer is like gold; in the evening it is like silver"; a thought which instantly suggests the division which I propose to follow in the course of these disputations; for chivalry gave to God the first hour of day, and the first season of

human life—the freshness of the morning, and the flower of youth; and he that would form a conception of the spirit and institutions of the Christian chivalry must begin with understanding its religion; a theme comprising high and solemn and heroic images, which should exalt and warm and sanctify the heart. Many, I hope, will open this book, not that they may feel what they read, but that they may read what they feel.

The heroic ardour of Tancred, the noblest champion of the first Crusade, was accompanied with the greatest humanity and moderation in war. It is expressly recorded of him by historians,[1] that on the capture of Jerusalem he used his utmost efforts to stop the massacre. When we consider the trying circumstances in which this humanity was displayed, we must conclude that the true devotion of the chivalrous character was found in Tancred. It is, therefore, under the majesty of that illustrious and heroic name, that this second book is presented to the reader.

II. In all ages of the world religion had been the source of chivalry. It was in a sense of religion, however weak or unenlightened, that the generous and heroic part of mankind among the Heathens derived support and encouragement; generosity and heroism being essentially religious. But in the mystery of love fulfilled upon the sorrowful cross of our blessed Saviour, it pleased the Almighty Creator of the world to complete, for a great portion of mankind, the term of darkness, to remove their ignorance, and to assist their infirmities—to breathe into their nature a new life, a new soul, a divine and most exalted principle of virtue. From this period we commence a new history of the human race; for with eager rapture was this light hailed

[1] Raumer, I, p. 216; Orderic. Vital. lib. IX.

by the knightly and generous part of men: they had now fresh strength, higher motives, and a far nobler object. Chivalry assumes in consequence a more exalted and perfect character. Always religious, it is now enlisted in the cause of truth and goodness, to combat all manner of evil, to conquer under the banner of the cross, and to reign for everlasting. That the Christian faith was become essential to chivalry, we have abundant evidence. Joinville relates a saying of King St. Louis, when a Mahometan entered his prison with a drawn sword, crying, "Fais-moi chevalier, ou je te tue"; to which the king replied, "Fais-toi Chrétien, et je te ferai chevalier." In Spain, when nobility was to be made out, it was necessary to prove a descent by both parents from *viejos Cristianos*, that is, from ancient Christians; the blemish to be apprehended being a mixture of Jewish or Moorish blood. Thus Villa Diego says, "Hidalgo ille solus dicetur qui Christiâna virtute pollet." When Saladin desired Hue de Tabarie, his prisoner, to make him a knight, the other replied:

Biaus Sire, —— non ferai,
Porquoi, Sire, je l'vous dirai
Sainte Ordre de Chevalerie
Seroit en vous mal emploiie,
Car vous êtes de male loi,
Si n'avez baptèsme ne foi,
Et grant folie entreprendroie
Se un fumier de dras de soie,
Voloie vester et couvrir.[1]

It might at first appear superfluous to propose an inquiry into the character of that religion which thus became associated with the heroic spirit; nevertheless, the divine and unchanging religion of our Christian chivalry has a humanized and a

[1] L'Ordene de Chevalerie.

poetical side, towards which the eyes of youth may not have been sufficiently directed. There are many interesting details and reflections furnished by a review of its history, which are too often overlooked, as not appertaining strictly to the studies required by either the mere historical or theological student. Yet assuredly are these details and reflections worthy of some attention, at least from those persons to whom leisure and means are afforded of dispensing with the divisions of mental exercise, and who can delay to gather the beautiful blossoms as well as the substantial fruits of wisdom.

Such details will, I hope, be found in the following pages.

III. On examining the memorials of our Christian chivalry it will be interesting to remark, how the service of God was considered as demanding a perfect and total devotion of mind and heart, of soul and body; how that the Catholic faith was the very basis of the character which belonged to the knight; that piety was to be the rule and motive of his actions, and the source of every virtue which his conduct was to display. The first precept which was pressed upon the mind of youth was the love of God. "The precepts of religion," says M. Ste. Palaye, who was certainly no prejudiced writer, "left at the bottom of the heart a kind of veneration for holy things which sooner or later acquired the ascendancy." A love of the Christian faith became the very soul of chivalry. Every one has heard of the generous exclamation of Clovis, when he was first made acquainted with the passion and death of Christ—"Had I been present at the head of my valiant Franks, I would have revenged his injuries." It was upon hearing the flagellation of our Saviour, with all its horrible circumstances, that the brave Crillon gave that celebrated proof of

feeling; for he rose suddenly from his seat by an involuntary transport, and laying his hand on his sword, exclaimed in those well-known words which have passed into a proverb, "Où étois-tu, brave Crillon?" This may not bespeak the clearness of their religious views; but it certainly evinced the sincerity and the affection of their hearts. And here it will be of importance to mark, that this peculiar character of chivalrous devotion—the love of God—furnishes an evidence that the religion of our ancestors was far less removed from the true spirit of Christianity than many have too hastily concluded from an imperfect acquaintance with history. It is the motive rather than the action which is peculiar to the religion of Jesus Christ. Now, the religion of chivalry was altogether the religion of motives and of the heart. It was love, faith, hope, gratitude, joy, fidelity, honour, mercy; it was a devotion of mind and strength, of the whole man, of his soul and body, to the discharge of duty, and to the sacrifice of every selfish and dishonourable feeling that was contrary; it was to obey a commandment which was in unison with all the elevated sentiments of nature, and calculated most effectually to develop every quality that was the object of esteem and reverence. The knights of old had neither the inclination nor the ingenuity to determine the minimum of love which was compatible with the faith of Christ. They were not like men who regard it sufficient if they love God at any time before death, or on the festivals; or if they keep the commandments and do not hate God; or who imagine that this burdensome obligation of loving him was part of the Mosaic law, which is dispensed with by the religion of nature and the Gospel. They had not learned to reason with the sophist of old, saying that religion "is a gracious and an excellent thing when moderately pursued in

youth; but if afterwards it be loved overmuch, it is the ruin of men." [1] They had not subsided into that state of profound indifference to the truths of religion which the eloquent Massillon has compared to the condition of Lazarus, when the disciples said, "Lord, if he sleeps he will do well"; and were undeceived when Jesus said unto them plainly, "Lazarus is dead." But their affections were warm, their gratitude was sincere; and though their understanding on the doctrines of religion might sometimes fail them, their hearts did not. They were thankful under every circumstance of life; and like the prophet of old, it was their boast, "The fig-tree shall not blossom, and there shall be no spring in the vines; the labour of the olive-tree shall fail, and the fields shall yield no food; the flock shall be cut off from the fold, and there shall be no herd in the stalls; but I will rejoice in the Lord, and I will rejoice in God my Jesus."

They were slain in battle, they were cut off in the flower of their youth, they were shut up in dark prisons from the light of the sun and from the solace of friendship; yet they could exult in the words of the Psalm, "Quid enim mihi est in cœlo? et a te quid volui super terram? Deficit caro mea et cor meum: Deus cordis mei, et pars mea Deus in æternum." "Thenne," said Bors, "hit is more than yere and an half that I ne lay ten tymes where men dwelled, but in wylde forestes and in mountains, but God was ever my comforte." [2] Saint Louis having been baptized in the castle at Poissy would bear that name, and be called Louis of Poissy, and thus he signed his letters and dispatches, esteeming this title more glorious than that of King of France;

[1] *Φιλοσοφία γὰρ τοί ἐστιν, ὦ Σώκρατες, χαρίεν, ἄν τις αὐτοῦ μετρίως ἅψηται ἐν τῇ ἡλικίᾳ· ἐὰν δὲ περαιτέρω τοῦ δέοντος ἐνδιατρίψῃ, διαφθορὰ τῶν ἀνθρώπων.*—Plato, Gorgias.

[2] Morte d'Arthur, lib. XVII, c. 19.

and St. Augustine, speaking of the Emperor Theodosius, says "that he accounted himself more happy in being a member of the Church than emperor of the world." Observe the exact and perfect loyalty with which God was served. After the captivity of the King Saint Louis, when the treaty was concluded by which he was to be delivered, the Saracens prescribed an oath, which the king was to use in swearing to fulfil the conditions. The form was as follows: "Qu'au cas qu'il ne tint pas les choses promises, il fut reputé parjure, comme le Chrétien qui a renié Dieu, son baptême et sa loi, et qui en dépit de Dieu crache sur la croix et l'escache à ses pieds." When the king, says Joinville, heard this oath, "il dit qui ja ne le feroit-il." In vain did his friends and enemies unite against this resolution. He was reminded that it would cause not only his own death, but also that of all his friends. "Je vous aime," said he to the lords and prelates who remonstrated with him, "Je vous aime comme mes frères; je m'aime aussi; MAIS A DIEU NE PLAISE, QUOI QU'IL EN PUISSE ARRIVER, QUE DE TELLES PAROLES SORTENT JAMAIS DE LA BOUCHE D'UN ROI DE FRANCE." "Pour vous," he added, in addressing the Sarassin minister, "allez dire à vos maitres qu'ils en peuvent faire à leurs volontés; que j'aime trop mieux mourir bon Chrétien, que de vivre aux courroux de Dieu, de sa mère, et ses saints." The Emirs, distracted with rage and disappointment, rushed into his tent with their naked swords, crying out, "You are our prisoner, and yet you treat us as if we were in irons; there is no medium, either death or the oath as we have drawn it." "Dieu vous a rendus maitres de mon corps," replied the invincible Louis, "mais mon ame est entre ses mains; vous ne pouvez rien sur elle." The king prevailed, and the infidels relinquished their resolution of requiring the oath on those terms.

Gauthier de Brienne, being made prisoner by the infidels at the battle of Gaza, was led by them before Jaffa, which they hoped to enter by a cruel stratagem; he was fastened to a cross and exposed to the view of the garrison, and threatened with death if resistance continued; but he exhorted the garrison to hold out to the last. "It is your duty," he cried, "to defend a Christian city; it is mine to die for you and for Jesus Christ."[1] After the fatal battle in Hungary, when the Turks had defeated the Christian army, and had taken prisoners the valiant troop of French knights led by the Mareschal de Boucicaut and the Comte de Nevers, those brave and noble gentlemen were brought before Bayazid, who received them in his tent. "La estoit grand' pitié," says the old historian, "à veoir ces nobles seigneurs, jeunes jouvenceaux, de si hault sang commi de la noble lignée royale de France amener liez de cordes estroitement tous desarmez en leurs petits pourpoints par ces chiens Sarrasins, laids et horribles, qui les tenoient durement devant ce tyran ennemy de la foy qui la seoit." All but the Comte de Nevers and the Mareschal de Boucicaut were led out to martyrdom; they were horribly cut with great knives on the head, and breast, and shoulders, and so were all butchered in cold blood. To be thus faithful to God was the constant lesson impressed upon youth. "Sit tibi quoque Jesus semper in corde, et nunquam imago crucifixi ab animo tuo recedat."[2] Guilhem des Amalrics, a gentleman of Provence, begins one of his poems with a prayer, "God of my hope, my strength and only virtue, grant that I may never be opposed to thy pure and holy law, especially in times of danger, when a tempting enemy shall

[1] Michaud, Hist. des Croisades, IV, 37.
[2] S. Bernard. Formula honestæ vitæ.

counsel me to forsake virtue." Gilles de Rome says in his Miroir, that the knight and prince, "doibt considerer toutes ses œuvres ou actions, et toutes ses affections, intentions, et meditations, affin qu'il ne ayt rien latent qui offense la divine majeste ne courouce." And King Perceforest says to his knights, that he learned from Pergamon the ancient hermit, that God deserves our love, "pour l'amour qu'il a en nous, et non pas pour necessité qu'il ayt de nous." It appeared on the trial of the Duc d'Alençon in the reign of Charles VII, that this prince had sent a servant to Italy to ask a certain celebrated hermit how he should act to gain the good graces of the king. The holy man returned answer, "Let the Duc d'Alençon first of all gain the good grace of God, and then he will have that of all the world." Adam Davy had reason therefore to say,

> How gode men in olde tyme
> Loveden God almight
> That weren riche, of grete valoure,
> Kynges sounes and emperoure,
> Of bodies strong and light.

This was the first precept of chivalrous education. The Instruction d'un jeune Prince, by the celebrated George Chatelain, counsellor of Philip le Bon and Charles le Hardi of Burgundy, is divided into eight books. The first inculcates the love of God; the second, the love of his people; the third, the love of justice; the fourth, the good choice of ministers; the fifth, the punishment of the guilty; the sixth, the folly of unjust wars: the seventh is on finance and economy; the eighth, on chivalry. "The fear of God," says Büsching, "and love, were the main pillars of noble chivalry." [1] In the White King, Maximilian is placed by his father under "a

[1] Ritterzeit und Ritterwesen.

highly-learned master, of virtuous spiritual life, who instructs him in Latin, from whom he learns the discipline and fear of God." "The true point of honour," says La Colombière in his Theatre d'Honneur et de Chevalerie, "on which our renown must depend, is the being a good man; and that is the true natural honour; and as for that which is acquired, it consists, like the first, in loving and fearing God, and in not imagining any honour which is not in His honour, which is the commencement of all wisdom; to serve one's king faithfully, to obey the laws, and to fight bravely for him and for his country; to follow the truth, reason, justice, and equity; to love and assist one's neighbour; to protect widows and orphans; to succour the poor and oppressed; to obey rulers, whether ecclesiastical, or military, or civil; and in all his actions to evince that probity, that generosity, that virtue, the price and recompense of which is true honour, and it is useless to seek its identical point anywhere else. And if we wish to rise still higher above these precepts, we must imitate Jesus Christ our Saviour in forgiving our enemies, and then we shall possess not only the true temporal honour, but also that which is heavenly and eternal." Such is the doctrine also of that great work, La Toison d'Or, composed by the Bishop of Tournay, Chancellor of the Order of the Golden Fleece, dedicated to the high and mighty Prince, Charles, Duke of Burgundy, containing a vast multitude of examples of chivalrous virtue, of magnanimity, confidence in other men, justice, innocence, friendship, pity, humility, obedience, discretion, hospitality, alms, liberality, truth, and faith: this great work was drawn up for the instruction of the knights of that illustrious order. The bishop, indeed, speaks too much of Jason and of the virtue of the "jeunes princes et nobles chevaliers de Grece, lesquels

Stacius le poëthe pour la vertu de la proesse et vaillance appelle demy Dieux," since Philip the Good declared that the Toison d'Or was suggested to him by Gideon, and not by Jason, "who had broken his faith." In a similar spirit, the great Alcuin composed his Treatise on Virtue and Vice, for the instruction of Count Gui, a noble warrior; and the Abbot Smaragdus, in the ninth century, his Via Regia, teaching the truths of salvation to princes. Another book, written with this view, is the Songe du Vieux Pèlerin, by Philip de Maizières, who, after being Secretary to Pope Gregory XI., then Chancellor to the King of Cyprus, and intimate counsellor of King Charles V of France, retired to the monastery of the Celestines at Paris, where he died at the end of the fourteenth century.

The Livre du Chevalier de la Tour, abounding with religious instruction, was written by the Seigneur de la Tour Landry, of an ancient and illustrious house in Anjou and Maine. A conceited critic of the court of Louis XIV says "that this book is a proof that country gentlemen four hundred years ago were of most exact probity, and scrupulously attached to good old principles; but that their books did more honour to their hearts than to their knowledge and ability." "The royal and noble dignity," says Gilles de Rome, in his Mirror of Chivalrous Virtue, "arises from the fear of God." He even goes so far as to say, "L'honneur mondain n'est moult a desirer ains est a despriser—mais honneur qui est a garder est honneur deu a l'ame, par lequel chascun bon homme est en grant soing de garder son ame attendant en icelle l'ymage de Dieu par dignite specialle et le pris de sa redemption, le loyer de retribution. Et a grant instance en oraisons, en soupirs, gemissements, et en larmes, et sans cesser de crier a Dieu, que nous puissons parvenir a icelluy merite." Children, he says,

should be taught "les sacremens de l'Eglise, de Dieu aymer, et de toutes choses qui appartiennent a la foy.—Et avant ce qu'ils ayent prins autre impression de la mondanite en leurs pensees." To instruct youths in these principles, there was also a book, De Nobilitate Christiana, by the Portuguese Bishop of Sylves, in the Algarves; a treatise, De Ingenuis Moribus, by Peter Paul Vergerio, who flourished at Padua towards the close of the fourteenth century, which became so famous that it was publicly lectured upon in the schools; and the Dialogue on Nobility, by Tasso. All these will shew, that the fear and love of God was the basis of chivalry. Indeed, the distinction which Joinville has recorded between the preuhomme and the preudhomme will prove in a striking manner the opinion of the chivalrous age, that a deep sense of religion was essential to a true knight. He is describing the character of Hugues, duc de Bourgoigne: "Il fut moult bon chevalier de sa main, et chevallereux. Mais il ne fut oncques tenu à saige, ne à Dieu, ne au monde. Et bien y apparut en ses faitz devant dictz. Et de lui dist le grant Roy Phelippe, quant il sceut que le Conte Jehan de Chalons avoit eu ung filz qui avoit nom Hugues: Dieu le vueille faire preuhomme, et preudomme. Car grant difference disoit estre entre preuhomme et preudomme, et que maint chevalier y avoit entre les Chrestiens et entre les Sarrazins, qui estoient assez preux, maiz ilz n'estoient pas preudommes. Car ilz ne craignoient ne amoient Dieu aucunement. Et disoit, que grant grace faisoit Dieu à ung chevalier, quant il avoit ce bien, que par ses faitz il estoit appellé preuhomme et preudomme. Mais celui, dont nous avons dit cy-devant, povoit bien estre appellé preuhomme, par ce qu'il estoit preux et hardy de son corps, mais non point de s'ame. Car il ne craignoit point à pecher, ne à mesprandre envers Dieu." The Bishop of Auxerre,

in his funeral oration on Du Guesclin, as recorded by the Monk of St. Denys, the historian of Charles VI, proves, by a reference to the duties of chivalry, that even the title of preux was not belonging to any but such as were religious as well as brave, and even these must not aspire to it in their lifetime: therefore the heralds cried, "Honeur aux fils des Preux!" for, says Monstrelet, "nul chevalier ne peut estre jugé preux si ce n'est apres le trépassement."

IV. As a natural consequence, the defence of religion became the office and the pride of the ancient nobility. "The duty of a knight," says a work quoted by Ste. Palaye, "is to maintain the Catholic faith"; and he presents his reader with a passage from Eustache Deschamps.

Chevaliers en ce monde cy
Ne peuvent vivre sans soucy:
Ils doivent le peuple défendre
Et leur sang pour la foi espandre.

Perfectly agreeable to these injunctions was the conduct of the ancient nobility. The cross of Christ was no sooner lifted up as the standard under which the defenders of the faith were to rally, than all Europe was united in a band of brothers to testify their love for the Saviour of mankind. Germany, France, and England poured forth the flower of their youth and nobility; men who were led by no base interest or selfish expectation, but who went with single hearts, renouncing the dearest blessings of their country and station, to defend the cause which was dear to them, and to protect from insult and wrong the persecuted servants of their Saviour.

Godfrey of Bouillon, Robert Count of Flanders, "the sword and lance of the Christians," Robert Duke of Normandy, son of William the Conqueror,

who hung up as a trophy, the standard and sword of the Sultan in the vault of the Holy Sepulchre, and who refused to be king, pronouncing Godfrey more worth, Hugues de Saint Paul, Conon de Montaigu, Raimond I, Viscount of Turenne, Gaston de Foix, Geoffroi de la Tour, who slew the enormous serpent and delivered the lion, Raimond Count of Toulouse, Duke of Narbonne, and Marquis of Provence, whose long white hair floating over his armour, joined with the enthusiasm of youth, made him appear the father and the model of the Paladins, he who had fought under the banner of the Cid, and been conqueror over the Moors in Spain, the first to take the cross and to rouse the youth of Languedoc and Provence, the mightiest of the French princes, and both the Achilles and the Nestor of the Crusaders; Hugh the Great, the hero of Antioch, Stephen Count of Chartres and Blois, who possessed as many towns as there are days in the year, Tancred of Sicily, "qui in bellis dominicis titulum sagacissimæ juventutis meruit," and of whom another historian says, "mens pecuniæ contemtrix," [1] Baldwin and Eustache, Josselin de Courtenay, Bohemund Prince of Tarento, Gerard founder of the hospital of St. John at Jerusalem, Raimond Dupuy the first military grandmaster, Hugues de Payens founder of the Templars, that renowned order "quorum virtutes et prælia et gloriosos de inimicis Christi triumphos enarrabit omnis ecclesia Sanctorum," the lion-hearted Richard of England, Saint Louis the hero of France and the honour of the world, Alphonso Count of Poitiers, Robert of Artois, Peter Count of Brittany, Hugh Duke of Burgundy, Dampierre Count of Flanders, Hugh de Lusignan Count of la Marche, William Longsword Earl of Salisbury, the Counts of Bar,

[1] Rad. Cadom.

Dreux, Soissons, Rethel, Vendome, Montfort, Foulques Count of Anjou, Erard and Gautier de Brienne, the Joinvilles, the Chatillons, the Coucys, who were the light and glory of Europe,—these with others, among the bravest and most noble of their generation, "quorum nomina solius Dei notitiæ sunt credita," hastened to proclaim to the world by their deeds and devotion that the Saviour of mankind was dear to them. What instances of sincerity and faith do these annals furnish! Witness the heroism of Renaud de Chatillon, who refused life upon conditions of apostasy, and was beheaded by the hand of Saladin. Witness also that of the crowd of knights of the two orders of the Temple and of St. John, who suffered themselves to be massacred in prison by order of the same infidel, rather than renounce Jesus Christ. Vertot relates, that the Chevalier de Temericourt, after gallantly defeating the Turkish fleet, was forced by a tempest upon the coast of Barbary, where he was taken prisoner. He was led to Tripoli, and thence to Adrianople, where he was presented to Mahomet III, who asked him if he was the man who had fought five of his great ships. "Moi-meme," replied the knight. "Of what nation are you?" demanded the Sultan. "François," said Temericourt. "Then you are a deserter," continued Mohammed, "for there is a solemn league between me and the King of France." "Je suis François," said Temericourt, "mais, outre cette qualité, j'ai celle d'être chevalier de Malte, profession qui m'oblige à exposer ma vie contre tous les ennemis du nom Chrétien." He was conducted to prison, where he was at first well treated; every expedient was tried to prevail upon a youth of twenty-two years to renounce his religion: he was offered a princess of the blood in marriage, and the office of grand admiral. But all in vain; the Sultan became irritated; the prisoner was

thrown into a dungeon, where he was beaten with rods, and tortured; but this generous confessor of Jesus Christ did only invoke his name and pray for his grace. Finally, he was beheaded by command of the Sultan. The Emperor David Comnenus was taken at the surrender of Trebizond, whence he was conducted by Mohammed to Constantinople. Here new terms were forced upon him, either to renounce the faith or to die. The Greek emperor, who had consented to surrender his empire to the conqueror, now recalling the ancient sentiments of religion which ambition had suppressed, preferred death to apostasy; and he had the consolation to witness seven of his sons possessed of the same fidelity.

Among those knights who gladly chose death rather than deny their faith, the monk Guibert speaks of one "whom," he says, "I have known from a boy, and seen grow up to manhood; being both from the same town, and our parents being also familiar with each other. He was noble born, and distinguished for virtue. Being taken by the infidels, and required to renounce the faith of Christ, he prevailed on them to wait till the approaching Good Friday. When the day arrived, he astonished them by saying, with noble firmness, that he was ready to be put to death: 'I will render up my life to Him who, as on this day, laid down his own life for the salvation of all men.' His head was cut off with one blow of a scimetar." [1]

When the day of the battle of Antioch arrived, Hugh the Great was entreated by his friends and vassals to remain on his bed, to which he had been confined by a burning fever. "No, no," cried he, "I will not wait in cowardly repose for a shameful death: it is amongst you, brave companions in

[1] Gesta Dei per Francos, 508.

arms, that I wish to die this day with glory for Jesus Christ."[1] The conduct of the brave mareschal, Gaspard de Vallier, governor of Tripoli, is well known: that of the chevalier Abel de Bricliers de la Gardampe, during the memorable siege of Malta, is also most noble. Having received a mortal wound, he would not permit his comrades to remove him from the spot, saying, "Ne me comptez plus au nombre des vivans; vos soins seront mieux employés à défendre nos autres frères." He crawled into the chapel of the castle, and expired at the foot of the altar, in recommending his soul to God. On the eve of the 23rd of June, the Turks resolved to make the assault the following morning, and the knights who defended the fort, having lost all hope of succour, received the sacrament in the dead of the night. They then embraced one another, and retired to their respective posts, to fulfil their last duty, by delivering up their souls to God. The wounded were carried to the breach in chairs, where they sat with their swords grasped with both hands. They were killed to a man; and Mustapha ordered their dead bodies, after being cut into crosses and fastened to boards, to be cast into the sea. These men may have been sometimes obnoxious to just censure; but they were never wanting in affection and sincerity. They might have erred in many instances of their conduct, led astray by hasty passion, unavoidable ignorance, or in the influence of peculiar circumstances which occurred in that period of the world; "hominum gesta legimus, non deorum"; and certainly I am far from intending to imply that these men were not obnoxious like ourselves to the judgment of infinite justice and wisdom; but if they loved much, they had (what we must seek for ourselves by other

[1] Maimbourg, 152.

measures than a life of worldly-minded policy and sceptical indifference) the promise of the Saviour, who has formally declared, in allusion to their state, that "much would be forgiven."

To proceed with instances which will illustrate the spirit of the Crusaders. The reply of the leaders of the Crusade to the messengers from Egypt is very striking: "Nulla virtus est humana quæ nobis ullo modo terrorem incutiat: quia cum morimur, nascimur; cum vitam amittimus temporalem, recuperamus sempiternum."[1] How affecting the account of the first view which the Christian army gain of the Holy Sepulchre! All present burst into tears of joy, and falling down, they worshipped and cried out in these words, "O tempus Domini desideratum! O tempus acceptabile! O factum factis omnibus admirabile! Gloria tibi Pater, gloria tibi Fili, gloria tibi Spiritus Sancte, amborum Paraclete, Trinitas Sancta, Rex Sabaoth, faciens mirabilia in cœlo et in terra: concilium tuum antiquum est: a solis ortu et occasu, ab aquilone et austro laudabile nomen tuum. Excelsus super omnes gentes Dominus, sit nomen ejus benedictum in secula."[2] Heartless and unbelieving men have ridiculed what they termed the fanatical devotion of the middle ages: but do these annals display the inconsistency of human conduct? I confess, it appears to me far otherwise. The Egyptians, after discoursing on the immortality of the soul, "put themselves to death for joy." Was it then wonderful that the hope of a happy resurrection should inspire a reverence for the very spot where that hope was confirmed to mankind? "If the ground whereon Moses and Joshua stood, when angels appeared to them, is said in Scripture to be holy and worthy of veneration, by how much more the ground on which our blessed Saviour lived

[1] Gesta Dei per Francos, p. 52. [2] Id. p. 576.

and died for us!" We have our honourable East India Company; and the Dutch have their honourable companies to monopolize the riches and luxury of the East; and is it for the lovers of chivalry—for the hoary Palmer and the Red-cross knight, who departed from the land that they loved at the call of piety and honour—is it for them to blush and be troubled at the scorn of a world which is destitute of both! Who can read the account which William of Tyre gives of the entrance of the Crusaders into Jerusalem without emotion? "Having laid aside their arms, in the spirit of humility and with a contrite mind, with bare feet and washed hands, and all splendid habits laid aside, with groans and tears, they began to go round devoutly, and to kiss with deep sighs the venerable places which the Saviour wished to render illustrious and to sanctify by his presence. It was a grateful sight and full of spiritual joy, to behold with what devotion, with what pious fervour of desire, the faithful people approached the holy places, with what exaltation of mind and spiritual joy they kissed the memorials of our Lord's dispensation. Everywhere were tears and sighs, not such as grief and anxiety excite, but such as fervent piety and the consummate joy of the interior man are accustomed to offer up as a holocaust to the Lord: immediately they began to contend earnestly with each other, desiring to conquer in works of piety, having the divine grace before their eyes."[1]. In another point of view it was an inspiring spectacle to behold the Christian army, composed of so many different people, united in one desire. "The strength of the nations," says a Crusader, "came to it, especially warlike men from France and Germany: the first more powerful at sea, the latter more renowned on land: the first more qualified for

[1] Gesta Dei per Francos, p. 760.

naval engagements, and more ready to fight and act on water; the latter more experienced on land, most prudent in battle, and more expert to fight with sword and lance on horseback. The Italians were more grave and discreet and composed, more temperate in food and drink, rather too long in discourse, circumspect in council, diligent and attentive in public affairs, and having a watchful eye to their future advantage, before all things defending their freedom under one captain whom they chose; dictating and firmly observing their laws and institutions, they are greatly necessary to the Holy Land, not only in battle, but also in our commercial transactions, and in furnishing supplies for the host. The Bretons, English, and other transmontane people, are less composed and more impetuous; less circumspect in action, and more intemperate in food and drink, and more profuse in expenditure; less courteous in words, hasty and less provident in council; but they are devout in church, and more fervent in alms and other works of mercy; in battle also they are more daring; and to the defence of the Holy Land—especially the Bretons—they are in the highest degree useful, and dreadfully formidable to the Saracens."[1] France and Italy were the most enthusiastic in the Crusades. Twenty-two pilgrims left the small state of Forli; and one thousand went from Sienna.

What a scene was that at Clermont, when the Pope Urban addressed these affecting words to the assembled chivalry of France! "Jerusalem, this ancient love of Israel, this nurse of the prophets, this city of the King who wore the crown of thorns, this cradle of our salvation, this fountain of the faith,—Jerusalem, placed in the centre of the earth, to unite in its bosom the wandering nations,—Jeru-

[1] Gesta Dei per Francos, p. 1086.

salem, which ought to attract the faithful as the magnet draws iron, as the sea receives rivers,—Jerusalem is a prey to the cruel avidity of an impious and sacrilegious nation. The worshippers of Christ are driven away from its bounds; it is only by supporting a thousand injuries, it is only by dint of gold and prayers, that they can approach the tomb which has redeemed them. O sorrow, which tears cannot relieve! O sad predictions of Jeremiah! The places which ought to resound night and day with hymns and thanksgivings, hear only imprecations and blasphemy! Golgotha, which ought to be an altar for the universe, is polluted by the sect of an impostor!"

This heroic history is full of examples to excite admiration. Josselin de Courtenay, while inspecting the demolition of a certain tower near Aleppo, was crushed by the falling of part of the building, so as to be confined to his bed for a long time. At length, the Sultan of Iconium came and laid siege to a camp belonging to Josselin, called Croison, who called his son, and charged him to collect a sufficient force to oblige the Sultan to abandon the siege. The son, being of little courage, declared that he was unequal to the task of resisting the Sultan. Then the dying warrior understood what sort of person was about to succeed him: he ordered himself to be carried in his bed against the Turks. While he was yet on the way, the news reached him that the Sultan, hearing of his resolution to be carried in his bed to meet him, had raised the siege, and hastily departed. Josselin, causing his litter to be set on the ground, raising up his hands and eyes to heaven, with a pious heart returned great thanks to God for all the honour and benefits which he had received during his life, and especially that, lying half dead in his bed, he had terrified the potent enemy of the Christian name. For he knew that

all these things had only been brought about by the divine goodness and care. And with such words he rendered up his spirit to Heaven.

The fate of the brave Scanderbeg, in 1465, was similar. He was on his death-bed, surrounded by his soldiers, when the town of Alessio, where he lay, was alarmed by the sudden advance of the Turks. The hero, though weakened by fever, felt new strength from the enthusiasm of his soul. Rising up in his bed, he called for his arms, and ordered his charger to be saddled; but when he saw his limbs tremble under the weight which they were no longer able to support, falling back on his sad pillow, he said to his soldiers, "Go on, my friends; fight the barbarians; you shall not be long before me. I shall soon have strength to follow you." A squadron sallied out of the city, towards the brook Clirus, where the Pacha Ahmed was ravaging the country. The Turks believed that Scanderbeg was coming against them, and they fled precipitately over the mountains covered with snow, leaving immense booty, and losing many men. The news of this advantage was hardly brought to Scanderbeg when, after receiving devoutly the sacraments of the Church, he expired on the 17th of January, aged sixty-three.

But to return to the early Crusaders. Vinisauf gives a lively description of the English and French Crusaders, under Richard and Philip, as they marched to Lyons. "Passing through the different towns and villages with all the pomp of arms, the inhabitants were struck with admiration at their beautiful and martial appearance. 'Papæ!' they exclaimed, 'who can resist such bravery? What a goodly and handsome band of youths! Were their parents sad at their departure? What lands ever produced such a number of fine young men?'[1]

[1] Lib. XI, c. 9; apud Gale, Scriptores Hist. Anglicanæ, vol. II.

The question now," he observes, "was not, who would take the Cross, but who had not as yet taken it." He mentions, that it was the custom every night, before retiring to rest, for a herald to cry out in the midst of the camp, "Sanctum sepulchrum adjuva," to which every tongue replied in the same words, while all hands were stretched to heaven, to supplicate the mercy and help of God. Three times was this cry repeated, "Help the holy sepulchre": and it is said that the army was profoundly affected by this usage. The eloquence of those brave men is enough to inspire enthusiasm even at this distance of time. Thus Pons de Capdueil exclaims, referring to the crusade of Philip Augustus and Henry II: "From henceforth let Him be our guide who led the three kings to Bethlehem. Infatuated is the man who, by a vile attachment to his lands or his riches, shall neglect to take the Cross, since by his fault and cowardice he forfeits at once both his honour and his God. Behold, what is the madness of him who will not take up arms! Jesus, the God of Truth, has told his Apostle that we must follow him; and rather than not follow him, that we must renounce our riches and all our earthly affections. The moment is come to accomplish literally his holy commands. To die beyond seas for his sacred name is better than to live in these regions with glory. Yes, life here is worse than death there. What is a life of infamy? But to die braving glorious perils is to triumph over death, and to secure an eternal felicity. Humble yourselves with zeal before the Cross, and by its merits you will obtain the pardon of your sins. It is by the Cross that our Lord has cancelled your faults and crimes, as his holy pity forgave the good thief, while his justice lay heavy on the wicked. By his Cross he saved those who were in the ways of perdition: in fine, he suffered death, and he suffered it only for our salvation.

Woe to him who does not repay the generosity of God! To what end serve the conquests of ambition? in vain might you subdue all the kingdoms on this side the sea, if you were faithless and ungrateful to your God. Alexander had conquered all the world; what did he take away with him when he died? A winding-sheet. Oh, what folly to see the good and to choose the evil, and to renounce, for vain and perishable objects, a happiness which never faileth night or day! Such is the effect of covetousness! it blinds mortal men, it misleads them, and they do not perceive their error. Let not any baron flatter himself that he will be reckoned amongst the brave, who does not raise the Cross, and march to deliver the holy sepulchre. This day, arms, battle, honour, chivalry, all that the world can offer that is lovely and seducing, can procure for us the glory and the happiness of the celestial mansion."

To the like effect spake Aimeric de Peguilain, on a subsequent occasion: "We shall soon know what brave men have the noble ambition of gaining at once the glory of the world and the glory of heaven. Yes; you can obtain both, you who devote yourselves to the pious pilgrimage for the deliverance of the holy sepulchre. Great God, what grief! The Turks have conquered and profaned it. Let us feel this mortal infamy at the bottom of our hearts; let us clothe ourselves with the sign of the Cross, and pass beyond the sea; we have a conveyance and safe guide in the sovereign Pontiff Innocent. Ah! ought we to hesitate to brave, to suffer death, for the service of God, who deigned to suffer it for our deliverance? Yes, with St. Andrew shall they be saved, who shall plant the victorious Cross on Thabor. Let no one in this voyage fear the death of the body; it is the death of the soul that we should fear, as St. Matthew

teaches. The time has come when we shall see who are the men that obey the laws of the Eternal: know ye, that he calls only the valiant and the preux: he will receive for ever into his glory those heroes who, knowing how to suffer for their faith, how to devote themselves, and to combat for their God, shall consecrate to him with frankness their generosity, their loyalty, their valour. Let them stay behind who love life, those who are the slaves of riches; God only desires the good and the brave. —Valiant Marquis of Malespina! you were always the honour of the age, and you prove this well in the eyes of God, now that this day you are the first to take the Cross to succour the holy sepulchre and the fief of God. What a shame for the emperor and kings that they do not cease their discords and their wars! Ah, let them make peace, that they may unite to deliver the holy tomb, the divine lamp, the true cross, the entire kingdom of Christ, which for a long time past are under the dominion of Turks. Under the dominion of Turks! At these words, who does not groan with shame and sorrow? And you, Marquis de Montferrat, the time was when your ancestors covered themselves with glory in Syria: imitate their noble devotion, raise the holy Cross, pass the seas, you will deserve that men grant you their admiration, and God his eternal benefits. All that mortal man performs in this life is nothing, absolutely nothing, if his devotion does not render it worthy of an eternity of glory." Lastly, hear the concluding words of Folquet de Romans. "What mourning, what despair, what tears, when God shall say, 'Depart, ye miserable, depart into hell, where you shall be ever tormented, that you may be punished for not having believed that I suffered a cruel passion. I died for you, and you forgot it!' But those who shall have fallen in the Crusade will

be able then to reply, 'And we, O Lord, we too died for you.'"[1]

Let us draw nearer, and view the figure and countenance, and admire the virtue of the crusading princes. And, first, of Tancred:—"Neither his paternal riches moved him to luxury," says Radulphus, "nor the power of his relations to pride. When young, he excelled youths in agility and the exercise of arms, and old men in gravity of manners; to both affording an example of virtue. A sedulous hearer of the precepts of God, he studied with diligence both to remember what he had heard, and, as far as possible, to fulfil what he remembered; to detract from the merit of no one, even when he was himself disparaged: the very herald of an enemy's virtue, he used to say, 'Hostem feriendum esse, non rodendum.' He spoke never about himself; but he thirsted insatiably to be the object of other men's praise. He preferred vigils to sleep, labour to rest, hunger to fulness, study to ease, and all things necessary to superfluities."[2]

"When this religious hero first saw Jerusalem from an eminence, he knelt down with bare knees upon the earth, and raised his heart to heaven, the image of which he seemed to behold; then rising up, he left his soldiers, and alone he ascended the Mount of Olives, and looked again upon the holy city. He viewed with astonishment the vast dome of the temple, with its porches like another city; but oftener he turned his eyes towards Calvary and the church of our Lord's sepulchre; a spectacle indeed more distant, but attainable to his eagerness. With sighs and tears he would have exchanged an age for that day; but happier still had he been

[1] Raynouard, Choix des Poésies des Troubadours, tom. II.
[2] Gesta Tancredi I, apud Martene Thesaurus Anecdot. tom. III.

able to kiss the vestiges on Calvary."[1] "Happy was the simple old woman who was found by Tancred, exhausted with hunger, and about to wade across a rapid torrent; for immediately there was meat for the hungry, and a horse instead of a ship, a knight, yea, Tancred himself, instead of a rower, for her who was about to cross over."[2] "There was one mind in the whole army. Oh, who amongst the children of men was equal to you, Tancred? Who less inclined to sloth, to ease, to fear, to pride, or to luxury? Who more ready when called? who more willing? who more placable when offended? Blessed be God, who hath reserved you to be the guard of his people; and thou art blessed who canst defend it with thy arm. To be with Tancred was to be in safety; to be without him in the army was like not being with the army." Godfrey of Bouillon is thus described in the same work: "He was rich in virtues—in those that are secular, and in those that are divine; bountiful to the poor, merciful to those who were in fault; distinguished by humility, humanity, soberness, justice, chastity. You would have thought him rather the light of monks, than the general of soldiers; nevertheless, he was equally excellent in secular virtues—in fight, and in the conduct of an army." By the monk Robert, Godfrey is thus described: "Vultu elegans, statura procerus, dulcis eloquio, moribus egregius, et in tantum lenis, ut magis in monachum quam militem figuraret. Hic tamen cum hostem sentiebat adesse et imminere prælium, tunc audaci mente concipiebat animum, et quasi leo frendens ad nullius pavebat occursum: et quæ lorica vel clypeus sustinere posset impetum mucronis illius?"[3] All said of him, "Ipse magis regiam dignitatem

[1] Gesta Tancredi, CXI. [2] Ib. CXI.
[3] Gesta Dei, p. 33.

quam regia dignitas ipsum commendavit." William of Tyre thus describes him: "He had his origin from illustrious and religious ancestors. His father was the Lord Eustachius, the illustrious and magnificent count of that region, whose deeds were many and memorable, and whose memory to this day, among the old people of the neighbouring countries, is, with a blessing and devoutly, reverenced, as of a religious man fearing God. His mother was distinguished among the noble matrons of the West, as well for excellence of virtue, as for the brightest title of nobility. Godfrey was a religious man, clement, pious, and fearing God; just, departing from all evil; grave, and firm in word; despising the vanities of the age, which, in his time of life, and especially in the military profession, is a rare virtue; assiduous in prayer and in works of piety; remarkable for liberality, gracious with affability, kind and merciful; in all his ways commendable and pleasing to God. He was of lofty stature, yet so as to be less than the very tallest, although higher than the generality; robust beyond all example; firmly built, with a manly chest; and a most dignified and beautiful countenance, with his hair and beard inclining to auburn. According to the judgment of all men, he was unrivalled in the use of arms and in military exercise."[1] His refusing to wear a crown is finely illustrative of his humble piety. "Being moved," says William of Tyre, "by humility, he was unwilling to be distinguished by a golden crown, after the manner of kings, in the holy city; exhibiting great reverence, because that the Restorer of the human race, in that very spot, and even on the wood of the cross, chose for our salvation to wear a crown of thorns; whence some, incapable of distinguishing

[1] Gesta Dei, p. 765.

merit, are unwilling to reckon him in the catalogue of kings, looking more to what is borne outwardly on the body, than to what is pleasing to God in the soul; but, in our judgment, he seems not only a king, but the best of kings — the light and the model of all others." The successors of Godfrey did not depart from the spirit which gave rise to this affecting trait of religious magnanimity; for Baldwin I, who was next elected, only suffered himself to be crowned after the patriarch had shewn the consistency of such a ceremony with a humble mind; and even then the coronation took place at Bethlehem, instead of Jerusalem.

Baldwin died from a disorder brought on by swimming in the Nile, when he was wounded.[1] The Moslems called the spot where his bowels were buried by a ridiculous name; and used to throw a stone on it as they passed, so as to raise a monument to him against their will. His bones were buried on Palm Sunday, 1118, in Golgotha, near those of his brother Godfrey. The Christians, and even the Saracens, who knew him, were loud in lamenting his death. The inscription on his tomb was:

> Rex Balduinus, Judas alter Machabæus,
> Spes patriæ, vigor Ecclesiæ, virtus utriusque;
> Quem formidabant, cui dona et tributa ferebant
> Cedar et Ægyptus, Dan et homicida Damascus;
> Proh dolor, in modico hoc clauditur tumulo!

Godfrey appeared on the frontiers of Palestine in the year 1099. He was accompanied by Baldwin, Eustache, Tancred, Raimond of Toulouse, the counts of Flanders and Normandy. Lithbald was the first to leap upon the walls of Jerusalem, followed by Guicher, already celebrated for having cut a lion in two; then followed Godfrey, Gaston de Foix, Gerard de Roussillon, Raimbaud d'Orange,

[1] Abulfar. I, 48; quoted by Raumer, I, 456.

Saint Paul, and Lambert. Previously Godfrey is described as raging round the walls, and looking more terrible than when he fought with the giant on the bridge of Antioch, that huge Saracen, whom he cut in two with one blow of his sword. Others say that two brothers out of Flanders, Ludolf and Engelbert, were the first to mount the walls of Jerusalem, followed by Godfrey and his brother Eustache.[1] Again, the house of Creton, or D'Estourmel, in Picardy, claims its descent from Reimbold Creton; "qui primus in expugnatione Jerusalem ingressus est," as Orderic Vitalis says. Their motto is, "Vaillant sur la Crete." The standard of the Cross floated upon the walls of Jerusalem on Friday, the 15th, or, according to others, the 12th of July, 1099, at three o'clock in the afternoon.

To proceed with the portraits. Baldwin II is described by William of Tyre: "He was remarkable for beauty of person, being of a lively and sanguine complexion, expert in arms and in the management of horses, having great experience in war, prudent in all his actions, happy in his expeditions, pious in all his works, clement and pitiful, religious, and fearing God."[2] His successor, Foulques, was "faithful and humane, affable, kind-hearted, and full of mercy, liberal in works of piety and in the distribution of alms, experienced in war, and patient of fatigue."[3] When Baldwin II was elected king of Jerusalem, on the suggestion of Josselin de Courtenay, who had been before his personal enemy, Eustache de Boulogne had already been requested by others of the barons to accept the crown. After repeatedly refusing the offer, he at length consented; and when he had proceeded as

[1] Raumer, Geschichte der Hohenstaufen, I, 213.
[2] Gesta Dei, p. 818. [3] Ibid. p. 855.

far as Apulia, he received intelligence of the election of Baldwin. Notwithstanding all attempts to convince him that this election was illegal and void, he refused to proceed with his claim. "Far be it from me," said he, "to kindle a war in that kingdom which my brothers and my brethren in the faith acquired by the offering up of their lives, and where Christ shed his blood for the peace of the world."[1] When Baldwin III died, Nureddin refused to avail himself of the grief of the Christians and the favourable opportunity for falling on them, and nobly answered, "We must pity and honour their grief; for they have lost a king who had not his fellow on the earth." The Saracens do more justice to the Crusaders than many of their ungrateful and degenerate descendants. In the reign of our Henry IV, Lord Beauchamp, travelling into the East, was received at Jerusalem by the Sultan's lieutenant, who, hearing that he was descended from Guy, Earl of Warwick, invited him to his palace, and royally feasted him, presenting him with precious stones, and giving to his servants divers clothes of silk and gold. The valour of the Crusaders was the astonishment of the East. Saladin, indeed, told the Bishop of Salisbury, that King Richard exposed his person too much for a general. Joinville bears testimony to the personal heroism of Saint Louis :—"Soiez certains, que le bon Roy fist celle journée des plus grans faiz d'armes que jamais j'aye veu faire en toutes les batailles où je fu oncq. Et dit-on, que si n'eust esté sa personne, en celle journée nous eussions esté tous perduz et destruiz. Mais je croy que la vertu et puissance qu'il avoit luy doubla lors de moitié par la puissance de Dieu. Car il se boutoit ou meilleu, la où il veoit ses gens en destresse, et

[1] Raumer, I, 457.

donnoit de masses et d'espée des grans coups à merveilles. Et me conterent ung jour le sirè de Courtenay et Messire Jehan de Salenay, que six Turcs vindrent au Roy celuy jour et le prindrent par le frain de son cheval, et l'emmenoient à force. Mais le vertueux Prince s'esvertue de tout son povoir et de si grant courage frappoit sur ces six Turcs, que lui seul se delivra." The astonishment of the infidels at the valour of the Christian knights gave rise to the most surprising relations. Thus we read in the German Chronicle of Ebendorffer de Haselbach: "Sicque Soldanus quadraginta diebus et noctibus acies dirigit in civitatem, in quorum intervallo Soldano quondam magnam admirationem movit cur Christiani crebro pauci numero magnum in bello devincunt et prosternunt Sarracenorum exercitum? Cui quidam paganus respondit, non mirum; quia ego quodam prospexi die, quando Christiani ceciderunt in prælio quod in uno corpore duo latuerunt homines, et uno moriente adstiterint eidem decori juvenes, qui ex ejus ore susceperunt venustum puerulum." The heroic action of Guillaume de Clermont has been recorded in the History of the Capture of Ptolemais, though it does little but illustrate the common spirit of the ancient heroes. In the midst of the general ruin, he alone defied the enemy. At the gate of St. Anthony he met the charge of the Saracens, and fought them till he had retreated to the centre of the city. "Son dextrier," says an old historian, "fut molt las et lui-meme aussi; la dextrier résista en contre les espérons, et s'arresta dans la rue comme qui n'en peut plus. Les Sarrasins, à coups de fleches, tuerent à terre frere Guillaume. Ainsi ce loyal champion de Jesus Christ rendit l'ame à son Createur." The castle of the Templars was the only place which held out against the Saracens. The Sultan having granted a capitulation, sent three

hundred Musulmans to execute the treaty. They had hardly entered one of the towers, when they insulted the women who had there taken refuge. The Christian warriors fell upon these wretches, and massacred them in a moment. The Sultan, in consequence, gave orders that the castle should be attacked, and that all within it should be put to the sword. The Templars defended themselves for many days, till at length the tower of the grand master being undermined, fell to the ground, at the moment when the Musulmans were mounting to the assault, and both the assailants and the besieged were buried under the ruins.

Let us delay a moment to contemplate the fate of the Templars, and to examine the charges which have been brought in different ages against that illustrious order.

I need not enlarge upon the painful and shocking history of their punishment, which is too well known. It was on the morning of the 13th of October, 1307, the Friday after the festival of St. Denis, according to the Chronique de St. Denis, that the knights were arrested throughout France and cast into horrid dungeons. The same fate soon overtook them in England and Germany, though, to the honour of the latter nation, the Templars were less severely persecuted there than in any other country, the charges against them being there less generally believed.[1] However, when I was in Hungary I saw the ruins of a house in which it was said that fifty Templars had been murdered in one night. In France there was no mercy shewn to them. It is said that one Templar remained concealed in the ruins of the monastery of Elagnols[2] in Dauphiné, and

[1] Hist. des Templiers, II, 250.

[2] Marchangy probably meant Lagnieu, as there does not seem to be such a place as Elagnols,

by his nocturnal appearance used to terrify the inhabitants of the neighbourhood.[1] The Templars had incurred the indignation of Philippe le Bel by being distinguished among French religious for preferring the spiritual authority of the Church to the pretensions of the king, by daring to hesitate when he gave orders, by shewing discontent at the frequent alterations and falsifications of the coin, and by resenting the outrages upon the person of the late Pope Boniface VIII. The charges against Pope Clement rest upon the authority of Alberic de Rosate, whom Vertot quotes. It is easier to believe that the pontiff was deceived by the artifices, or intimidated by the threats, of the French tyrant. Only one romance, Les Enfances d'Ogier le Danois, written probably to gratify Philip, attributes an infamous character to the Templars. Guyot de Provins, in his satire, speaks ill of all the religious orders but the Templars, of whom he says,

Molt sont prud'hommes li Templiers.

The proverb, "boire comme un Templier," is modern, and was first used by Rabelais. William of Tyre, and generally all the secular clergy, were prejudiced against the Templars on account of their immunities.[2] The Emperor Frederic II carried his hatred of the Templars so far as to destroy a hospital built with the alms of the faithful at Caroleï, because it was governed by knights Templars; and with the materials he built a palace at Nocera, where it was said he introduced Musulmans, after driving out the Christians.[3] To suspect the entire innocence of the order is no novelty: a vast number of historians were quick in remarking that all their

[1] Marchangy, Tristan, VI, 452. [2] Hist. des Templiers, I, 61.
[3] Scriptores Italici, tom. III, col. 583. Hist. des Templiers, I.

enemies seemed to be visited with special judgment—Philippe le Bel, Pope Clement (whose deaths fulfilled the awful prediction of the grand master), Nogaret, Marigny, Pierre Flotte, the governor of Cyprus, Burchard the Archbishop of Magdebourg, who first proceeded against them in Saxony, Albert of Austria, Hugues Gérauld, Bishop of Cahors, the Pope's chaplain, who took an active part in the affair, Edward II, King of England; and they remarked also the accumulation of horrors which visited almost every part of Europe after the execution of Molai.[1] Dante alludes to this tragedy:

> 'Lo! the new Pilate, of whose cruelty
> Such violence cannot fill the measure up,
> With no decree to sanction, pushes on
> Into the temple his yet eager sails.[2]

Nevertheless some learned men among the moderns have been inclined to doubt the innocence of the order. The late learned Bishop Milner says, in his History of Winchester,[3] "It is possible that the sensual poison of Manes, which spread itself from Persia into Bulgaria, and thence into the country of the Albigenses and others, might have crept into some at least of the preceptories of the Temple." However, a decided and very formidable adversary has arisen in the learned M. Hammer, whose most curious dissertation, entitled Mysterium Baphometi revelatum,[4] forming part of the sixth volume of the

[1] Hist. des Templiers, II, 361.
[2] Purg. XX. [3] I, p. 277.
[4] The whole theory of this learned man appears to me extremely visionary. The monuments to which he alludes bespeak more subtlety of invention than can be ascribed to the Templars. Possibly they might have adopted them from the Gnostics, but without knowing their meaning. However, the truncated cross is probably the *tau* T, a figure of the cross, spoken of in Ezekiel IX, 4, which St. Jerome says, being the last letter in the old Hebrew, prefigured the cross. Hammer holds that the Saint Graal was the cup symbolical of the Gnostic

periodical work, Fundgruben des Orients, published at Vienna in 1818, has been reviewed, and the charges, I do believe, have been refuted, by M. Renouard, in his work Sur la Condemnation des Templiers. For

wisdom, and that the round table of twelve knights was symbolical of the twelve senior Templars, who presided over the Saint Graal. He examines seven churches of the Templars—Schoengrale, Waltendorf, Pelendorf in Austria, Deutschaltenburg and Murau in Hungary, one at Prague, and one at Egra in Bohemia; and he describes the figures of animals with two heads, and some which were obscene. But is it credible that they would thus proclaim their own wickedness? Was it not the taste of the age to have absurd and disgusting figures on all great buildings? He will not allow that it is the true Eve because the figure is not veiled, "quæ pudor jubet," a strangely weak argument! He holds the dragon at the feet of the Templar in the Temple, of London, and the dragon of the Visconti at Milan, to be the Gnostic dragon mentioned by St. Epiphanius, which swallows up every one who is not imbued with the Gnostic doctrine, and then spits him out again. As for the figure of a Templar slaying a lion with the help of two dogs, "hic est triumphus Gnoseos seu doctrinæ spiritualis ophiticæ supra religionem Dei Sabaoth," who with the Gnostics is trampled upon under the figure of a lion and a dragon; it really seems to me, that the mere statement of his position is sufficient to convince the reader of the wildness and extravagance of the accusation. He is of opinion, and it is probable, that the order of the Templars, on its suppression, lapsed into that of the Freemasons, and that these latter are much older than the Templars. He finds the same symbols, signs of the sun, moon, and stars, which have been in use from all antiquity. He thinks that there were various stages of the mysteries, and that the last was when men were told "nihil credere et omnia facere licere," which was the doctrine of the Ismailians, the Assassins, &c. Now these Assassins at last were tributary to the Templars; why might not the Templars have borrowed their odd figures with innocent intentions?

He says, of the order of the Assassins and Templars, that both pursued the same object, "quorum uterque doctrina arcana munitus eodem fere modo imperio mundi potiundo inhiabat. In hoc solummodo diversi, quod Assassini et pugione qua sicarii in inimicos late grassabantur, Templarii autem solummodo gladio contra hostes utebantur. Ceterum uterque ordo *amictu albo et insignibus rubris* (crux apud Templarios, cingulum apud Assassinos), distinctus plurimis institutionibus miro modo congruebat, præcipue in hoc quod religionem revelatam (quam doctrina arcana penitus subrueret) palam quam severissime exercerent,

my part, I feel disposed to take the high ground upon which Michaud, very properly as I conceive, meets the question. After declaring[1] that he has discovered nothing, either in the Eastern or Western chronicles, which could at all support the charges, or even given rise to the suspicions which might have suggested them, he proceeds to say, "How is it possible to believe that a warlike and religious order, which only twenty years before had seen three hundred of its knights suffer themselves to be massacred on the ruins of Sephet, rather than embrace the faith of Mahomet, that this same order, which was almost wholly buried beneath the ruins of Ptolemais, should have contracted an alliance with the infidels, outraged the Christian religion by horrible blasphemies, and have betrayed to the Saracens the Holy Land, which was filled with their exploits and military glory?" Villani, Boccaccio, St. Antonine, Boulainvilliers, Voltaire (if his judgment on an historical question is worth quoting), St. Foix, Arnaud, and Bossuet, have pronounced the Templars innocent. The P. Feijoo, a Spanish Benedictine, and M. Munter, the late learned Dane, in consequence of his researches in the Library Corsini at Rome, agree to the justice of this verdict. Finally, Raumer is of the same opinion: "Such," says he, "were the grounds and first establishment of the Christian orders; and, although at a distance of eight hundred years they may appear unintelligible and strange to some, still the man who is most

et quam acerrime defenderent, donec aptam occasionem nacti, tempus advenisse existimarent, ubi Gnosis, throno insidens, leone mactato, ac dracone, seu mundo calcato, omni spirituali ac temporali potestate potiretur" (p. 53). He says, wherever the figure of a dragon fighting with a knight is seen, we may be sure it indicates a Gnostic architect, and that this is only preserved among the Scotch Freemasons. How the poor Templars would be astonished if they could hear all this accusation!

[1] Tom. V, 219.

fond of censure, and of detecting evil, cannot but perceive that in few periods of the world were self-devotion and temperance, religious courage and heroic valour, required and practised to such an extent. Notwithstanding the accusations of Hammer against the Templars, the indisputable testimony of history obliges us to hold fast the opposition between the Christian orders and the atrocious sect of the Assassins. Generally we would avoid adopting the severe view, at least we should confine ourselves to that of Menzel;[1] and we maintain, that there are even still stronger grounds for choosing a milder and more favourable view."[2]

The order having been formally suppressed, it may appear superfluous to inquire whether it be true what is confidently stated by many, that it actually now exists as a secret society. The memory of the Templars is, however, still venerable, and there will ever be a powerful interest associated with their very name. I asked a very excellent French gentleman what opinion he held respecting their pretended existence. "Sir," said he, "it is a good forty years ago that I was very intimate with the Intendant of the city of Metz. Now it happened that a certain monk, belonging to a monastery of St. Benedict in that city, was accused to him by his superiors of disgracing his order by a bad life, and so the Intendant prepared a lettre de cachet, and was about to have cast him into prison, when certain friends of mine requested that I would endeavour to save this poor man, who very probably was not so bad as they would make him out to be. I was a young man then, and well received by fair ladies, and, with all honesty and honour, I had the ear of the wife of the Intendant, a right gentle and

[1] Geschichte der Deutschen, IV, 145.
[2] Geschichte der Hohenstaufen, I, 497.

virtuous woman, who was soon as eager as I was to perform what we thought would be a good deed, and so she agreed to beg her husband for the poor man. At first, as a matter of course, he would not hear her, and very stern he looked as she demanded grace; but, at last, the beautiful woman must prevail, and so he said, 'Well, madame, since you will have it so, and since Monsieur —— has such a conviction of the man's innocence, I will tear the letter; but I fear much that you are about to make me commit a sottish folly': and so he tore the letter. Well, I was vain, and full of haughty spirits, and away I hastened to the convent. It was after dinner. The monks were coming out of the refectory, and going to the chapel. (Many of them, I must say, were excellent, laborious, and learned men.) And so I said to a servant who stood by, 'Point me out Dom ——, when he comes up.' So the monks passed along, chanting their holy words, and at last came an old man, bending very low as he walked, and muttering with a low tone. 'That is the monk, sir,' said the servant. 'Dom ——,' said I, with a loud voice, and haughtily, that all might hear, and tremble too, 'I must speak with you, on the part of M. the Intendent.' At that word the poor man stopped, and, stooping and trembling, he gazed upon me, while his hands shook very much, and all the monks stood still, looking wildly, and were confounded; and I said to him, 'Dom ——, you are free; the lettre de cachet is torn.' Then the poor man came up, and kissed both my hands, and still bowing down and trembling, he would have thanked me with many words, but I waived him back. 'Go on, sir; they wait for you; go and thank God.' Then I strode out fiercely. The next day, the monk, with all his relations, his brothers and sisters, and many more, came to thank me as their deliverer. 'Sir,' said the monk to me, 'I cannot repay you;

but I know that you are a great traveller, and very learned and curious in history, and I believe you are not a Freemason.' I bowed assent. 'Then, sir; I will tell you one thing, which I ought not to disclose, and yet, for your pleasure, I must reveal it to you, though it were to my loss and injury. Sir, the Masons of the highest rank are the Templars, and the venerable order still exists in that body.' The monk told me that; I am afraid, after all, that his superiors and the bishop were right, and that he was a bad man, and of evil habits, and would have been better shut up; but that he told me as a great secret, and with all the expressions of sincerity. The monk has been long dead, and I know no more concerning the Templars."

I have now given sufficient examples to illustrate the character of the Crusaders. A few general remarks may be required in taking leave of those illustrious heroes, those Heraclidæ of Christendom.

And, first, it will be asked, whether, on any principle, it is possible to justify the Crusades?

The modern historians and moralists have prepared us for such a question. The pointed sentences of Wharton, Gibbon, Hume, and Robertson, are repeated by all the shallow praters and scribblers who declaim upon this subject, and no one can be presumed so happy as not to have heard them. I shall endeavour, in few words, to set this question at rest. The desire to visit the Holy Land arose from a reasonable and religious motive. At the beginning of the second century bishops used to make pilgrimages to Jerusalem; and St. Gregory Nazianzen, in the fourth age, while he condemns the abuse, describes the singular joy which he experienced on beholding the places which were memorials of the mercy of Jesus Christ. St. Jerome mentions, that, though St. Hilarion lived many years in Palestine,

he never went up to visit the holy places at Jerusalem but once; and then he stayed only one day. He went once, that he might not seem to despise that devotion; but he did not go oftener, lest he should seem persuaded that God, or his religious worship, was confined to any particular place. Petrarch, in a later age, writing to one who was about to visit Jerusalem from a religious motive, thus expresses himself: "I approve of this intention, and I love you the more for having it: nam quid homini pietate prius? quid antiquius? aut quæ pietas justior quam ut ei qui pro te gratis sanguinem fudit, animam posuit, vitam dedit, utcunque tanti amoris vitam referas?"[1]

This feeling cannot be affected by any lapse of time, if the faith of men change not. If, in the nineteenth century, men of some countries visit the scenes of our Lord's sufferings with other views; if they go to Jerusalem to lament that the Holy Land was ever rescued from the dominion of the Saracens, saying, that these "were far less barbarous than their conquerors"; if they visit Calvary to jest at the pilgrims, and to argue that the Empress Helena "had never read her Bible"; if they ascend the mountain where Christ fasted and was tempted; and this to discover and record the finding of "a very curious and new cimex or bug";[2] if they go but to geologize on the Mount of Olives, and to estimate the probable advantage of draining the Dead Sea, and of launching steamboats on the Jordan,—it is not that human nature is changed, or that sound philosophy has shown the folly of our ancestors, but it is that these men have not the same faith in the religion of Christ; for, as Descartes says, "it is one thing to believe, and another for a man to imagine that he believes."[3]

[1] Epist. XIII, 5.
[2] See "The Modern Traveller" in Palestine.
[3] Discours de la Méthode.

But the defence of a military expedition to invade the country of the infidels presents another question. In this respect, however, the Crusades are easily justified on every principle of justice and policy. Xenophon relates, that all the world admired the spirit and policy of Agesilaus, in determining to meet the barbarians on their own territory, rather than to wait till they had invaded Greece, when he would have to meet them on the defensive.[1] Precisely similar was the case of the Crusades. When St. Bernard and the Popes called upon the princes of Christendom to take the Cross, it was to save Europe, and to prevent the Crescent from dispossessing the Cross. There is not a point of history more clearly established than this, by the concurrent testimony of all real historians. Hence has the memory of the Crusaders been ever dear to all great men who loved Christianity. Thus Dante sees the Cross placed in the planet Mars, to denote the glory of those who fought in the Crusades.[2] Raumer even says, that for importance and efficacy nothing can be compared to the victory of Charles Martel, but that of the Greeks of old over the Persians. And it is, with justice, indeed, that the first Sunday in October is kept by the Western Christians as a festival of perpetual thanksgiving to God for the victory of Lepanto. How grateful should Christians feel to the Roman pontiffs for their watchful solicitude! That illustrious Pope, Pius II, had reason, when he said in his celebrated speech in 1463, which was repeatedly interrupted by the tears of the assembly, that the following of the Cross would prove the sincerity of their devotion. "Now let your faith, your religion, your piety, be brought to the light. If it be a true, and not a feigned charity, follow us. We will set you

[1] Agesilaus, c. I. [2] Parad. XIX.

an example, that you may do what we are about to perform: but we will imitate our Master and Lord, Jesus Christ, the pious and holy Shepherd, who did not fear to lay down his life for his sheep, and we will lay down our life for our flock, since in no other way can we bear assistance to the Christian religion, that it be not trodden down by the Turkish men. We will mount the ship, though old and broken down with sickness. 'And what can you do in war?' some one will say. 'An old man, a priest, oppressed with a thousand maladies, will you go into battle?' We will imitate the holy father, Moses—we will stand on the lofty prow, or on the top of some mountain, having the divine Eucharist before our eyes, that is our Lord Jesus Christ, and we will implore from Him salvation and victory for our fighting soldiers: Cor contritum et humiliatum non despiciet Dominus. It cannot be preserved unless we imitate our predecessors who maintained the kingdom of the Church: nor is it enough to be confessors, to preach to the people, to thunder against vices, to exalt virtue to heaven: we must approach to their standard who offered up their bodies for the testament of the Lord. For our God we leave our own seat and the Roman Church, and we devote to the cause of piety these grey hairs and this weak body. He will not be unmindful of us: if He will not grant us a return, He will grant an entrance to heaven, and He will preserve his Primal Seat and his reproachless Spouse."[1]

If, however, this danger and this necessity had not existed, it is certain that the Crusades would have deserved much of the censure that the moderns have been pleased to pass upon them. There is a remarkable chapter in L'Arbre des Batailles, where the author inquires, whether it be lawful to

[1] Commen. Pii Papæ II, lib. XII, p. 336.

make war upon the Saracens; and he concludes thus: "Tout premierement je prouve comme guerre ne se peut ou doit ottroier contre les Sarrazins ou mescreans. La raison est telle: tous les biens de la terre a fait Dieu pour creature humaine indifferament, tant pour la mauvaise comme pour la bonne, car Dieu ne fait mye le souleil plus chault ne plus vertueux pour l'ung que pour l'autre, et fait porter a la terre des mescreans bons vins, bons bleds, et bons fruits, comme des Chrestiens. Et leur donne science et scavoir naturel de vertu et de justice. Et si leur a donne empires, royaulmes, duchies, contes, et leur foy, et leur loy, et leur ordonnance. Et si Dieu cela leur a donne, pourquoy leur osteroient les Chrestiens? item plus fort nous ne devons ne pouvons selon la saincte escripture contredire ne offencer ung mescreant de prendre la saincte foy ne le sainct bapteme, mais les devons laisser en la franche volonte que Dieu leur a donnee. Car par force ne doit homme estre contraint a la foy croyre." In like manner, St. Thomas Aquinas, writing in the thirteenth century, at the very time of the Crusades, says, that "we ought not to oblige the infidels to embrace the faith; but that it was lawful for Christians to oblige them not to injure religion by their persuasions or open persecutions, and that it was on that ground the Crusades were adopted." [1]

It cannot, however, be denied that crimes and weakness were associated with these religious enterprises. This it was which afflicted the Popes, and St. Bernard, and Godfrey of Bouillon, and Tancred, and St. Louis. These crimes brought on their own punishment; and the Crusaders, like the Greeks of old,

[1] II, 2, 9, 10, a. 8.

——— ἐπεὶ οὔτι νοήμονες, οὐδὲ δίκαιοι
πάντες ἔσαν· τῷ σφέων πολέες κακὸν οἶτον ἐπέσπον.[1]

Raumer is shocked at the terrible description of Jerusalem taken by storm, when cruelty was seen to accompany humility and the hopes of heaven. Without doubt humanity shudders at such scenes. Vinisauf, describing the slaughter of the Turkish army, pursued by Richard I, exclaims with much feeling, "O quam multum distans et dissimilis quæcunque contemplatio claustralium juxta columnas meditantium, horrendo illi exercitio militantium!" Better that the last magnificent line of Tasso had been never written, and that the Crusaders had thought, like Hector, when he said,

χερσὶ δ' ἀνίπτοισι Διὶ λείβειν αἴθοπα οἶνον
ἄζομαι· οὐδέ πη ἐστὶ κελαινεφέϊ Κρονίωνι
αἵματι καὶ λύθρῳ πεπαλαγμένον εὐχετάασθαι.[2]

But human nature is like infernal nature in moments such as these; and it should rather excite our admiration that in this instance the interval was so quickly succeeded by a return to the sentiments of humanity and devotion. The faults and crimes, however, of the Crusaders have been enormously overstated, while their virtues have been ungenerously passed over in silence. What an example of purity of heart is given by Raumer, when he relates that the Archduke Frederic of Suabia, who died in the third Crusade, the same which was fatal to the Emperor Frederic I, refused to follow the advice of his physician, saying, "malle se mori quam in peregrinatione divina corpus suum per libidinem maculare."[3] Impious novels, professing to be "tirés de l'histoire des Croisades," ascribing the basest character to the glorious names of Christian antiquity, and representing the infidels as far sur-

[1] Odyss. III. [2] Il. VI, 266.
[3] Vol. II, p. 438, note.

passing the Christians in every virtue, have contributed not a little to a false opinion of these great heroes. Mr. Hammer in his dissertation on the gallantry of Saladin, and of his brother Malek Adel,[1] censures, indeed, the author in the Gesta Dei per Francos[2] for being prejudiced against Saladin; but on the other hand, he blames the writers of historical romances for representing these two princes as gallant knights, Saladin in the Amours of Eleanor de Guyenne, and Malek Adel in the Crusades by Madame Cottin. He says that he wished to find authority for their gallantry; and after searching through his manuscripts without meeting with a single trait of the gallantry of Malek Adel, he still resolved to believe him a pattern of chivalry; "but what was my astonishment," he continues, "when finally, in a classical historian of these times, I found facts which proved incontestably that this famous Malek Adel not only had none of the superior qualities ascribed to him, but that, on the contrary, a ferocious soldier and merciless conqueror, he failed in the most simple duties due to women, even in the land of harems and barbarians; that far from being the flower of Arabian knights, he shamefully illtreated females, and has constantly passed among the Easterns for a man who forgot, in the most interesting situations of his life, all that unfortunate beauty had claims to? It is the same," he continues, "with respect to his brother Saladin. Without refusing the justice which is due to their warlike and political virtues, history has no less proclaimed them both as two barbarians, shewing on the most essential occasions the total want of condescension and respect for the most weak and beautiful portion of the human race."

[1] Mines de l'Orient, vol. I, p. 141. [2] p. 1152.

But grave historians deserve a more severe reproof for their shameful want of honesty in regard to the Crusaders. Not to notice the cruel haste of Fleury, the great French historian Velly thus remarks: "On se croisa donc à l'envie; les uns par libertinage, les autres par un faux zèle de religion, ceux-ci pour se faire un nom, ceux-la pour changer de place, quelques-uns pour se soustraire aux importunités de leurs créanciers, quelques-autres pour aller chercher dans un pays étranger une fortune plus favorable que celle dont ils jouissoient dans leur patrie."[1] Raumer adds another, "to escape from a bad wife," "der Pein eines bösen Weibes zu entgehn." Now all these writers raise this monstrous superstructure on the basis of William of Tyre, who, however, by his very first words, dispels the horrid image which they hold up; for he says, "nec tamen *apud omnes* erat in causa Dominus."[2] Why have they omitted these words? and why, in translating what follows in William of Tyre, do they pass over in silence all the motives which were generous and honourable, such as is implied in this sentence, "quidam ne amicos desererent"? If a Crusade were undertaken in the present age, what worse motives could be ascribed to the men that would engage in it? And surely in the eleventh, twelfth, and thirteenth centuries there were other motives that might have actuated the warlike youth of Europe? Camoens at least thought so in a later age, when he said,

> If youthful fury pant for shining arms,
> Spread o'er the Eastern world the dread alarms;
> There bends the Saracen the hostile bow—
> The Saracen, thy faith, thy nation's foe.[3]

Does our philosophy teach us only to regard the vices of these men, and to take no account of their virtues? to overlook those who, like the intrepid

[1] Tom. II, p. 441. [2] Gesta Dei, 641. [3] Lusiad, X.

Brançon, thought themselves too happy "de mourir pour Jesus Christ,"[1] like Jacqelin de Mailliac, a Knight Templar, who, upon the advance of Saladin into Palestine, in a battle near Tiberiad, rushed into the midst of the Saracens, and as Vinisauf says, "mori pro Christo non timuit"? Have we no sympathy for those who endured the hunger at Antioch, and the thirst under the walls of Jerusalem? Piso could not visit the Academy without thinking that he beheld Plato, Speusippus, Xenocrates, and Polemon. Colonus recalled to Quintus, Sophocles and Œdipus; he was moved at the sight beyond utterance, "inanis scilicet, sed commovit tamen." Cicero, when he came to Metapontus, would not turn to his host till he had beheld the seat of Pythagoras; and Lucius, not content with viewing the place where Demosthenes and Æschines so often contended, could find no rest till he had gone down to the very shore where the great orator of Athens loved to declaim.[2] Nay, the very barbarian has so much of feeling,

> ——— Phryx incola manes
> Hectoreos calcare vetat.[3]

And have we nothing but reproach and ridicule for those brave and affectionate men, who went repeating the verse of the Psalmist, "Adorabimus in loco," or of the prophet, "His sepulchre shall be glorious," or "Osculabor desideratam meam Hierusalem priusquam moriar"; who wept and worshipped as they entered Palestine,

> Over whose acres walked those blessed feet
> Which eighteen hundred years ago were nailed
> For our advantage to the bitter cross;

and who devoted themselves to death, thinking

[1] Joinville, 55.
[2] Cicero de Finibus, V, 2.
[3] Lucan, IX, 976.

only upon Mary and the holy child Jesus, upon the mercy of God and the captivity of Jerusalem?

"The Crusades," says David Hume, "are a monument of human folly, and the whole religion of our ancestors was mistaken." Be it so; with the Sophist of Glasgow I have no wish to argue, nor will I imitate Cato, who used to press his opinions upon men of every description, and would address the Roman mob as if he were speaking in the Republic of Plato; but thus much I will say even to these revilers, that if mankind had always been imbued with such a philosophy, we should never have possessed the paintings of Raphael, or the poetry of Tasso; we should have essays moral and metaphysical, not the visions of Dante and the Minstrel's Lay; our creed would be the maxims of selfishness, not the religion of chivalry and honour.

It is much to be lamented that the acquaintance of the English reader with the characters and events of the middle ages should, for the most part, be derived from the writings of men, who were either infidels, or who wrote, on every subject connected with religion, with the feelings and opinions of Scotch Presbyterian preachers of the last century; conscientious men no doubt, but certainly not the most enlightened estimators of Christianity or human nature. Nor is it foreign from the original design of the writer of these pages, if he thus endeavours to dissuade his reader from too hastily adopting a general opinion, which in fact throws contempt upon religion; and which dishonours human nature; an opinion which is unfair, illiberal, and ungenerous; for it is adopted, partly, without having made a due estimate, upon the testimony of prejudiced writers, and partly upon detected calumny; for it is founded upon the opinion of our own peculiar age, country, and associates; for it is wantonly insulting to the memory of men, from

whom we have inherited everything that gives Europe a pre-eminence over the rest of the earth, —manners, learning, and Christianity.

It is painful to turn back from the Holy Land without a knowledge of its present condition. Much may be learned from the journeys of the Viscount Chateaubriand to Jerusalem. The description which he gives of his being admitted to the order of the Holy Sepulchre is full of interest. The knights only exist in Poland and in Spain; formerly they enjoyed great privileges; their luggage was not examined at the frontiers, and they paid no duties, provided the cross of their order was upon each article. In the Convent of the Holy Sepulchre, the spurs and the sword of Godefrey de Bouillon are still preserved. In Palestine are many traces of the Crusaders. In St. John of Acre, Sandys saw the ruins of a palace founded by King Richard, as shewn by the lion passant. Here are also the ruins of the church of St. John, the tutelar saint of the city in the time of the Knight Templars, who changed its name from Ptolemais to St. Jean d'Acre. On a hill near Acre is an old castle, probably of the Knights of St. John, which Pococke says is called by the Europeans "the enchanted castle." At Ramla, the ancient Rama, the Arimathea of the New Testament, nine miles from Jaffa, is a Latin convent of Spanish monks, founded by Philip the good Duke of Burgundy, and this is now the universal home of Christian travellers. At Lydda are the remains of a very fine church, repaired, if not built, by King Richard. Pococke describes a large ruined building at Ladroun, which our worthy knights called the castle of the good thief, where they say he was born and lived. The Church of the Holy Sepulchre was burnt on the 12th of October, 1808. The Protestant Dane Malte-Brun says, in his learned work, Précis

de la Géographie Universelle, "a fire has lately destroyed this common sanctuary of Christian nations. The cenotaph which covers the entrance of the tomb has resisted the fall of the burning cupola as if by a miracle."

V. To engage, however, in the Crusades was but a temporary and incidental duty, arising out of the general and perpetual obligation of cherishing and defending the Catholic religion. To this feature of the Christian chivalry we must now direct our attention. "Deus unus est, et Christus unus, et una Ecclesia, et Cathedra una super Petrum Domini voce fundata. Aliud altare constitui, aut Sacerdotium novum fieri præter unum altare, et unum Sacerdotium non potest. Quisquis alibi collegerit spargit. Nemo filios Ecclesiæ de Ecclesia tollat. Pereant sibi soli, qui perire voluerunt. Vitate lupos, qui oves a pastore secernunt: vitate linguam diaboli venenatam, qui ab initio mundi fallax semper et mendax mentitur, ut fallat; blanditur, ut noceat; bonum promittit, ut malum tribuat; vitam pollicetur, ut perimat." This is what St. Cyprian said.[1] And St. Irenæus says, in the apostolic age, "The Church which is propagated over all nations preserves the faith of Christ with the greatest care; though various languages are spoken in the world, yet the language of tradition is everywhere one and the same. The doctrine of faith which is taught and believed in the churches that are founded in Germany, is not different from that which is taught and believed in the churches which are established in Spain, or in Gaul, or in the East, or in Egypt, or in Libya, or in the interior parts of the Continent. But as one and the same sun enlightens the whole earth, so does one and the same faith shine on the whole Church, and offers the same heavenly light to

[1] Epist. XLIII.

all who are desirous of coming to the knowledge of the truth."[1]

The title, however, of the very work from which these words are taken, will shew that, even in that early age—in fact, even in the time of the Apostles[2]—the Church had to contend with various bodies of men calling themselves Christians, and even reformed pure Christians, who nevertheless abandoned and denied the essential doctrines of the faith taught by Christ and his Apostles. Simon Magus, who denied the freedom of the human will; Novatian, who opposed the Roman pontiff, and would have abolished the sacraments of penance and confirmation; the Persian Manes; Arius, who condemned prayer for the dead and the distinction of episcopacy; Ætius, who held that faith alone is requisite for salvation; Vigilantius, who condemned the invocation of saints; Berengarius, who denied the doctrine of the blessed Eucharist; a number of persons, such as Macedonius, Pelagius, Nestorius, Eutyches, the Monothelites, the Iconoclasts—until we come to the men who caused the great tragedy of modern times, may be cited as examples. It is an historical fact, that among these sects the good feelings and affections of nature were weakened; and a most deplorable indifference to the great laws of morality accompanied their fanatical appeal to the text of Scripture; but such sophisms of the passions were calculated in the highest degree to mislead men. It is peculiarly with regard to these that the lines of Menander are just:

τὸ πιθανὸν ἰσχὺν τῆς ἀληθείας ἔχει
ἐνίότε μείζω, καὶ πιθανωτέραν ὄχλου.

Theodota boasted to Socrates that she was able to draw off all his disciples to herself. "That may

[1] Cont. Hæres. lib. I, c. 3.
[2] Tillemont, Mém. Ecclés. tom. II, 54.

well be," he replied, "for you lead them down an easy descent; but I am for forcing them to mount to virtue—an arduous ascent, and unknown to most men."[1] He who appeals to the pride of reason, to the love of independence, and to the vulgar sense of men guided more by consequences than by reason, may have equal hopes of success.

Were it not for our belief in the doctrine of Divine assistance to the human mind, the numbers of men who embrace the Catholic faith might not be sufficient to convince many lovers of wisdom that it must be the truth. It is a remarkable fact respecting successive seceders from the Church, that the enemies of the Christian name have always favoured them. The Mahometans protected all the heretics of the East, and only persecuted the Catholics. On the other hand, the seceders have in every age been inclined to join the common enemies of Christianity. The Hungarians, who invited the Turks to invade Vienna, were more inhuman to the Catholic army under Sobieski than the Mohammedans.[2] Men of thought and learning have found no difficulty in reconciling the fact of these deplorable divisions with the truth of religion and the providence of God. "I declare," says Luis of Granada, "so far am I from being astonished that the just Judge has permitted so great a portion of Christian people to lose their faith, that I return Him thanks for what remains sound, amidst such a general corruption of manners."[3] He alludes to the middle of the 16th century. At this time brother Thomas, of the order of St. Francis, who was called "the holy man," went about preaching penance, and predicting evils from the horrible wickedness of the

[1] Ælian. Var. Hist. XIII, 32.
[2] See the Letters of John Sobieski.
[3] Catechism, part IV, dial. XIII.

age. These divisions were foretold by the holy Apostles; and they are, after all, subservient to important ends. "Were these men within the Church," says St. Augustin,[1] "they would no less err; and, being without, they serve to stir up many servants of God in the Catholic Church." They furnish arguments for the faith; because a man may ascend, step by step, doctrine after doctrine, to the very crown and perfection of the Catholic religion; and have under his feet, at every step and for every doctrine, the authority of some heretical writer. And Fleury remarks, that the Catholic religion, existing in the North under the wearying and disgusting system of persecution to which it is exposed, and wholly unprotected by the temporal power, affords of itself a proof of its divine nature. However, the existence of those divisions gave rise to that great duty which was of such paramount importance in the code of chivalry, and to which I have now to direct your attention. It was a duty obligatory on all, as Christian men obedient to the Church; and it was in an especial degree upon knights, as being essential to the chivalrous character. The Church, in her decrees, was guided by the plain and positive injunctions of holy Scripture.[2] Hence, in the canons which are called Apostolical, the clergy who should join in prayers with seceders were to be suspended from communion;[3] and in the council of Carthage, where St. Augustin was present,[4] all persons were forbidden to pray or sing psalms with them. Pope Paul IV urges this duty upon the Catholics of northern countries, where, it must be confessed, the outrage and pride of the lineage of Darnant, as Perceforest would say, have

[1] De Vera Religione.
[2] 2 St. John, 8; 2 Tim. III, 5; Rom. XVI, 17; St. Matt. VII, 15; XXIV, 4; XI, 23.
[3] Can. 44, 63.
[4] IV, 72, 73.

not yet finished. In conformity with the commands of the Church were the precepts of chivalry. Philippe de Valois made a law excluding from tournaments all nobles or knights who should have spoken or done anything against the holy Catholic faith. "Et s'il présume non obstant ce crime d'y pouvoir entrer pour etre issu d'ancetres grands seigneurs, qu'il soit battu par les autres gentils hommes, et jeté dehors par force."[1] "Quant le Roy ouyt celui Sarrazin parler François," says Joinville of Louis IX, when he was accosted by the rich renegade, "il lui demanda, qui le lui avoit aprins. Et il respondit au Roy, qu'il estoit Chrestien regnoyé. Et incontinent le Roy lui dist, qu'il se tirast à part hors de devant lui, et qu'il ne parleroit plus à lui."

This zeal for religion the knights were expected to maintain at every risk, however imminent. Like the early Christians, they were prohibited from acquiescing, even by silence, in the rites of idolatry. In the fine romance of Huon of Bordeaux, that champion is represented as having failed in duty to God and his faith, because he had professed himself a Saracen for the temporary purpose of obtaining entrance into the palace of the Amiral Gaudifer. "And when Sir Huon passed the third gate, he remembered him of the lie he had spoken to obtain entrance into the first. 'Alas!' said the knight, 'what but destruction can betide one who has so foully falsified and denied his faith towards Him who has done so much for me!'" Every reader who is conversant with the opinions of the chivalrous age must recollect that the highest glory was to be called "a veray knyghte and servaunt of Jhesu Cryste," as it is related of Sir Ector de Marys; "and thenne he kneled downe, and made

[1] Hist. de la Chevalerie Françoise, par Gassier, p. 277.

his prayer devoutely unto almighty Jhesu; for he was one of the best knyghtes of the world that at that time was, in whom the veray feythe stode moost in." "And soo Syre Percyval comforted hymself in our lord Jhesu, and besought God no temptacyon should brynge hym oute of Godde's servyse, but to endure as his true champyon"; and Sir Bors uses an expression in his prayer still more singular: "Lord Jhesu Cryste, whoos lyege man I am." And the flower of chivalry is accosted by King Mordrayns in these words: "Galahad, the servant of Jhesu Cryst." So we read in the Jerusalem Delivered,

> Cursed apostate and ungracious wight!
> I am that Tancred who defend the name
> Of Christ, and have been aye his faithful knight.

So again it was when he beheld

> The turban'd traitor shew his shameless front
> In the open eye of heaven, ———
> ——— that Roderick's heart
> With indignation burnt; and then he longed
> To be a king again, that so, for Spain
> Betrayed, and his Redeemer thus renounced,
> He might inflict due punishment, and make
> Those wretches feel his wrath.

In the admirable book of chivalrous instruction by Gilles de Rome, entitled The Mirror, it is laid down how the prince, baron, or knight should be grounded in the truth of faith, steadfast in the faith, firm in hope, firm in the love of God, perfect in the fear of God: "he ought to be fervent in prayer for the love of Jesus Christ; to have reverence and devotion towards the Church; to be humble in himself; to have reasonable knowledge; to be stable in perseverance, and constant in execution; honest in conversation, secret in consultation, discreet in speech, courteous in receiving strangers, liberal in gifts, magnificent and noble in actions, magnani-

mous in enterprises, continent in purity, abstinent in sobriety, amiable in all good qualities, incomparable in clemency, and invincible in patience." "He must be founded in the Catholic faith, which is the source of all graces. That faith is the foundation of justice; it purifies us from our sins; it enlightens our thoughts; it reconciles us to God; and accompanies us amidst all the goods of nature." A separate chapter is then devoted to explaining more fully the nature and need of these graces. "To derive benefit from the belief in the articles of faith," says F. Luis of Granada, "it is not sufficient simply to repeat the Credo as a parrot; but we must meditate attentively on each of the mysteries contained in it."[1] Thus S. Theresa used to weep when they sung, "Cujus regni non erit finis." This was very compatible with the simplicity of such men: "Beata simplicitas, quæ difficiles quæstiones relinquit," as Thomas à Kempis exclaims; "fides a te exigitur et sincera vita, non altitudo intellectus, neque profunditas mysteriorum Dei." There was no learning requisite to know who were to be avoided, as opposed to the peace and unity of the Church: for were they styled reverend persons who laid claim to obedience? the rule was as old as St. Cyprian: "Nec habeat ecclesiasticam ordinationem qui Ecclesiæ non tenet unitatem."[2] Did they appeal to the Holy Scriptures? St. Augustin furnished an easy criterion: "Christiani sunt," says he, "non heretici." How does he know this? He tells you in the next line, "Intelligunt Scripturas secundum Apostolicam disciplinam."[3] Lastly, there was that holy sign to distinguish them from Jews, Turks, and all who had departed from the first faith.

But it must be confessed, that the sons of Christian

[1] Catechism, II, c. 10. [2] S. Cypriani epist. LV.
[3] De Moribus Ecclesiæ Catholicæ, I, 72.

chivalry stood very little in need of being exhorted to defend the faith, since their affections were strongly moving them in the same direction. When the city of Granada was besieged, a gigantic Moor had obtained possession of an ecclesiastical ornament whereon the "Ave Maria" was embroidered, and he paraded on the plain (vega) of Granada with it fixed to his horse's tail. This was enough to make boil the blood of Garcilaso, at that time a mere stripling: he challenged the Moor, slew him, and brought the trophy to the Christian camp; in reward for which gallant exploit, the King of Aragon gave him leave to adopt the title de la Vega, and to place the words "Ave Maria" on his paternal shield. Thus Roger de Hauteville, King of Sicily, who died in 1054, caused to be carved upon his tomb these words, which he had composed for himself: "Rogerius in Christo pius, potens rex et Christianorum adjutor." The hero Galien Restauré is called by the authors of that romance "un véritable enfant de la sainte Eglise, et un généreux défenseur de la religion Chrétienne." It was during the marriage festivities of Marguerite of Anjou, in Nancy, that Pierre d'Aubusson heard of the horrible cruelties which the infidels inflicted upon Ladislaus, King of Hungary, and Cardinal Cesarini, the Pope's legate, whom they had roasted alive, after the battle of Varna. The horror which the young man felt, made him resolve to combat the Mahometans, and to enter the Order of St. John of Jerusalem.[1] The words of Ingulphus are remarkable, where he says of the Anglo-Saxons, on the invasion of the Danes, "Summo diluculo auditis divinis officiis, et sumpto sacro viatico, omnes ad moriendum pro Christi fide patriæque defensione contra barbaros processerunt."[2]

[1] Hist. de Pierre d'Aubusson, par Bouhours, 20.

[2] The fact that the Chronicle of Ingulphus has been ascertained to be a forgery of the thirteenth or fourteenth century,

The memory of the early defenders of Christendom has been often greatly misrepresented by infidel writers, who invariably take part against the Christians. It is to be borne in mind, therefore, that when Charlemagne first attacked the Saxon pagans, in the year 772, it was in consequence of their having burnt the church of Deventer, and massacred the Christians whom they found there. Eginhard records, that the frontier plains of his empire, on this side, had been unceasingly harassed by carnage, rapine, and conflagrations caused by those Saxons. Sismondi, indeed, admits that it was in the midst of his Saxon wars, that the north of Germany passed from barbarism to civilization and the habits of domestic life, in consequence of the Christian preachers, and the influence of Charlemagne's court. To go back to an earlier age, it is a pity that we have no memorial of the many Christians who preferred death to renouncing their faith, as recorded by Pliny. The knights of the middle age were indeed most scrupulous in their observance of this duty. "Let him of the two who worships Christ pause and hear what I have to say." Count Rogero, when he saw Bradamant and Rodomont engaged in combat, distinguishing that one was a Paynim and the other a Christian, intimated in this address what was his notion of conversing with an infidel. "To consider these wordes," says Froissart, "one ought greatly to marveyle that the Lord Galeas, Erle of Vertues, and Duke of Myllayne (who was reputed to be a Christen man, baptysed and regenerate after the Christen law), wolde seke or requyre love or alyance with a kynge myscreant out of our law and faythe, or to send him gyftes

instead of a genuine work of the eleventh, does not make the quotation improper, since it strikingly expresses a mediæval picture of religious self-devotion.

and presents, as he dyde every yere, as dogges, haukes, and fyne lynen clothes, which are right pleasant to the Sarrazens: but in these days the Erle of Vertues, Duke of Myllayne, and Sir Galeas his father reygned as tyrants, and so held their signories."[1] The king, Don Rodrigo, is more delicate; for when he has overthrown the renegade and mounted his Orelio,

> Then he drew forth
> The scimitar, and waving it aloft,
> Rode towards the troops; its unaccustomed shape
> Disliked him; Renegade in all things! cried
> The Goth, and cast it from him; to the chiefs
> Then said, If I have done ye service here,
> Help me, I pray you, to a Spanish sword!

But the most interesting example is furnished by the great Turenne after his conversion. Twice it became his wish to retire from the world; but it was represented to him that his duties retained him in active life. Still he was zealous, even in all the circumstances of piety. The morning of the day on which he was killed, he had heard mass, and received the sacrament. Mdme. de Sévigné mentions having heard from the Cardinal de Bouillon, that Turenne would make his confession before receiving the sacrament at Whitsuntide; but "il étoit à mille lieuës d'un péché mortel."[2] "How entire was his conversion, and how different from that of those who change from interested motives!" cries Fléchier. "Although his heart had been saved from the disorders which passions usually cause, he took more care than before to regulate them. He believed that the innocence of his life ought to correspond with the purity of his faith: he knew the truth, he loved it, he followed it. With what

[1] Giangaleazzo Visconti, before he became Duke of Milan, bore the French title of Comte de Vertus (in Champagne) in right of his wife Isabelle de Valois.

[2] Lett. CCIV.

humble reverence did he assist at the sacred mysteries! With what docility did he hear the salutary instructions of the evangelic preachers! With what submission did he adore the works of God, which the human mind cannot comprehend! True worshipper in spirit and in truth, seeking the Lord according to the counsel of the wise, in the simplicity of his heart, irreconcilable enemy of impiety, removed from all superstition, and incapable of hypocrisy. Scarcely had he embraced the holy doctrine, when he became its defender; as soon as he had put on the armour of light, he engaged the works of darkness; he viewed in trembling the abyss whence he had escaped, and he stretched out his hands to those whom he had left there. It would seem as if he had been charged to bring back into the bosom of the Church all those whom the schism had separated from it; he invites them by his counsels, he wins them by his benefits, he presses them by his reasons, he convinces them by his experiences; he points out to them the rocks on which human reason has made so often shipwreck, and shows them behind him, according to St. Augustine's expression, the way of the mercy of God, by which he had escaped himself." But to leave the Orator. Lovers of wisdom, as well as heroic men, should study with attention the character of Turenne. They will find in him a rare union of manly firmness, noble disinterestedness, high honour, patience, magnanimity, profound piety, inspiring all the sweetness and graces of the Christian spirit, with a clearness of judgment, and an acuteness and soundness of intellect, to which few philosophers can lay claim.

"The Spaniards," says Schlegel, in his Dramatic Literature, "played a memorable part in the history of the middle ages, which the ungrateful jealousy of modern times has too much forgotten. Like a sentinel exposed to the dangers of an advanced post,

they kept watch for Europe, threatened by immense hordes of Arabians; and in their Peninsula, as in a vast camp, they were always ready to fight, and to fight without assistance. The foundations of the Christian kingdoms in Spain, from the moment when the illustrious descendants of the Goths, obliged to take refuge among the rocks of the Asturias, sallied forth in arms from this asylum, down to the period when the Moors were completely driven out of Spain, all this interval, which lasted for centuries, is the poem of history, it is its miracle: for the deliverance of Christendom, which so terrible a power oppressed in this country, appears to have been a work directed from on high, and which man alone could never have accomplished." Too little is youth reminded of these great events: for the names of Charles Martel, who saved Christendom under the walls of Poitiers; of Matthias Corvinus, King of Hungary, in the 15th century, who had the glory of stopping Mohammed II in the midst of his conquests, and perhaps of again saving Christendom; and of John Sobieski, King of Poland, who saved the house of Austria, and probably the whole of Europe, should be associated with all the visions of greatness and glory. The Turks, with an army of 200,000 men, besieged Vienna. The Emperor Leopold, after a narrow escape, had fled to Passau, and this great bulwark of Christendom was in immediate danger of falling into the hands of the infidels. Then it was that the king and the chivalry of Poland hastened to save the empire and Christianity. Leopold had previously injured Sobieski; but on this occasion, like a brave true knight, he thought of nothing but what he owed to an ally, to all Christendom, and to God Himself, and, with all possible expedition, he advanced to the Danube, at the head of 24,000 men. He crossed the river at Tuln, and ascended the mountains of Kahlenberg,

whence, on the 11th of September, they had the first view of Vienna, half obscured by the volumes of smoke from the discharge of artillery, while the plain below presented the most magnificent, but awful, spectacle of the Turkish camp, adorned with all that Eastern pomp could display. The letters of Sobieski to his beloved queen, which have been lately published, convey a great idea of his piety and noble simplicity. On this memorable expedition, he relates, on one occasion, how he had assisted at high mass in the Franciscan convent of Brünn: again, after crossing the Danube, he says, "we passed yesterday in prayer. Father Marco d'Avieno, who has come from the Pope, gave us his benediction. We received the blessed sacrament from his hands. After mass, he made us an address, and asked us if we had confidence in God? and on our unanimous reply that we had, he made us repeat with him, 'Jesus Maria, Jesus Maria!' He said mass with the most profound devotion; he is truly a man of God." This scene, at which the Duke of Lorraine was present, took place on the 12th of September, two hours before sunrise, in St. Leopold's chapel. The king served at mass, holding his arms stretched out in the form of a cross. Immediately after, the whole army was put in motion to meet the enemy. The main body was commanded by the Electors of Bavaria and Saxony, with Count Waldeck; the right wing by the King of Poland, and the left by Charles, Duke of Lorraine. Mustapha and the whole Turkish army were put to flight in the utmost disorder, and before night there was not a Turk to be seen. The conquerors found immense riches. Sobieski wrote to his queen that the Grand Vizier had made him his sole executor. The great standard that was found in his tent, made of the hair of sea-horse, wrought with a needle, and embroidered with Arabic figures,

was hung up by the order of the Emperor in the cathedral of St. Stephen, where I have seen it. The Christians lost but 600 men. Sobieski, the modest religious hero, entered Vienna admidst the tears and blessings of innumerable people; he went directly to the high altar, and joined in the solemn Te Deum which was sung, with his countenance turned to the ground, and with every expression of humility and gratitude. The Emperor returned to his capital on the 14th, and treated his deliverer with haughtiness. The brave Sobieski, despising the ceremonial of courts, content to meet his imperial majesty on horseback, was satisfied when he had said, "I am glad to have rendered your majesty this little service." He pursued the Ottoman army, fought many battles, and returned to Warsaw crowned with laurels. On the taking of Gran from the Turks, he wrote to his queen in these words: "The great church in which St. Adalbert baptized King Stephen, the first Christian King of Hungary, had been converted into a mosque. A solemn mass will be sung there shortly." Again, on the taking of Schetzin, "to-morrow the divine office is to be celebrated in the two mosques. Thus we have regained five in this year from the Paynims, thanks to Almighty God!" Again, describing the cruelty inflicted upon his brave army by the Hungarian Calvinists, though he had always declared that he made no war upon them, but only upon the Turks, he writes thus: "They hunt us as if we were wolves. Many of our officers have had their horses shot in midst of the camp, without our having given the smallest cause for such attacks. However, I take into consideration that there are in this city many peaceable innocent Catholics, who would all perish if we made an assault." [1] What battle of

[1] Letter XXVIII.

antiquity is more deserving of everlasting fame than that of Las Navas de Tolosa, which saved Spain, and perhaps all Europe!

> Illustrious Spain!
> Alas, what various fortunes has she known!
> Yet ever did her sons her wrongs atone.[1]

This memorable victory was obtained in the year 1212, on the ground between El Viso and Venta de Miranda, near the Sierra Morena, on the Puerto Real, as it was called from that day. The King of Navarre commanded the right wing of the Christian army, the King of Aragon the left; Alfonso VIII of Castile took the centre, as the post of most danger. Muhammed sat enthroned on a buckler, amidst a corps of reserve, holding the Koran in one hand, and a sword in the other, and surrounded by chains of iron. In consequence of the King of Navarre having burst his way through this iron barrier, chains are still borne quarterly in the shield of France.

But no more of these glorious records. It is to be feared that these sentiments of chivalry were sometimes entertained to a vicious excess, and that in this, as in every other circumstance of men's conduct, the bad passions of the human heart were sometimes permitted to alloy the purity of virtue. Men are so fond of themselves, that they will, if possible, mix up something belonging to their miserable selves even with religion. The gentle knight and poet Camoens warns his countrymen from so doing.

> You, sent by Heaven His labours to renew,
> Like Him, ye Lusians, simplest truth pursue:
> Vain is the impious toil with borrowed grace
> To deck one feature of her angel face.[2]

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[1] Camoens. [2] Lusiad, X.

When St. Ignatius set out from Loyola for Montserrat, before he had renounced the world and acquired a knowledge proportionate to his zeal, hearing a certain Moresco or Mohammedan speak injuriously of our blessed Lady, he deliberated whether, being an officer, he ought not to kill him; but he says, "the divine protection preserved him from so criminal an action." Political and human motives in a later age often put on the mask of severe religious zeal. Princes may have sometimes sought the restoration of religion because they hoped that it would be the means of enabling them to govern in peace and safety; for if a French monarch banished from his own dominions men who had renounced the religion of their fathers, he protected and encouraged their brethren in Hungary, where, by joining the Turks, they were endangering his great enemy the house of Austria. I do not, however, conclude that the law of chivalry will authorize the censure which it has incurred, even though it be said, in the exaggerated style of romance, that if an infidel were to impugn the doctrines of the Christian faith before a Churchman, he has to reply to him by argument; but a knight was to render no other reason to the infidel than six inches of his falchion thrust into his bowels. The accomplished writer[1] of a late very ingenious and interesting memoir upon chivalry has, however, justly remarked upon this passage, that "even courtesy, and the respect due to ladies of high degree, gave way when they chanced to be infidels." The renowned Sir Bevis of Hamptoun, being invited by the fair Princess Josiane to come to her bower, replies to the Paynims who brought the message,

[1] Encyclop. Brit. Suppl. vol. III.

I will ne gon one foot on ground
For to speke with an heathen hound;
Unchristen houndes, I rede ye flee,
Or I your heartes blood will see.

That doughty knight Wolfdietrich, in the Heldenbuch, displays a similar feeling towards the fair Marpaly, who was so moved by his beauty, that she excepted him from the fatal doom which all other knights had experienced in her father's castle. The statutes of the Round Table require that no knight should marry a woman who was not a Christian. In Tirante the White, after King Escariano had been converted by Tirante, and baptized, the old infidel general of the King of Tremecen endeavoured to persuade him to return back to Mohammedanism, upon which the wrath of Escariano became so direful, that, lifting up his sword, he cut off the Musulman's head, saying, "Dog, son of a dog, brought up in a false law, and who wishest us to return to it, there is the price of your counsel."

However, we must not take up the ridiculous notion, that knights and men of honour were allowed to close their eyes to the folly and criminality of such a zeal as this. Hear what that excellent Dominican Friar, Luis of Granada, told them: "Christian charity and a zeal for the salvation of souls oblige me to undeceive many, who, excited by a false zeal for the faith, think that they do not sin when they do evil to those who are without the church, whether pagans, Jews, or heretics; for they should consider that these persons are as much their neighbours as the faithful, as we infer from the parable of our Saviour;[1] and even when our Lord visits the infidels with his judgments, the ministers of his wrath are as guilty as if they had not been his ministers; nay, still

[1] Luke X.

further, they are not only as guilty as those who injure their neighbours, but they sin a great deal more, inasmuch as they are the cause that the faith is more hated by the infidels."[1] .Hear again what a Spanish Bishop says: "O Divine goodness, how many pagans are there who would have been better than I am, if thou hadst raised them to thy Church! How much worse than they are should I have been, had I been a pagan!"[2]

I have already shewn what was the opinion of Gilles de Rome. This admirable writer was of the Colonna family; he had studied under St. Thomas Aquinas, who would certainly have taught him this humane wisdom; he became tutor to Philippe le Bel, and Archbishop of Bourges; but after a time he was permitted to resign his see; and he died at Paris in retirement, in the convent of the great Augustines.

Let us next hear L'Arbre des Batailles. The question occurs, "Ought we to make battle with the Jews?" The author at first seems inclined to answer in the affirmative, but at length he arrives at this grand conclusion: "Je dy comment Dieu soustient les pecheurs en attendant leur conversion et par la nous donne exemple de les soustenir. Et. d'autre part il nous a dit en evangilles que le temps viendra que il ne sera que ung pasteur et ung peuple, car ils se convertiront. Et aussi nous voyons tousjours que aucuns prenent le saint baptesme et pour ce l'eglise les soustient, car quant nous les voyons nous avons memoire de nostre redemption. Et se ils nous haissent se ne sont-ils mye puissans a nous faire guerre ouverte. Et de moins aymer ne nous passent-ils mye car aussi nous ne les aymons

[1] Catechism, part IV, c. 17.

[2] L'Horloge des Princes, par Don Antoine de Guevare, Evesque de Guadix, traduit de Castillan par N. de Herberay, Seigneur des Essars, p. 13.

que ung petit."[1] In like manner in Le Songe du Vergier, the knight proves that the Jews should not be molested. Again, the author of the Tree of Battle inquires, whether a Christian prince may give a safe-conduct to a Saracen. He answers in the affirmative. "We should appear to hold that our law was but little reasonable or true, were we to prevent those from coming among us who might embrace it." "Et aussi par leur aler et venir entre nous Chrestiens ils se pourroient esmouvoir a devotion et requerir le saint baptesme a la gloire et essaucement de notre foy. Item pourroient-ils bien encore dire, les Chrestiens se vantent et dient que leur loy est la charitable de toutes les autres, mais ils le nous montrent mal pour deux raisons." First, if they were so charitable as they say, they would let us pass safely through their lands, with the hope that they might gain the freedom of their own who are prisoners with us. Secondly, "ils devroient vouloir que ceulx de estrange loy veissent leur mistere et leur sacrifice affin que plusieurs qui le verroient y pourroient prendre tel exemple quils se convertiroient en leur loy."[2] I might have quoted the great doctors of the Church and the ecclesiastical canons; but I have preferred presenting my reader with extracts from these chivalrous writings which were in the hands of every knight, and which do certainly furnish the most undeniable evidence that toleration and chivalry were perfectly compatible. And, after all, however easy it may be to affect a philosophic air, and talk of the danger resulting from the abuse of chivalrous zeal; however easy it may be to declaim upon the savage inhumanity of such intolerance, and upon the inconsistency of cherishing hatred with the religion of Christ, it is not for the cool calculating and systematic sup-

[1] Chap. LXIV. [2] Chap. CVII.

porters of intolerance in the nineteenth century to affect that tone, and to declaim against that intolerance; for theirs is an intolerance without passion, and a zeal without the faith and piety which could furnish the shadow of a reason for its exercise; for them there can be no excuse. But it is far otherwise with the zeal of chivalry. There was no insensibility or coward selfishness in its nature; and besides, may it not be reasonably suggested to all who acknowledge the truth of revelation, that generous zeal, even without knowledge, is better than indifference with whatever accomplishments it may be accompanied, better than that practical renunciation of all religion which so frequently in these ages throws a shade of gloom and bitter despair over the evening of a suspicious life? Highly as every lover of mankind must admire the philosophic reflections of the amiable writer, to whose memoir I have lately referred, deeply as he will lament that fatal result consequent upon all human institutions which perverted into intolerance the effects of a theory, than which even its enemies have acknowledged "nothing could be more beautiful or praiseworthy"; still must it be the conviction of his understanding, and the feeling of his heart, that zeal is less to be feared than the spirit of indifference to revealed truth; still is it unquestionably certain, that the enthusiasm of chivalry, in loving a name at which "every knee should bow," and a cause for the service of which every heart should beat, while it may excite alarm and regret to the friends of virtue and Christianity, must, at the same time, be regarded with admiration, and even with reverence. There is something in it noble and dignified—something which indicates the presence of those high and generous feelings which are the proud prerogative of the human soul; whereas, on the contrary, apathy and indifference upon such a

subject, the abuse of that name, the abandonment or neglect of that cause, must not only be deprecated as fatal in consequence, but must be despised as base, unmanly, and ungenerous in origin; it is human nature to sin, but it is something below human nature to treat the name and religion of the Saviour with indifference and ingratitude.

The conclusion will still be unshaken, that it is safer and more virtuous, that it is more becoming the descendants of knights and men of honour, to err upon the side of zeal than that of apathy. Perish the name of that false philosophy which first taught men to think otherwise! That it is less injurious to the best interests of individuals, and therefore less hostile to the general happiness of mankind.

VI. But it was not alone to defend the Christian religion that chivalry bound its sons. The great and powerful were to be examples of its influence: they were to devote their riches and their grandeur to maintain its institutions, and to exalt its glory.

This position cannot be better introduced than in the words of the Count de Maistre, who more perhaps than any other writer of this age had imbibed the spirit of the Christian chivalry. "True nobility," he says, "is the natural guardian of religion; it is related to the priesthood, and it never ceases to protect it."[1] Appius Claudius cried out in the Roman Senate, religion is the affair of the patricians, "auspicia sunt patrum"; and Bourdaloue, twenty centuries later, said in a Christian pulpit, "holiness to be eminent can find no foundation more suitable to itself than grandeur."[2] It is the same idea, only clothed differently according to the colours of the age. Thus Livy records of a king, "in duabus tamen magnis honestisque rebus vere

[1] Du Pape, II, 154.

[2] Serm. sur la Concep.

regius erat animus, in urbium donis et deorum cultu."[1] When Theseus composed the Commonwealth of Athens, he divided it into noblemen, husbandmen, and mechanics, and the nobility were to have the care of religion and the laws.[2] In truth, this is the natural suggestion of reason following from the law of nature. Yet, before Christianity had taken root, and had reached the higher classes, the converts to the Gospel were alarmed at the difficulty of reconciling obedience to its spirit with the grandeur of an exalted rank. Tertullian, who wrote before any emperor had embraced Christianity, said, "that if the Cæsars should become Christians, they would cease to be Cæsars; and if the Christians should become Cæsars, they would cease to be Christians."[3] What a joy for them had they been able to foresee the characters of St. Louis, or of our Edward the Confessor! Indeed, the general character of the French monarchy in this respect is a striking refutation of the views of Tertullian; for, as the Count de Maistre justly observes, "a particular feature of this monarchy is, that it possesses a certain theocratic element which peculiarly belongs to it, and which has given it fourteen hundred years of duration. I do not believe that any other European monarchy has employed for the good of the state a greater number of pontiffs in the civil government. I go back in imagination from the pacific Fleury to those Saint Ouens, those Saint Legers, and so many others distinguished in political life in the night of their age—true Orpheuses of France, who tamed tigers, and made the chestnuts to follow them. I doubt if one can shew elsewhere a similar series."[4] Indeed, everything belonging to that monarchy, down to its

[1] XLI, 20.
[2] Plutarch, in vit. Thes.
[3] Apolog.
[4] Considérations sur la France, 113.

innocent and mysterious Lily,[1] and to its sacred banner the Oriflamme,[2] the banner of the Abbey of St. Denis, is strongly characteristic of a religious

[1] Some suppose that Clovis, upon becoming a Christian, adopted the Fleur-de-lis for the arms of France; and that Charles VI, in 1381, reduced the number to three, as a symbol of the Trinity. There have been writers of all nations who treated of this noble lily-flower, named by St. Gregory Nazianzen βασιλικὸν ἄνθος. Many are the grave authors who mention that the shield of France had an origin "toute céleste"; though Limnæus will have this to be "sermonem phantasticum." Some have thought these lilies to be only darts and javelins. The motto of the Bourbons, "neque laborant neque nent," in allusion to the Salic law, would argue another meaning. Bonald admits that no certainty can be arrived at respecting what they really are. All possible information on the subject, and references to an immense number of learned authors, will be found in the Traité singulier du Blason, contenant les règles des armoiries, des armes de France et de leur Blason, ce qu'elles representent, et le sentiment des auteurs qui en ont écrit, par Gilles André de la Roque, Chevalier, Sieur de la Loutiere, Paris, 1681. Charlemagne is represented as bearing the shield azure, charged with the black eagle and the fleur-de-lis or. The old royal seals of St. Louis have only one fleur-de-lis. The Chevalier de la Roque takes care to shew, that several French and foreign families who bear the fleur-de-lis have not the honour to be of the blood of France, "quia omne simile non est idem"; and this he says, with great courtesy, may be proved "sans blesser l'ancienneté de ces maisons." He gives a very learned account how some families derived it by special grant from the French kings, and others from hereditary succession, adopted originally, he supposes, from the expression of the Wise King, "qui pascuntur in liliis" (*Lib. Cant.* IV). These houses bear them in three ways; "les unes les portent semées, comme les armes de Beaumont, Fréauville, Saint Brisson, Saint Gilles, Saint Valeri, Mortemer, Brucourt, Recusson, Du Fai, Carrouges, Chenevière, Alleman, Chambes, Moreul; d'autres les ont en nombre certain, comme aux écus de Montgommeri, Nino, Venoix, Porçon, Queret, Vignacourt, La Marzeliere, Farneze, La Rochefaton, Kenellec, Brillac, Nanteuil, Chamblai, Grispokerque, Bazentin, Arscot; ou enfin en nombre singulier, comme Saint Germain d'Argences, Digbi, Clerci, Andelot, Rechignevoisin, Le Bouteiller," &c. &c.

[2] The Oriflamme was red, without device or figure. It was the banner of the abbey. The last that we hear of it is in the inventory of the treasury of this church in 1534: "Etendard d'un cendal fort épais, fendu par le milieu en façon d'un gonfalon fort caduque." It was seen in Henry IV's time.

spirit. In the time of Clovis the banner of devotion was that of St. Martin; under Charlemagne it was that of St. Maurice. Father Campian takes another view, when he says, speaking of the princes who in various ages defended the Church, "How many Theodosiuses in the East, and Charleses in the West, how many Edwardses in England, and Louises in France; how glorious is the memory of the Hermenegilds in Spain, of the Henries in Saxony, of the Wenceslases in Bohemia, of the Leopolds in Austria, of the Stephens in Hungary!"[1] Monsieur de Machault, sieur de Romaincourt, who wrote the Livre des Faicts du Mareschal de Boucicaut, says in the beginning of his book, "Deux choses sont par la volonté de Dieu establies au monde, ainsi comme deux piliers à soustenir les ordres des loix divines et humaines. Iceulx deux piliers sans faille sont chevalrie et science, qui moult bien conviennent ensemble; car en pays, royaume ou empire, au quel l'une des deux faudroit, conviendroit que le lieu eust peu de durée." Here again we have the same idea, which Alain Chartier expresses thus in his Bréviaire de Nobles:—

> Car Dieu forma noble condition
> Pour foi garder et pour vivre en justice.

St. Anselm, addressing a king, Henry of England, urges the duty on another ground, saying to him, "Nulli homini magis expedit quam regi se subdere legi Dei; et nullus periculosius se subtrahit a lege ejus."[2]

"Earthly rank and grandeur," says Nicole,[3] "are but the instruments of Providence to enforce and recommend the observance of his will: Ainsi la

[1] Appeal to the Two Universities.
[2] Epist. lib. III, 95.
[3] De la Grandeur,—Essais de Morale, tom. II.

grandeur est un pur ministère qui a pour fin l'honneur de Dieu et l'avantage des hommes, qui ne les rapporte point à elle-même. Elle n'est point pour soi, elle est pour les autres;—pour établir l'empire de Dieu et pour procurer sa gloire." This is unguardedly expressed; but the lesson which he wished to convey was that impressed upon all knights; the Prince de Conty, in his treatise Sur les Devoirs des Grands, lays it down expressly; and when King Louis VI of France was expiring on a bed of ashes, he urged it on his son, "Remember that royalty is a public charge, of which you will have to give a strict account to Him who alone disposes of crowns and sceptres." All the laws of chivalry were dictated with this spirit. The first was "to fear, honour, and serve God; to contend with all strength for the faith, and rather to suffer a thousand deaths than to renounce Christianity." Then, "to support justice, to attend to the proper complaints of the weak, especially of widows, orphans, and demoiselles, and, when necessity requires, to undertake their cause, saving always his own honour; to fight for the right and common cause."[1] This close connection between the defence of religion and of justice is evinced in the concession made by Sismondi, namely, that during the civil wars between Lothar II and Conrad III, the Guelfs were at once the defenders of the Church and of the privileges of the people.[2] Again, in the old poem on the order of chivalry, the virtues which are peculiarly to distinguish a knight are seven, of which the first three are, faith, hope, and charity. And Eustache Deschamps says, "You who desire to become a knight must pursue a new course of life. Devoutly you must watch in prayer, avoid sins,

[1] Favin, Theatre d'Honneur et de Chevalerie.
[2] Hist. des Repub. Ital. V, p. 223.

pride, and idleness; you must defend the Church, widows, and orphans, and with noble boldness you must protect the people." In L'Ordene de Chevalerie, by Hugues de Tabarie, that is, by Hugues Chatelain de St. Omer, Comte de Tiberiade, the squire who was to be made a knight was to be placed in a beautiful bed, and to be addressed thus: Sire, this signifies

C'on doit par sa chevalerie
Conquerre lit en Paradis
Ke Dieu otroie à ses amis.

He was to be dressed in white, to signify

A se car netement tenir
Se il à Dieu velt parvenir.

Then he was to have a scarlet robe, to signify

Que vostre sang deves espandre
Et pour Sainte Eglise deffendre.

Then he was to put on black sandals, to signify

La mort, et la terre ou girez
Dont venistes, et ou irez.

Then he was to be bound with a white girdle, to signify purity; then two gilt spurs were to be fastened on, to signify activity.

Que vous ayez bien en corage
De Dieu servir tout vostre éage.

Then he girt on the sword, to shew

K'il doit ja povre gent garder,
Ke li riches nel puist foler,
Et le feble doit soustenir,
Que li fors ne le puist honir,
Ch'est œvre de misericorde.

Finally, he was to be covered with a white garment,

to signify the purity with which we must clothe our soul against the day of judgment.

Chivalry was proud of its connection with religion; it was the glory of the illustrious house of Chatillon, which had given the Sires of Pontarlier, and so many lords of renown, to victory, that it had given St. Bernard to the Church. The noble family of Vintimille in Provence, or vingt contre mille, from an ancestor with twenty men having put to flight a thousand of the enemy, boasted that it had produced the great St. Anthony in the fourth century; so far were high families from considering it as a disgrace to have a member distinguished for religious zeal. In fact, the general character of that zeal commanded respect from men of honour as well as from saints.

Count William of Holland, when elected king of the Romans in 1277, was knighted at Cologne. At this time he was only a squire; so it was necessary, according to the custom of creating the Christian emperors, that he should be made a knight before he received the crown of the empire at Aix-la-Chapelle. When everything was prepared in the church at Cologne, after mass, the Squire William was led by the King of Bohemia before the Cardinal, Father Caputzius, legate of the Pope Innocent, who was addressed in these words: "We place before your honoured reverence, beloved father, this squire, humbly beseeching that in paternal kindness you would accept his desires that he may become worthy of associating among knights." Then the Cardinal said to the youth, "What is a knight, according to the meaning of that word? Whoso desireth to obtain knighthood must be high-minded, open-hearted, generous, superior, and firm; high-minded in adversity, open-hearted in his connections, generous in honour, superior in courtesy, and firm in manly honesty; but before you make your

vow, take this yoke of the order which you desire into mature consideration. These are the rules of chivalry:—1st. Before all, with pious remembrance, every day to hear the mass of God's passion. 2nd. To risk body and life boldly for the Catholic faith. 3rd. To protect holy Church, with her servants, from every one who shall attack her. 4th. To search out widows and helpless orphans in their necessity. 5th. To avoid engaging in unjust wars. 6th. To refuse unreasonable rewards. 7th. To fight for the deliverance of innocence. 8th. To pursue warlike exercises only for the sake of perfecting warlike strength. 9th. To obey the Roman Emperor or his deputy, with reverence in all temporal things. 10th. To hold inviolable the public good. 11th. In no way to alienate the feudal tenures of the empire. 12th. And without reproach before God or man, to live in the world. When you shall have faithfully attended to these laws of chivalry, know that you shall obtain temporal honour on the earth, and, this life ended, eternal happiness in heaven." When the Cardinal had said this, he placed the joined hands of the young warrior on the holy book of the Mass, out of which the Gospel had been read, saying, "Wilt thou piously receive knighthood in the name of God, and fulfil, to the best of thy power, according to the letter, what has been taught?" The squire answered, "I will." Therefore the Cardinal gave him the following solemn instruction, which the youth read aloud publicly: "I William, Count of Holland, knight and vassal of the holy Roman empire, swear to observe the rules of knighthood in presence of my Lord Peter of the Golden Fleece, Cardinal, Deacon, and Legate of the Apostolic See; by this Holy Gospel which I touch with my hands." Then the Cardinal said, "May this devout confession give thee pardon of thy sins!" This spoken, he gave a blow on the neck of the

squire, and said, "For the honour of God Almighty, I make you a knight, and do you take the obligation; but remember how He was smitten in the presence of the high priest Annas, how He was mocked by Pilate the governor, how He was beaten with scourges, crowned with thorns, and, arrayed in royal robe, was derided before King Herod, and how He, naked before all the people, was hanged upon the cross. I counsel you to think upon his reproach, and I exhort you to take upon you his cross." After this had taken place, the new knight, amidst the sound of trumpets, beat of kettle-drums, and crash of musical instruments, ran three times against the son of the King of Bohemia, to display his warlike exercise in battle. Then he held court for three days, and maintained his honour before all the great by princely gifts.

Here it appears that the first law of chivalry compelled knights to devote their first thoughts each day to the worship of God. So in the Ordene de Chevalerie,

> Que chacun jour doit messe oïr,
> S'il a de quoi, si doit offrir;
> Car moult est bien l'offrande assise
> Qui à table de Dieu est mise,
> Car elle porte grant vertu.

Before the extinction of the Saxon dynasty in England, the order of knighthood was conferred with all the pomp of a religious ceremony: bishops could confer it. The order of the Knights of the Holy Sepulchre, founded by St. Helena, is conferred by the monks of St. Francis. "It is not a little honour," says a French writer, "which has been conferred upon these poor barefooted monks, that they should have the privilege of creating knights for the defence of the Holy Land, sanctified by the birth, life, passion, and death of our Saviour and Redeemer, Jesus

Christ."[1] Knights of the Garter, the decoration of which illustrious order still remains, were admonished at their installation to wear the symbols of their order, that "by the imitation of the blessed martyr and soldier of Christ, Saint George,[2] they

[1] La Colombiere, Theatre d'Honneur et de Chevalerie, tom. I, p. 586.

[2] The account of St. George killing the dragon and delivering the princess is not found in any of the early manuscripts of his life; it first occurs in a manuscript in the Ambrosian Library at Milan, written later than the age of the Crusades. The story had been brought from Palestine. Constantine had painted an emblematical picture of a contest between a knight and a dragon, the latter signifying the enemy of the Church. St. Theodorus, a soldier and martyr, was similarly represented in St. Mark's Place at Venice. In the twelfth century this contest was ascribed to St. George, though it had been usual to represent all the saints in this manner, as may be instanced in St. Victor; nay, even holy virgins, such as St. Catherine and St. Dymnæ, are made to stand upon serpents. St. George suffered under Diocletian: his festival was celebrated as early as the time of Constantine, as appears from the Missal of Gregory the Great. St. George was born in Cappadocia, of a warlike father, who trained him to arms; and in his twentieth year he was made a count. On the persecution breaking out, he declared himself a Christian, and was cast into prison and tortured: he miraculously recovered from his wounds, and escaped, but was again imprisoned, and at length suffered martyrdom. He was the patron of England as early as the time of Richard I. He is also patron of Malta, of Genoa, of Valentia, and Aragon. In England, say the Bollandists, the honour of St. George "per schismata et hæreses jam pene extinctus, aut in profanam omnino ceremoniam conversus." He is called St. Georgius Anglorum Protector et Patronus. Some have thought, however, that he was patron of England before the Norman conquest. In the old manuscript Martyrology in Benet College, Cambridge, written about the time of St. Dunstan, the 23rd of April is devoted to celebrate St. George, omitting mention of all other saints which might fall on that day, "tamquam singulari gaudio exultans." Some Anglo-Saxon poems also mention St. George. Bede likewise has in his Collection, IX Kal. Maii natale St. Georgis Martyris. Till the time of Henry VIII parts of his armour used to be borne in procession from Windsor Castle. Henry VIII left this festival as a day of rest from all labour. Edward VI (vel potius sub illo parlamentum) suppressed it altogether: "et gloriosus Christi miles St. Georgius de equo, ut aiunt, ad asinos, per istos

may be able to overpass both adverse and prosperous adventures; and that, having stoutly vanquished their enemies, both of body and soul, they may not only receive the praise of this transitory combat, but be crowned with the palm of eternal victory." The Church considered chivalry as the protection of the weak and oppressed, and therefore as worthy of celestial benediction.[1]

Dr. Lingard gives the prayer used on the occasion of making a knight, from a manuscript copy of the Sarum Missal, written after the Conquest. "Deus, concede huic famulo tuo, qui sincero corde gladio se primo nititur cingere militari, ut in omnibus galea tuæ virtutis sit protectus: et sicut David et Judith contra gentis suæ hostes fortitudinis potentiam et victoriam tribuisti: ita tuo auxilio munitus contra hostium suorum sævitiam victor

traductus est." Thus St. George had churches to his memory when the wicked Bishop of Alexandria, the enemy of St. Athanasius, was justly punished with death under Julian; yet Reynolds and Echard confounded this George of Cappadocia with the saint: still there might have been later saints of the same name. Pope Gelasius, A.D. 494, says in council, after rejecting the acts of the martyr as spurious, "Nos tamen cum prædicta ecclesia omnes martyres, et eorum gloriosos agones (qui Deo magis quam hominibus noti sunt) omni devotione veneramur." Mr. Gibbon asserts, that Pope Gelasius was the first Catholic who acknowledged St. George, and that St. Gregory knew nothing of him: he is able to recognize in the acts of St. George the combat which was sustained in the presence of Queen Alexandria against the *magician* Athanasius. In this he alludes to a legend of St. George having overcome a magician. He concludes with saying, "The infamous George of Cappadocia has been transformed into the renowned St. George of England, the patron of arms, of chivalry, and of the garter"; adding in a note, "This transformation is not given as absolutely certain, but as extremely probable"; and then he refers his reader to the work which I have consulted, the Bollandists' Acta SS. April. tome III, pp. 100–163; a dissertation which, it would appear, he had not read, unless we prefer accusing him of wishing to deceive his reader.

[1] Le P. Menestrier de la Chevalerie; La Gaule Poétique, IV.

ubique existat, et ad sanctæ ecclesiæ tutelam proficiat. Amen."

I am aware that in our age this constant reference of rank and chivalrous distinction to the service of religion will appear unintelligible, or contrary to prevailing views; but I am not the less sensible that it is beyond the power of any generation of men to alter the great laws of our nature, and the principles by which it has pleased the Creator to govern the moral world. That nobility should be intimately connected with religion is not in consequence of human caprice, or of the inconsistency of any age, but of the unchangeable decree of Divine Wisdom. There might, indeed, have arisen an order of men possessing abundant riches and splendid titles, without being either the defenders or the examples of religion; but such persons, however respectable from possessing the ordinary moral virtues, would no more have resembled the ancient Christian nobility than they would have revived the chivalry of Hercules and Theseus. They must have been satisfied with the material comforts which wealth could command, and with the homage which they would receive in common with all those who had been raised, by whatever means, above the ordinary class of society. The work of Jacobinism would have been done, as soon as there was introduced into the higher ranks an intellectual, and moral, and spiritual Jacobinism, which, as a profound writer [1] observes, "is more mischievous than that which is political, and without which the latter could do but little"; if nobility had adopted this spirit, and had been prepared to hold that it is but a human institution, without any consequence beyond the grave, and that Plato was mistaken in supposing that after death the great and the low would be weighed in a different balance,[2] to

[1] Guesses at Truth. [2] Gorgias, 169.

ridicule sentiment, to strip off custom, to demolish sublimity, to spoil beauty, to have its feelings blighted, its affections stifled, its heart seared as with a red-hot iron, its imagination killed from childhood,—that is to say, if it had abandoned the cause of truth, according to which all rank and power proceeds from God, according to which sentiment is held in honour, custom venerated, sublimity excited, beauty cherished, the knowledge of which alone systematically preserves the feelings, fosters the affections, warms the heart, and purifies and exalts the imagination, then ancient and illustrious names might still have been sounded forth, but it would be only to fill the brave with shame and disgust and sorrow. Slaves and bondsmen might have trembled at beholding a stern aspect, or a gorgeous panoply; but the presence of men, whose grandeur centred in themselves, would have excited no mysterious veneration, no enthusiasm in the generous and heroic part of mankind; fortune had placed them in the character of Agamemnon, but they chose to play the part of Thersites:

> Careless and rude or to be known or know,
> In vain to them the sweetest numbers flow;
> Even he whose veins the blood of Gama warms,
> Walks by unconscious of the Muse's charms:
> For them no Muse shall weave her golden loom,
> No palm shall blossom, and no wreath shall bloom.[1]

Religion offered to give them a part in her immortal reign, and they were deluded and base enough to sell their birthright for a mess of pottage. No longer impressed with reverence for sacred muniments, they will blindly contribute to bring to a speedy and shameful end even that external nobility which had survived through ages of violence and desolation, which had passed uninterrupted, and

[1] Lusiad, V.

with a spotless renown, through all the wars of Palestine, and of the rival houses of York and Lancaster. Return we where eternal fame is due. It was a noble answer, and finely illustrative of this character belonging to chivalry, which King Louis VII of France returned to the messengers of our Henry II, who had called upon him to give up St. Thomas à Becket: "Tell your king, that he will not give up certain customs, because they appertain to his royal dignity; neither will I give up the hereditary privilege of my crown, which is to protect the unfortunate and the victims of injustice." In Froissart we read the description which the Portuguese ambassadors gave of King John of Portugal to the Duke of Lancaster. "He is," said they, "a wyse and a dyscrete man, and fereth God, and loveth holy churche, and exalteth it as moche as he may, and is often tymes in his oratory on his knees in herying of devyne servyce; he hath ordeyned, that for what so ever busyness it be, that none speke to hym till he be out of his oratory, and is a grete clerke, and taketh lytlle hede of ony grete sermones, and especyally he wyll have justyce kepte in all his royalme, and poore men maynteyned in theyr ryght." John of Salisbury describes the necessity and nature of the religious oath which every Norman knight took on his creation: he swore to "defend the Church, to attack the perfidious, to venerate the priesthood, to repel all injuries from the poor, to keep the country quiet, and to shed his blood, and, if necessary, to lose his life, for his brethren." Even the legendary institution of the Round Table is an example of this religious feeling, for the thirteen places were in memory of the thirteen apostles, that of Judas remaining vacant. Romance says that the twelve were successively filled during King Arthur's reign by fifty knights. The rules of the order may be seen in the romance

of Merlin. Rudolf of Hapsburg may be cited as an illustrious example of this religious chivalry. No family had ever a more honourable founder than his; for Rodolph was beloved by the surrounding country for his justice and his piety, his prudence and his courage. Schweiz begged him to be its governor, Zürich to be her general; and when raised to the throne of the empire, he was still beloved by the country which gave him birth. When he was to be crowned at Aachen, the imperial sceptre could not be found at the moment when he was to invest the assembled princes; upon which, with admirable presence of mind, and in the true spirit of chivalry, he seized the crucifix, which stood on the altar, and said aloud, "With this sceptre will I for the future govern." His religious spirit descended to his posterity; for if we had to select any class of persons who have been most conspicuous for the exercise of unostentatious, humble virtue, it would be the princes of the house of Austria. Many of these illustrious persons have been in the daily practice of acts of beneficence which the most eloquent panegyrist of benevolence and humanity would frequently disdain. The Empress Eleonora might be quoted as a striking example, and chiefly to represent the general character of her house in these particulars. The last choice of these princes is worthy of their faith. The coffins of the Cæsars are placed in a vault under the convent of the Capuchins, the barefooted friars, the poorest of the religious orders, alternately the objects and the dispensers of mercy. We have another instance, in the last advice of Charlemagne to his son, as related by Theganus. "On the Sunday he put on the royal robe, placed his crown on his head, and assumed a superb habit; he proceeded to the church, which he had built from its foundation, and coming before the altar, he ordered

his golden crown, and also that which he wore on his head, to be placed upon it. After he had spent a long time in prayer, together with his son, he addressed him before all the assembly of pontiffs and nobles, admonishing him, in the first place, to love and fear Almighty God, to keep his precepts in all things, to provide for and defend the churches of God from bad men, then to honour priests as fathers, to love his people as sons; that he should appoint faithful ministers, who feared God, and who held unjust gifts in abhorrence; that he should shew himself at all times without reproach before God and all the people." That this religious character was generally understood as belonging to men of knightly rank is evinced by a poet, who wrote soon after the Canterbury Tales made their appearance, and who seems to have designed a supplement, called The Marchaunt's Second Tale. In the prologue, he continued to characterize the pilgrims, by describing what each did, and how each behaved, on arriving at Canterbury. After dinner was ordered at the inn, they all proceeded to the cathedral. The knight, with the better sort of the company, went devoutly, in great order, to the shrine of St. Thomas. The miller and his companions ran staring about the church, pretending to blazon the arms painted on the glass windows, and entering into a dispute about heraldry. So falsely did the canting puritan argue in Pierce Ploughman's Creed, saying of the knight,

> The pennons, and the poinetts, and pointes of sheldes,
> Withdrawen his devotion and dusken his harte.

The author of the Gesta Romanorum was more wise, when he described the churl who could not say his Pater Noster without thinking in the middle whether St. Bernard intended to give him his saddle, as well as his horse, by way of reward for his being able to say

the prayer without distraction. The reply of Tirante the White to the Emperor, who made him great offers, is a fine instance of this desire to employ all temporal riches and glory to the honour of God. "Great and illustrious Emperor, riches can never fully satisfy the heart; therefore I desire not the goods of fortune; I only wish to serve your majesty in such a manner, that I may re-establish and augment the Greek empire. The treasures of honour and of glory suffice for me, if I can but amass them. All that I desire is to establish my relations and my friends. As for myself, I want no other riches but my horse and my arms. I pray your majesty to think no more about making me rich, or of giving me what may be necessary to your state. I serve God for the augmentation of the Catholic faith. Down to this hour His grace has not abandoned me." Yet in Amadis de Gaul, when Briolania saw four such knights in her palace as Amadis, Galaor, Florestan, and Agrayes, observing how powerful she now was become, and how lately she had lived in fear in an unprotected castle, she knelt down and thanked the Most High for the mercy He had vouchsafed her, saying, with great sense and piety, "For this dominion and this wealth, as being things superfluous and destructive to the body, and, moreover, to the soul, would it be better to reject and abhor them? Certainly, I say no: and I affirm, that when they are gained with a good conscience, and justly administered, we may derive from them advantage, and pleasure, and joy in this world, and everlasting glory in the next."[1] Gilles de Rome, in his Mirror, gives an admirable lesson to the great, when he shews that noble princes and barons ought to consider their servants as their brethren; for, he continues, "It is not said in Genesis that God gave

[1] Lib. I, 44.

man dominion over man; but servitude is the consequence of sin and of the fall." "C'est chose decente a ta prudence de familierement vivre avec tes servans; ils sont non mye seullement serfs, mais oultre sont hommes, et servans, et humbles amys et conserfs." The most villain slavery is that of sin. "Et par ce appert que c'est chose possible que le serf soit seigneur et le seigneur serf." A modern writer has well expressed the same idea. "Vice is the greatest of all Jacobins, the arch leveller." The mottoes of noble families exemplify our position. Thus "Aide Dieu au bon chevalier!" was that borne by the noble house of Candole in Provence. Raymond de Candole had graven on his saddle, "Cœlum cœli Domino, et terram dedit filiis hominum." The house of Arcussia-Esparron bore three bows on its shield, with the device, "Non enim in arcu meo sperabo, et gladius meus non salvabit me," to commemorate one of the family having slain three Saracens, and having brought their golden bows to the tent of his sovereign. The Viscount de Villeneuve Bargemont mentions others belonging to the nobles of Provence: thus, that of Grimaldi, the terror of the Saracens, was "Dieu aidant"; that of Bausset, which has lately given a prince to the Church, the historian of Bossuet and Fénelon, "Le seul salut est de servir Dieu." He cites also that traditionally referred to Clovis, "Montjoie Saint Denis," or "ma joie"; that of Bourbon, "Tout vient de Dieu"; of Montmorency, "Aide Dieu au premier baron Chrétien"; of Rohan, "Dieu garde le Pélerin." Down to a very late age, this principle was so generally recognized, that we find Caussin dedicating his great work, The Holy Court, to the nobility of France. His address to them is very eloquent. "Miserable art thou," he says, "if, after thy ancestors have planted the French lilies (or the roses of England) amongst the palms of

Palestine, sincerely led thereto with the zeal which they bare to their faith, thou betrayest religion, virtue, and conscience, by a brutish life." He expects much from them, from the very consideration of their rank. "O ye noble men, God useth you as Adam in terrestrial paradise: He provideth you with all things at once, that you may have no obstacle to a life of contemplation." In fact, there is a monastic air about many of the ancient castles and palaces of chivalry, which seems to indicate that such expectations were not wholly visionary. An example of this may be seen in the Escurial, where the Spanish court used to pass the autumn. This vast and solemn pile is placed at the foot of the mountains. The winds at that season of the year collect in their chasms, and blow with an inconceivable violence round the lofty towers. The glass of its eleven thousand casements rattles with a singular sound. Groans seem to echo through the long cloisters. The bell tolls for the dead. Their vigil is arrived with November. The castle of Peñafuerte in Catalonia, whose lords were descended from the counts of Barcelona, and nearly allied to the kings of Aragon, was converted in the 15th century into a convent of the order of St. Dominic The cathedral of Strygonia, or Gran, was founded by the king St. Stephen; it is built within the walls of the castle. The archbishop is primate of Hungary. The king St. Stephen lies there buried. This religious spirit was expressed in everything chivalrous. Meyrick speaks of an illuminated missal, in which Sir John Lutterel, on his charger, is receiving from one lady his helmet, and from another his lance.[1] Chivalry was associated with religion in all the thoughts of holy men. One night, St. Francis seemed to see in his sleep a magnificent palace,

[1] Hist. of Ancient Armour.

filled with rich arms, all marked with the sign of the cross, and he thought he heard one tell him, that these arms belonged to him and to his soldiers, if they would take up the Cross and fight under its banner.

This infusion of the religious spirit gave rise, during the middle ages, to many singular privileges and distinctions, which would appear absurd if we did not bear in mind the principle on which they proceeded. The treasurer of the cathedral of Nevers had the privilege of assisting in the choir booted and spurred, with a sword at his side, and a falcon on his fist.[1] After the victory of the English and Burgundians, in 1423, at Crevant, the chapter of Auxerre ordained that the eldest son of the house of Chastellux, the lord of which had enabled them to gain the victory, should be honorary canon, and be entitled to assist at the offices in full armour, with a surplice over it, and holding his falcon on his fist.[2] On great festivals, René d'Anjou used always to appear in a stall of the cathedral of Aix, on the side of the epistle next the altar, where he joined in singing vespers, being an honorary canon. The heads of the Douglas family were honorary canons in the church of St. Martin at Tours. The kings of France were the first canons of the cathedral of Lyons, and they wore the surplice in the choir. So were also the Dauphins of Vienne, the Dukes of Burgundy, Berri, Savoy, the Sires de Thaire and de Villars. Hugh Capet signed himself, along with other titles, Abbot of Paris. The Emperor, in the Pope's presence, exercises the office of deacon, and may chant the Gospel, which, says the author of the Tree of Battles, "est une très grande dignité."[3] The Emperor Sigismond officiated in this capacity at the

[1] Le Grand, Hist. de la Vie privée des François, III, 4.
[2] Barante, Hist. des Ducs de Bourgogne, tom. V, 153.
[3] L'Arbre des Batailles, CXXXI.

midnight mas at Constance, though the Pope was about to be deposed. The office of Avoüez, or guardian of a monastery, began about the time of Charlemagne. The nearest lord was appointed to protect the abbey. Sometimes princes discharged the office. Thus King Ludwig the German was guardian of St. Gall, and the Emperor Otho of the abbey of Gembloux in Brabant. The greatest lords accepted the office of vidame to the nearest abbey, which obliged them to act for the ecclesiastics in their temporal affairs. The historians record of Robert, king of France, son and successor of Hugh Capet, that he was regular in assisting at divine service. "Chantant toujours avec le chœur, souvent même portant chappe, la couronne en tête et le sceptre à la main." To protect, to honour, and exalt religion, was the pride of nobility. What an affecting instance was furnished by the Colonna family, who, notwithstanding the depression of their fortune, supplied Pope Pius VII with white horses to make his entry into Rome! In Spain, the first carriage which meets a priest carrying the blessed sacrament is always offered to him. Many old historians hesitate not to give their opinion, that Rudolf of Hapsburg owed his elevation to the imperial throne to the particular favour of God, who thus rewarded and exalted him for that singular instance of dovotion, when, on his return from hunting, and meeting between Fahr and Baden a priest on foot, who carried the blessed eucharist along a broken and dirty road, he dismounted, and gave up his horse to the minister of Heaven, saying, "that it ill became him to ride while the bearer of Christ's body walked on foot." I shall conclude these examples with an extract from Ysaie le Triste. When the hermit and Ysaie, by order of Merlin, had proceeded to the hermitage of Sir Lancelot du Lac, and found that he was dead, and by advice of the

dwarf Tronc, when they had repaired to his tomb, the marble slab which covered the body of the warrior being raised, the hermit dubbed Ysaie a knight with the right arm of the skeleton, ending the harangue which accompanied this ghastly inauguration with these words, "Soiez humble à non-puissans, et aidez toujours le droit à soustenir, et confons celluy qui tort a, vefves, dames, poures pucelles, et orphelins, et poures gens aymes toujours a ton pouvoir, et avec ce aime toujours saincte Eglise."

Although it is a boundless subject, I must briefly notice how faithfully that precept of chivalry was observed, which prescribed the application of riches to founding and providing for religious institutions. All that can be done is to select a few examples, which may convey an idea of the spirit which actuated the nobles of Europe. One day Charlemagne, having lost his way while hunting, came to a brook in a deep forest, which his horse refused to approach, as soon as he perceived the sulphureous exhalation from the water. The king dismounted, and followed the brook till he reached its source, hidden under the superb ruins of a Roman palace. Upon this discovery, Charlemagne resolved to fix his court here. The first thought of his creative genius was turned towards the eternal Being, without whom all the projects of kings fail: soon, says Marchangy, at the voice of this new Solomon, a magnificent temple is raised to the Lord, enriched with spoils, mosaics and bronzes from Pisa, candelabra from Verona, and fragments from the imperial palace of Ravenna; the perfumes of the East are burnt in vases taken from the Khalifs, and the hymns which Charles had brought from Rome, with the Gregorian chant, add to the solemnities of the sacred place. This religious spirit of magnificence belonged especially to knighthood. When Bouchet relates the death of La Tremouille, he gives as a reason why,

notwithstanding his high station, there was so little money found in his possession, that he had built in his own town the church of our Lady, "qui est fort sumptueuse et magnifique." We read of the Mareschal Boucicaut, in the memoirs of his life, "Moult volontiers aussi ayde à secourir couvens et eglises, et faict reparations de chapelles et lieux d'oraisons. Volontiers donne à pauvres prebstres, à pauvres religieux, et à tous ceulx qui sont au service de Dieu." Many of the superb churches and monasteries of Normandy were raised by the bounty of the dukes and nobles. The rich donations of the Tancarvilles, the Harcourts, the Pommerayes, the Crevecœurs, Lacys, Courcys, Saint Clairs, Montgomerys, may still be seen in the charters of these different foundations, many of which have been published by the Abbé de la Rue. King Alfred used to make donations to the churches in Wales, Cornwall, France, Bretagne, Northumbria, and Ireland; nay, he even sent Swithelm, Bishop of Shireburn, to the shrine of St. Thomas in India, and others he sent to Rome, with gifts. In the Chronicle of the Cid, it is recorded how Rodrigo "was always greatly affectionate to the Church of St. Martin in the city of Burgos, and that he built the belfry tower thereof." In the 36th year of Henry III the Church of Hales was built by Richard Earl of Cornwall. The building of that church stood the Earl in 10,000 marks, as he himself confessed to Matthew Paris. The great captain of Spain, Gonzalo de Cordova, founded a superb monastery in the city of Granada, where he caused himself to be buried. Cosmo de Medici was noble, if we only take into account his bounty to religion. He built at Florence the Convent and Church of St. Mark, also that of St. Lawrence, and the cloister of St. Verdiana. He built in the mountains of Fiesole the Church of St. Jerome, in Mugello the Church of the Friars Minors,

besides adorning the churches of Santa-Croce, of the Servites, of Sant' Angelo, and of San-Miniato. The monuments of the Dukes of Burgundy, in the abbey of Citeaux, were an evidence of the zeal which prompted so many princes of that illustrious house to support the institutions which their ancestors had founded.[1] On one occasion, when Philip Duke of Burgundy was travelling, he visited the monastery of St. Seine, placed his spurs on the altar, and then ransomed them at a great price. It was in the collegiate church of our Lady at Bruges, that Philip instituted the order of the Toison d'Or. The arms of the first knights are painted round the choir. The tombs of his bold son and of the good Mary are before the high altar. In 1349, Sir Walter Manny purchased thirteen acres and one rod of ground, and caused it to be consecrated for burials; he built a chapel in the cemetery; and, in 1371, he founded a house of Carthusian monks, of the Salutation of the Mother of God, to advance charity, and administer the consolations of religion.[2] Even the Emperor Frederic II was a great benefactor to the abbey of St. Gall. He founded the order of the Bear of St. Gall, giving to the abbots the privilege of conferring it upon whom they would on the festival of St. Gall. Oh, what a sight it was to go into the ducal vaults at Nancy, to behold the tombs of those princes whose characteristic was goodness! It was John Duke of Lorraine, in the 14th century, who ordered that his charger should be presented to the church at his funeral, "en signe que tout doit retourner à Dieu." The moderns leave orders to have them shot, according to the heathen practice. The first notice which occurs of a Coucy is in a charter of Alberic, Seigneur de Coucy, in 1059,

[1] Vide Mem. de l'Acad. des Inscriptions, IX, 193, 8vo.
[2] Mill's Hist. of Chivalry, II, 42.

which conveys his intention of founding a monastery at Nogent, at the foot of the mountain of Coucy.[1] It was a religious baron, Conrad von Seldenbüren, who built the Convent of Engelberg, in a savage valley of Unterwalden, at the foot of Mount Titlis, which is covered with eternal snow. To this day, the convent of Engelberg is a blessing to that country. The Chartreuse of Montriex was founded by an illustrious knight and baron, Guillaume de Valbelle. In the church of St. Paul, at Lyons, was a piece of sculpture, as old as the ninth century, representing Count Richard, who had built the monastery, on his knees, saying, as indicated by a scroll in Carlovingian letters,

Christe, rei miserere mei, medicina reorum.

The history of the Counts of Champagne furnishes an astonishing series of religious endowments.[2] The monastery of St. Florent in Aquitaine having been destroyed by the Northmen, Count Thibaud of Blois built another, towards the middle of the tenth century, which he protected by the Castle of Saumur, built expressly for the purpose.[3] This spirit did not even forsake them in time of war. When Charles the Bold directed his artillery against Amiens, he gave particular orders to avoid striking the Cathedral.[4] As a specimen of the deeds of endowment, I give the following, by which my worthy ancestor bequeaths a portion of his land to the brethren of St. Lazarus. "Carta Johannis de Diggeby militis de dimidia acra terræ in Billesdon.

"Sciant (&c.) quod ego Johannes de Diggeby miles, dedi (&c.) fratri Roberto de Danby, magistro

[1] Hist. de la Ville et des Seigneurs de Coucy, par Dom. Toussaints du Plessis, p. 15.
[2] Hist. des Comptes de Champagne et de Brie.
[3] Ibid. tom. I, p. 16. [4] Olivier de la Marche.

de Burton S. Lazari et fratribus ibidem Deo et S. Lazaro servientibus unam dimid. acram terræ arabilis in territorio de Billesdon in puram et perpetuam elemosinam, pro salute animæ meæ et antecessorum meorum," &c.[1]

This shews that it was not from human motives, worldly policy, or even "public spirit," that these magnificent and beneficial institutions were founded and supported; but out of love to God, and the desire of benefiting men for his sake, out of a penitential spirit, to give proof of sincerity, and to propitiate the divine favour. Thus Duke Gottfried the Bearded of Lorraine changed a game-park into a convent, probably as a penance for his having pursued the chase with too much ardour.[2] In the reign of King Edward I, three most valiant knights, Sir Everard, Sir John, and Sir Philip Digby, accompanied Prince Edward to the holy war before he became king. It is recorded of them, that "they were the most powerful and noble knights in Leicestershire, who did much for the glory of God, and the honour of the holy Church." Their arms are in a church in Leicester, of which they were benefactors. I have delayed too long upon this subject. I confess that these records move and deeply interest me.

When I behold the Tower of Exeter Cathedral, built by the Courtenays, and when I hear the deep-toned bells, which were the gift of that once illustrious family; and when at another time I behold the pompous villa of some modern lord, rearing its haughty staring front as if in disdain of the humble fabric raised out of the pittance of the poor, dedicated to the ancient and unchanging religion of Christ,—then I confess my spirits and my heart fail, and I fly for refuge to the images of the

[1] Dugdale, Mon. II, 399.

[2] Miraei Op. dipl. I, 81.

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past, to adore and venerate the piety of our ancestors.

VII. Let us now proceed to take examples from romance and history of the religious spirit in general which distinguished chivalry. The first I shall select is from the celebrated Romance of Huon de Bourdeaux, peer of France. The emperor Thierry, enraged at the death of his nephews and attendants, who had been killed by Huon, had seized upon the hero's noble wife Esclarmonde, whom he kept in a dungeon, with a number of attendants, intending at a future time to put them all to death. Huon had intelligence of this fatal event, and hastened to Mayence, the place of the emperor's residence. He arrived on Maundy Thursday, in the disguise of a pilgrim returning from the Holy Land, and besought the maître d'hotel, whom he first met, to give him food: this good man was greatly interested by his appearance, and in reply to his demand, if upon the morrow, Good Friday, it was not the custom to give liberal alms, he replied, "Amy, bien pouvez croire certainement que l'empereur fera demain de grandes aumones, il departira de ses biens tant et si largement que tous pauvres qui la seront venus seront assouvis, car de plus preud'homme ne de plus grand aumonier on ne pourroit trouver; mais bien vous veux advertir que l'empereur a une coutume qu'à celui jour le premier pauvre qui vient au devant de lui est bien heureux; car il n'est aujourd'huy chose au monde ne si chere qu'il demande à l'empereur qu'il s'en voise esconduit et y convient estre à l'heure qu' il va en sa chapelle faire ses oraisons." Upon this information Huon greatly rejoiced, and resolved to attend carefully the following day. That night, the history relates, he slept not, but only thought upon delivering his wife and her fellow-prisoners. "Et fut toute la nuit en oraison en priant Dieu qu'il le voulut conseiller et eider, par quelque maniere il

pourra sa femme ravoir." When the morning came, he dressed, took his pilgrim's staff, and hastened to the palace, where there were already many poor people expecting the emperor, and each wishing that he might be seen the first; but Huon, by his cunning, contrived to place himself in so secret a corner that the rest could not see him, and where the emperor assuredly would. The emperor came and entered the chapel, and now the crowd was in anxious expectation till the office should be over. The crisis at length arrived, and Huon, by an artifice which is not worth repeating, attracted attention the first. He then began by informing the emperor, that he came there upon the account of his custom to grant the petition of those who first presented themselves after the office upon that day. "Ami," said the emperor, "bien veux que sçachiez que si vous me demandez quatorze de mes meilleures citez que j'aye je le vous donneray puis que le vous ai promis, ja ne plaise à notre Seigneur Jesus Christ, que à l'encontre de ma promesse je vueille aller, car mieulx aimeroye que l'un de mes poings fut coupé tout jusque je fisse une faute, ne qu'à l'encontre de mon serment voulsisse aller, et pour ce demandez seurement et aurez votre demande que ja ne serez refusé." Then Huon demanded, first, pardon for himself, and for all his who might have offended. "Sire, autre chose je ne vous demande." The emperor replied, "Pelerin, n'en faites doute quelconque d'avoir ce que vous ay promis des maintenant je les vous octroye; mais je vous suplie tres-humblement que dire me vueillez quel homme vous estes ne de quel pais ne de quel ligniage qui tel don m'avez requis à avoir." "Sire," said Huon, "je suis celui qui souloit estre le Duc de Bordeaux, que tant avez hay, maintenant je viens d'outre mer, où j'ay mainte peine soufferte et grande pauvreté, la merci de nostre Seigneur Jesus Christ, j'ay tant fait que je suis

revenu et que vers vous suis accordé, et si rauray ma femme et mes hommes que vous tenez prisoniers et toutes mes terres si votre promesse me voulez tenir." When the emperor heard Huon of Bordeaux, his colour instantly changed, and for a long time he was deprived of utterance: at length he spoke. "Ha Huon de Bordeaux, estes vous celui par qui j'ay tant souffert de maux et de dommages, qui mes neveux et mes hommes avez occis; pas je ne sçay penser comment avez esté si hardi de vous avoir monstré devant moi, ne estre venu en ma presence, bien m'avez surprins et enchanté: car mieux aimasse avoir perdu quatre de mes meilleures citez, et que tout mon pays fut ars et bruslé, et avec ce de tout mon pays je fusse banny trois ans, qu'icy devant moi fussiez trouvé: mais puisque ainsi est que je suis surprins de vous, sçachez de verité que ce que je vous ay promis et juré, je le vous tiendray et des maintenant pour l'honneur de la passion de Jesus Christ et du bon jour où à present sommes par lequel il fut crucifié et mis à mort, vous pardonne toute rancune et mal talent, j'a à Dieu ne plaise qu'en soye tenu parjure, vostre femme, vos terres, et vos hommes des maintenant je vous rends et mets en vostre main, et en parle qui en voudra parler, ja autre chose n'en sera faite, ne jamais au contraire ne voudray aller." Then the duke Huon threw himself on his knees before the emperor, and besought him to forgive the injury which he had done to him. "Huon," said the emperor, "Dieu le vous vueille pardonner; quant à moi, de bon cœur je le vous pardonne." Then the emperor took him by the hand and gave him the kiss of peace. "Sire," said Huon of Bordeaux, "grandement ai trouvé en vous grande grace quand de promesse ne m'avez failly: mais s'il plaist à notre Seigneur Jesus Christ le guerdon vous en sera rendu au double." The history then relates, how the prisoners were re-

leased, and after a splendid entertainment, how the emperor accompanied Huon and his train on their journey to his estates at Bordeaux.

The Monk of Ramsay[1] has left a picture of an accomplished knight among the Anglo-Saxons, in the following description of one of Edgar's favourites: "His innate discretion, his noble faith, and approved vigour of body in warlike affairs, had obtained from the king much dignity and favour. He was distinguished for religion at home, and for the exercise of his strength and use of military discipline abroad. He adorned the nobility which he derived from his birth by the grace of his manners: he was of a cheerful and pleasing countenance, of great gravity of mien, of courteous and fluent conversation. He was mild and sincere in his words, in the discharge of his duty impartial, in his affections discreet, with a heart resembling his face, constant in good faith, steady and devout, in council advising what was right, ending disputes by the equity of his judgments, revering the divine love in others, and persuading them to cultivate it." Of Baldwin, the good count of Flanders, we have the following description: "Il avoit tousjours la crainte de Dieu devant ses yeux, qu'estoit la cause que jamais il ne commençoit rien que preallablement il n'eust invoqué son nom très-sainct. Il hantoit merveilleusement volontiers les eglises, et ne passoit jour qu'il ne frequentast avec tout respect et diligence le service divin, sy avant toutesfois que les affaires plus urgents de son dommaine le luy permettoyent. Car il sçavoit que mesmes en l'expedition d'iceux il faisoit œuvre meritoire et tres agreable à Dieu."[2]

George Chastelain thus sums up the character of

[1] Apud Gale, III, 395.
[2] Chroniques de Flandres, par d'Oudegherst.

Philip the Good: "N'avoit nulz serments en bouche, ne nulz vilz mots en usage, nulles injures envers autruy, ne d'autruy honte ramentevance: des bons parloit par faveur, et des mauvais par compassion; traistable estoit et débonnaire à servir; oncques, je cuide, menterie ne lui partit des lèvres; et estoit son scel sa bouche, et son dire léal comme or fin; lui mesme estoit la perle des vaillans, et l'estoile de chevalerie ne oncques peur ne lui entra en veine. Estoit courtois à tous hommes; affable aux tous petits et aux grands, et aux femmes surtout; tousjours estoit un en manière, tel au vespre comme au matin; non meu pour joye ne pour effroy troublé; constant en tout envoy de fortune, et asseur en tout péril; servoit Dieu et le craignoit, fort dévot à Nostre-Dame, observoit jeunes ordinaires; donnoit grandes aumosnes et en secret. Recueilloit estrangers et les honnoroit, et en toultes nations fist les largesses; par diverses villes se communiquoit avec les bourgeois; reclinoit en leurs maisons recreant; humain en tous lieux, et en tous cas bénigne et doux. Son dehors apparoit tout bon; son dedans pend en divin œil et Dieu seul en peut juger et cognoistre. Ses claires singulières vertus luy ont esté données par singulière grâce; dont après les avoir conférées à tel homme, et à si grant nombre quant au corps, pitié seroit si l'ame en avoit carente par abus en ce monde; non plaise à Dieu."

Of Charles the Bold, in his youth, he says "N' estoit rien moindre du père en vaillance ne en hardement; estoit ce sembloit né en fer, tant l'aimoit; se delectoit en armes." He was of pure life from the fear of God, "et estoit seigneur de soi-mesme. Naturellement il estoit léal et entier homme; veritable et ferme en son dire: aimoit honneur et craignoit Dieu." His admirable address to Charles the Bold is inserted in the 241st chapter of his chronicle. "Vertu prend son mouvement en

Dieu; et au lieu dont elle meut, elle corone sa fin. Dieu doncques la guide et la gouverne, et Dieu a l'œil tousjours sur elle qui de vertu use. Requiers ly de son amour et te dispose à sa grace."

What a lively portrait of Frederick I, of his person and his manner, is given by Rodericus!—"His complexion, always ruddy with youthful health, often became deeply coloured through modesty, and not through anger. 'Bellorum amator, sed ut per ea pax acquiratur.' He was prompt in action, firm in council, open to compassion, and propitious to all who trusted in him. If you inquire his daily habits; before light, either alone or with a small company, he used to go into the churches, and meet priests, whom he respected with such care that he furnished an example to all Italy of preserving honour and reverence for bishops and clerks. In hunting, whether with horses or dogs, or hawks or other birds, he was second to no one. In shooting with the bow, he drew the string and let fly the arrow; choose what he shall hit, he hits what you choose. He was not stern and full of threats to his domestics, nor did he disdain to admit to his council. He diligently examined the Scriptures and the deeds of the ancients: he distributed alms largely with his own hand." This was that bold lion, as Henry de Blois styles him, whose majestic countenance and mighty arm had deterred wild beasts from destroying, and subdued rebels, and brought adventurers to peace, who, after binding together Germany and Italy, intimidating the Northern and Slavonian princes, and extending his renown over the East, came in the end to kiss the feet of the Pope, and to take up his cross in defence of Christendom.

Let us not pass over in silence the piety of two of our early kings, Edward the Confessor and Henry VI. The Confessor was pious, merciful, and good, the father of the poor and the protector of

the weak, more willing to give than receive, and better pleased to pardon than to punish. "King Henry," says Grafton, "which rayned at this time, was a man of a meek spirit and of a simple witte, prefering peace before war, rest before businesse, honestie before profite, and quietness before labour: and to the intente that men might perceive that there could be none more chaste, more meek, more holye, nor a better creature, in him raigned shamefacedness, modestie, integritie and pacience to be marveylled at, taking and suffering all losses, chaunces, displeasures, and such worldly torments, in good parte and wyth a pacient manner, as though they had chaunced by his own faulte or negligent oversight. He gaped not for honour, nor thirsted for riches, but studied onlye for the health of his soule, the saving whereof he esteemed to be the greatest wisdome, and the losse thereof the extremest folie that could be." "Pacyence was so radicate in his harte," says Hall, "that of all the injuries to him committed, which was no small number, he never asked vengeance nor punishment, but for that rendered to Almighty God his Creator hearty thanks, thinking that by this trouble and adversitie his sinnes were to him forgotten and forgiven. What shall I say, that this good, this gentle, this meek, this sober and wise man did declare and affirm, that those mischiefs and miseries partly came to him for his offence, and partly for the hepyng of sin upon sin wretchedly by his auncestors and forefathers, wherefore he little or nothing esteemed or any wyse did torment or macerate himself, whatsoever dignity, what honour, what state of life, what child, what friend, he had lossed or missed; but if it did but sound an offence towards God he looked on that, and not without repentance both mourned and sorrowed for it. This King Henry was of liberal mind, and especially to such as loved

good learning, and them whom he saw profit in any virtuous science he heartily favoured and embraced, wherefore he first holp his own young scholars to atteyn its discipline, and for them he founded a solempne schole at Eton, a toune next unto Wyndsore, in the which he had established an honest college of sad priests with a grete number of children, which bee there of his cost frankely and freely taught the rudiments and rules of grammar. Besides this, he edifyed a princely college in the Universitie of Cambridge, called the Kynges College, for the further erudition of such as were brought up at Eton, which at this day," says Hall, "so flourisheth in all kyndes as well of literature as of tongues, that above all other it is worthy to be called the Prince of Colleges."

The advice of the Dame Terrail to her son the Chevalier Bayard is another striking instance. The young page was already mounted on his little horse in the castle-court, accompanied by his good uncle the Bishop of Grenoble, who was to conduct him to Chamberi; his father had bestowed his blessing, and all the youth of the castle were taking affectionate leave of their companion. "La povre dame de mere estoit en une tour du chasteau, qui tendrement ploroit; car, combien qu'elle feust joyeuse dont son fils estoit en voye de parvenir, amour de mere l'admonnestoit de larmoyer. Toutefois, apres qu'on luy fut venu dire, 'Madame, si voulez venir veoir vostre fils, il est tout à cheval prest à partir.' La bonne gentille femme sortit par le derriere de la tour, et fist venir son fils vers elle, auquel elle dist ces parolles; 'Pierre mon amy, vous allez au service d'un gentil prince. As far as a mother can command her child, I command you to observe three things, and if you fulfil them, be assured that you will live with honour in this world, and that God will bless you. The first is, that you fear God,

serve Him and love Him, without ever offending Him, if that be possible. It is He who has created us, in whom we live, and by whom we are preserved. It is by Him that we shall be saved. Without Him and without his grace we should never be able to perform the smallest good action. Be particular to pray to Him every day, both morning and evening, and He will assist you. The second is, that you be gentle and courteous towards the nobility, that you evince neither '*hauteur*' nor pride towards any person, that you be ready always to oblige every person, that you avoid deceit, falsehood, and envy, —these are vices unworthy of a Christian; that you be sober, faithful to your word, and above all, charitable to the poor, and God will return to you again whatever you shall give for the love of Him. Particularly console the widows and orphans as much as will be in your power. Finally, avoid flatterers, and take care that you never become one of them. It is a character equally odious and pernicious. The third thing which I recommend to you is again, charity. That will never bring you to poverty; and believe me whatever alms you give for the love of God will be profitable to both body and soul. Behold, this is all that I have to say to you. Neither your father nor I have a long time to live. God grant that before we die we may hear news of you which may bring honour upon ourselves and upon you. I commend you to the Divine Goodness.'"[1]

[1] Compare this simple lesson with the celebrated advice of Madame de Lambert to her son, and how cold and formal will appear the lecture of the accomplished Marchioness, how little worthy of a Christian mother, how strained and unnatural, how incapable of either convincing the understanding or of affecting the heart! Well has Madame de Stael observed, in allusion to the effect of such lessons, "La religion reste dans les idées, comme le roi restoit dans la constitution que l'assemblée constituante avoit décrétée. C'étoit une république, plus un roi."

Attend now to the modest reply of Bayard. "My lady mother, I thank you with all my heart for these good lessons which you have given to me; and I hope, by the grace of Him to whom you commend me, dearly to preserve them in memory, and to give you satisfaction by my faithful practice."[1]

When Louis IX was on his death-bed he commanded his family to be summoned, and with his own hand he wrote out the following instructions, which he committed to the prince who was to succeed him:

"Beau fils, la premiere chose que je t'enseigne et commande à garder, si est, que de tout ton cueur et sur tout rien, tu aymes Dieu, car sans ce nul homme ne peult estre sauvé. Et te garde bien de faire chose qui lui desplaise: c'est à savoir peché. Car tu deverois plutost desirer à souffrir toutes manieres de tourmens que de pécher mortellement."—"If God shall visit you with adversity, receive it humbly, and be grateful, and consider that you have well deserved it, and that the whole will tend to your good. If He shall give you prosperity, be thankful with humility, and take care that you be not corrupted by pride, for we should not employ the gifts of God in service against Him. Let your confessor be a wise and good man, who can instruct you in religion; and take care that your confessors, your relations, and acquaintances, may be able boldly to reprove your fault, whatever it may be. Attend the service of God and of our holy mother church devoutly, and with the service of heart and lips. Have a gentle and pitiful heart for the poor; comfort and assist them as much as you can. Maintain

[1] La Vie de Bayard, par Berville. See also La tres joyeuse, plaisante et recreative hystoire composée par le loyal serviteur des faiz, gestes, triumphes et prouesses du bon chevalier sans paour et sans reprouche le gentil Seigneur de Bayard: of which there is an excellent English translation.

the good customs of your kingdom, and correct the bad. Be on your guard against covetousness, and against great taxing and subsidies, unless the defence of your kingdom shall require them. If your heart be sad or in trouble, lay it open to your confessor, or to some good person who is discreet, and so you will be enabled to endure your misery. Be sure that you employ in your company good and loyal men, who are not covetous, whether ecclesiastics or others. Fly from evil company; and oblige yourself to hear the words of God, and retain them in your heart. Continually desire prayer, instruction, and pardon. Love your honour. Take heed that no man may be so hardy as to utter in your presence any word which might tend to excite others to sin; that none should slander the absent, or abuse those who are present. Never permit anything to be uttered disrespectful towards God, the holy Virgin, or the saints. Thank God often for his grace, and for your prosperity. Exercise justice to all, to the poor as well as to the rich. Let your servants be loyal, liberal, and decisive in speech, that they may be feared and loved as their master. If any dispute shall arise, be exact in searching for the truth, whether it be for or against you. Love and honour churchmen and all ecclesiastics, and take care that no person shall deprive them of their revenues, gifts, and alms, which your ancestors have given to them. I have been told that King Philip, my grandfather, replied to a minister who said to him that the churchmen caused him to lose many rights and liberties, and that it was a matter of wonder how he permitted it, That he believed it to be so, but that God had besowed upon him so much grace and goodness, that he had rather lose his wealth than have any dispute or contest with ministers of the holy church. Honour and reverence your father and mother, and take care not to grieve

them by disobedience to their commands. Bestow the benefices which belong to you upon good persons and of pure manners. Take heed how you go to war with a Christian man without deep reflection, and unless the case is of necessity; and on these occasions take care that neither the clergy nor those who have not injured you may suffer. Take care also that no sin shall prevail in your kingdom, nor any blasphemy or heresy. And, finally, be mindful of me and my poor soul. And now I bestow all the blessings that a father can give his child, praying to the whole Trinity of Paradise, the Father, the Son, and the Holy Ghost, that he may keep and defend you from all evil, and especially from dying in mortal sin: so that after this life ended, we may meet again before God, to praise him, and return thanks for ever in his kingdom of Paradise. Amen."

He then received the sacraments, and caused himself to be placed on a bed of ashes. "La croiz estoit mise devant son lit et devant ses yeux, et la regardait moult très-souvent, et adreçoit vers elle ses yeux. De rechef en sa dite maladie, il rendoit souvent grace à Dieu son Créateur, et disoit très-souvent Pater Noster et Miserere et Credo." His brave and affectionate knights stood round him weeping. He did not speak for four days, remaining with his eyes raised to heaven, and his hands joined: but from Sunday at nones till Monday at tierce, says the King Thibaud of Navarre, who was an eye-witness, he uttered many prayers for his people, saying, "Esto, Domine, plebi tuæ sanctificator et custos." About the hour of tierce he lost his speech, but looked at all the people about him with great kindness, and he smiled sometimes: between tierce and midday he seemed to sleep with eyes closed. All remained kneeling in mournful silence; at length he opened his eyes, raised them to heaven, and said,

"Introibo in domum tuam, adorabo ad templum sanctum tuum." "Onques puis il ne parla, et entour eure de nonne il trepassa.[1]——Piteuse chouse est," cries Joinville, "et digne de pleurer, le trespassement de ce saint prince, qui si saintement a vesqu et bien gardé son royaume, et qui tant de beaux faitz envers Dieu a faitz." Velly has described the character of Saint Louis in few words: "He possessed at once the sentiments of a true gentleman and the piety of the most humble Christian." The testimony of an infidel to the virtues of this great king is striking. Louis IX appeared a prince destined to reform Europe, if that had been possible, to render France victorious, and to be in all things the model for men. His piety, which was that of an anchorite, deprived him of no virtue belonging to a king; a wise economy interfered not with his liberality. He knew how to reconcile a profound political sagacity with an exact justice; and perhaps he is the only sovereign who merits this praise. Prudent and firm in counsel, intrepid in battle without rashness, pitiful as if he had always been unhappy, it is not given to man to arrive at higher virtue. "Il n'est pas donné à l'homme de pousser plus loin la vertu." Attacked by the plague before Tunis, he caused himself to be stretched upon ashes, and expired in his 55th year, with the piety of a monk and the courage of a great man. How deplorable to reflect, that we can neither love nor reverence the master who has bequeathed this portrait to posterity!

It is impossible to read without being moved the simple account which has been delivered down to us of the death, the prayer, and the last words of the incomparable Bayard, a name which the hero will never pronounce without reverence and love. When he received the fatal wound, his first cry was,

[1] La Gaule Poetique.

"Jesus; ah, mon Dieu, je suis mort!" then he kissed the handle of his sword, for want of a cross: he changed colour, and his men seeing him stagger, ran, and were about to carry him out of the press: his friend D'Alègre endeavoured to persuade him, but he would not permit it. "It is all over with me," he said, "I am a dead man: I should be sorry in my last moments, and for the first time in my life, to turn my back to the enemy." He had still the strength to order a charge, when he saw that the Spaniards were beginning to advance. Then he caused himself to be placed by some Swiss at the foot of a tree, so that "I may have my face to the enemy." These were his words. His maître d'hôtel, who was a gentleman of Dauphiné, named Jaques Jeoffré de Milieu, burst into tears by his side, as did also the other attendants, whom Bayard endeavoured to console. "It is the will of God," said he, "to draw me to himself; he has preserved me long enough in this world, and he has bestowed upon me more mercy and grace than I have ever deserved." Then, in the absence of a priest, he made his confession to his gentleman, whom he commanded to take care that he was not moved; since the least motion occasioned insupportable pain. The Seigneur D'Alègre, mayor of Paris, asked what were his last wishes, and he received them; and immediately Jean Diesbac, a Swiss captain, proposed to remove him, for fear that he should fall into the hands of the enemy; but he replied to him, as he did to all the officers who stood around, "Leave me to think of my conscience for the few moments I have to live. I beseech you to retire, lest you should be made prisoners, and that would be an addition to my pain. It is all over with me; you can be of no assistance to me in anything. All that I beg of you to do for me, Seigneur D'Alègre, is to assure the king that I die his servant, and only regretting that

I cannot serve him any more. Present my respects to my lords, the princes of France, and to all the gentlemen and captains. Farewell, my good friends; I recommend to you my poor soul." Upon this they took their last leave of him and retired. At the same moment the Marquis of Pescara came up to him, and with tears in his eyes, exclaimed, "Would to God, Seigneur Bayard, that I had shed my blood, as much as I could lose without dying, to have you now my prisoner in good health; you should soon know how much I have always esteemed your person, your courage, and all the virtues which you possess, and for which I have never known your equal." He then caused his own tent to be carried and spread round him, and he assisted him upon the bed. He placed a guard to take care that no one should plunder or disturb him; and he himself went for a priest, to whom Bayard confessed, in full possession of his faculties, and with an edifying piety. The Spanish army, from the highest to the lowest, hastened to admire the expiring hero. The Constable of Bourbon came with the others, and said, "Ah, Capitaine Bayard, que je suis marri et déplaisant de vous voir en cet état! je vous ai toujours aimé et honoré pour la grande prouesse et sagesse qui est en vous: ah! que j'ai grande pitié de vous!" Bayard summoned up his strength, and with a firm voice made him that answer for ever memorable: "Monseigneur, je vous remercie; il n'y a point de pitié en moi, qui meurs en homme de bien, servant mon roi; il faut avoir pitié de vous, qui portez lez armes contre votre prince, votre patrie, et votre serment." The Constable remained a short time with him, and gave him his reasons for having left the kingdom; but Bayard exhorted him to seek the king's pardon and favour, for that otherwise he would remain all his life without wealth or honour. Bayard was left alone, and now he thought only of death. He devoutly recited the psalm *Miserere*

mei, Deus; after which he prayed in the following words with a loud voice: "O my God, who hast promised an asylum in thy pity for the greatest sinners who return to thee sincerely and with all their heart; in thee do I place my trust, and in thy promises all my hope. Thou art my God, my Creator, my Redeemer. I confess that against thee I have mortally offended, and that a thousand years of fasting upon bread and water in the desert could never efface my sins; but, my God, thou knowest that I had resolved to repent, if thou hadst prolonged my life; I know all my weakness, and that by myself I should never have been able to merit the entrance into Paradise, and that no creature can obtain it, only through thy infinite mercy. O my God, my Father, forget my sins, listen only to thy clemency. Let thy justice be appeased by the merits of the blood of Jesus Christ"—death cut short the sentence. "His first cry," says the amiable M. de Berville, who has written his life, "when he felt himself mortally wounded, was the name of Jesus"; and it was pronouncing this adorable name that the hero yielded up his soul to its Creator, the 30th April, 1524, in the 48th year of his age.

You have been told of those who died "the death of a philosopher."; this which you have witnessed is the death of the Christian. In the History of Galien Restauré there is a very affecting account of the death of that hero's father, the noble Count Olivier, the brother of Roland. He lived to discover his son, and to commend him to the care of his uncle. "Peu de tems après Olivier jetta un grand soupir, disant: Dieu tout puissant, faites-moi misericorde, et ayez pitiez de ma pauvre ame. Après que le Comte Olivier eut achevé son oraison, il leva les yeux au ciel et mit ses bras en croix, et rendit l'esprit à notre Seigneur. Roland, qui etoit là, voyant mourir son cher ami, commença à pleurer amerement celui qui avoit été le fleau des infidelles,

et le zelé protecteur de la religion catholique. Galien étoit encore dans une plus grande tristesse; il embrassoit son père, et fondoit en larmes, disant ainsi: O cruelle mort, pourquoi m'as-tu si tot enlevé mon père, qui étoit le confert des Chrétiens et l'aumonier des pauvres!" But to leave romance. With the name of Charlemagne is connected all the wonder of history, all the images of fiction, and all kind of renown. "His political wisdom," says Mably, "should supply lessons to kings of the most enlightened age." "The glory of succeeding times," says Marchangy, "has not deprived this monarch of our admiration: neither our heroic misfortunes on the banks of the Jordan, nor the carousals and tournaments of chivalry, neither the victories of Bovines and Marignan, of Fribourg and Marseilles, nor all the palms of Philip and Louis, all the laurels of Duguesclin and Bayard, can make the children of the Muses forget what they owe to Charlemagne. Let us view him on his deathbed: the heavens seemed to participate in the great event of his departure. He saw his death approach with the same intrepidity as he would have shewn in battle. He was occupied in correcting a copy of the Holy Scriptures when the fever of death came on. His last effort, on the eighth day of his illness, was to lift up his feeble right hand, and make the sign of the cross on his forehead and breast; after which he composed his limbs, and expired with these words: '*In manus tuas commendo spiritum meum; redemisti me, Domine Deus veritatis.*' Thus died the hero of France[1] and of the world, the model of great kings, the ornament and the glory of humanity. As celebrated in the records of religion by his piety, as he was illustrious in the annals of

[1] This author should rather have said, of the Frankish monarchy, as France had not yet come into existence, and Charlemagne was an ancient German, not a modern Gaul.

the world by his exploits, the Church has ranked him among the saints,[1] and all nations have agreed in styling him 'The Great.'" He died on the 28th of January, 814, in the 72nd year of his age.

The character of his son Louis is thus described: "He was slow to anger, quick to compassion. Every day early he would go to pray in the church, where he remained with bent knees, touching the pavement with his forehead, humbly praying, and sometimes with tears. He was adorned with innocent manners. He never wore golden habits, unless on the great feasts, as was the custom with his fathers. Daily, before meat, he gave large alms." His times were troublesome, but he was a virtuous and a very learned king.

Turn we now to witness the last moments of the great Orlando, wounded to death at Ronceval, as related by Archbishop Turpin. The following was his prayer: "O Lord Jesus, to thee do I commit my soul in this trying hour. Thou who didst suffer on the cross for those who deserved not thy favour, deliver my soul, I beseech thee, from eternal death. I confess myself a most grievous sinner, but thou mercifully dost forgive our sins; thou pitiest every one, and hatest nothing which thou hast made, covering the sins of the penitent in whatsoever day they turn unto thee with true contrition. O thou who didst spare thy enemies, and the woman taken in adultery, who didst pardon Mary Magdalen,[2] and look with compassion on the weeping Peter, who didst likewise open the gate of Paradise to the thief that confessed to thee upon the cross; have mercy upon me, and receive my soul into thy everlasting rest."

[1] The Church has merely tolerated his commemoration at Aachen (Aix-la-Chapelle).

[2] Qui Mariam absolvisti,
Qui latronem exaudisti,
Mihi quoque spem dedisti.

Then stretching his hands to heaven, he prayed for the souls of them who perished in the battle; and immediately after this prayer, his soul winged its flight from his body, and was borne by angels into Paradise.

In witnessing scenes of this melancholy grandeur, the admiration and astonishment of the historical student will be continually excited. "It is an instructive example for all conditions to witness the death of a great man, who unites noble sentiments with Christian humility." This is the observation of the French historian Anquetil, when he prepares to relate the tragical death of the gallant Montmorenci, who was abandoned by the Duke of Orleans to the resentment of his brother Louis XIII, or rather, perhaps, of Richelieu. Permission, it seems, had been granted to him to have his hands at liberty on going to execution, but he refused to avail himself of this indulgence. "Un grand pécheur comme moi," said he, "ne peut mourir avec assez d'ignominie." Of his own accord he took off his superb dress, in which he was at liberty to have appeared. "Oserais-je bien," he said, "étant criminel comme je suis, aller à la mort avec vanité, pendant que mon Sauveur innocent meurt tout nu sur la croix." Every action of his last moments was marked with the seal of Christianity; he was so full of hope that he seemed rather to desire than to fear death. There did not escape from him either complaint or murmur: he stepped with firmness upon the scaffold, placed his head upon the block, cried to the executioner "Strike boldly!" and he received the blow in commending his soul to God.[1] How affecting were the words of Don Juan Padilla to Don Juan

[1] The Duke was beheaded at Toulouse, where an epitaph was written, of which the following lines were the conclusion:

"Toi qui lis et qui ne sais pas
De quelle façon le trépas

Bravo, when being led to execution for their revolt in the reign of Charles V, and being publicly denounced as traitors, Bravo gave vent to his indignation; but Padilla reproved him, saying, "Yesterday was the time to display the courage of a knight; to-day it is to die with the meekness of a Christian!"

We expect to meet with such principles in the martyrs of the Church. We are then the less astonished at such instances of the power of God in the doctrine of the Cross: we are prepared for the conduct of the Archbishop of Arles, who generously stepped forward to his assassins to save his clergy, who were pressing round him, and to lay down his own life with these few words: "Je suis celui que vous cherchez": but it overwhelms the mind with surprise when this mysterious power is exercised upon the proud heart of conquerors and statesmen. Above all, it is in the death of royal personages that the observation of Anquetil is most strikingly displayed. Observe Mary Queen of Scots, Louis XVI of France;—their death was clothed with all the pomp of royalty. It was the monarch who died, while the saint ascended into heaven.

Both those great sufferers acknowledged the power to which they were indebted for this support. The words of Louis XVI, when he attended mass for the last time in the tower of the Temple, are very striking: "Que je suis heureux d'avoir conservé mes principes de religion! où en serais-je, en ce moment, si Dieu ne m'avoit pas fait cette grace?" In every sense of the word, their death was worthy of kings; they were sovereigns of France and Scotland; but they were still greater, they had

Enleva cette ame guerrière,
Ces deux vers t'en feront savant:
La parque le prit par derrière,
N'osant l'attaquer par devant."

command of themselves, of fortune, and of the world. They might have addressed their murderers in the immortal language of the Greeks: *ὡς ἀποκτεῖναι μὲν δύνανται—βλάψαι δὲ οὐ δύνανται, καὶ γὰρ ἡ τύχη δύναται νόσῳ περιβαλεῖν, ἀφελέσθαι χρήματα, διαβάλλειν πρὸς δῆμον ἢ τύραννον· κακὸν δὲ, καὶ δειλὸν, καὶ ταπεινόφρονα, καὶ ἀγεννῆ, καὶ φθονερὸν, οὐ δύναται ποιῆσαι τὸν ἀγαθὸν, καὶ ἀνδρώδη, καὶ μεγαλόψυχον.* "The just man," says the great Massillon, "is above the world, and superior to all events; he commences in the present life to reign with Jesus Christ. All creatures are subject to him, and he is subject unto God alone."

Of this more than regal dignity, the most illustrious human example that the world has ever beheld was presented by Louis IX in prison. This meek and holy saint was more than conqueror over his enemies, who declared "que c'étoit le plus fier Chrétien qu'ils eussent jamais connu." In vain did they threaten him with the most dreadful torture, that which they called putting him "*en bernicles*"; by means of which invention every bone of the body was gradually broken; the king replied with modesty, "Je suis prisonnier du Sultan, il peut faire de moi à son vouloir." What an astonishing scene of horror and grandeur was that when the Saracen rebel rushed into his prison after murdering the Sultan, with his hands dropping blood, and cried out with a ferocious voice, "What will you give me for having made away with an enemy who would have put you to death if he had lived?" Louis, more struck with horror at the crime than with fear for his own safety, remained motionless, and disdained to answer. Then the ruffian drawing his sword, presented him the point, saying with an accent of fury, "Choose either to die by this hand, or else to give me this very moment the order of knighthood." "Fais-toi Chrétien," replied the intrepid monarch, "et je te ferai

chevalier." The Musulman rushed out of the prison.[1]

In the romance of Huon de Bordeaux, when the two boys are on their journey, Huon encourages his brother, who was terrified by a dream: "Mon tres doux frere," he says, "ne vous esbaissez en riens ains faictes bonne chere et joyeuse; nostre Seigneur Jesus Christ nous guarantira et conduira à sauvement." They join company with the Abbot of Clugni; and when the conspirators rush out upon them, the Abbot exclaims to the youths, "N'avez vous à nul homme fait tort? pour Dieu, si vous sentez qu'ayez fait ou detenu en aucune chose que pas ne soit vostre, mettez vous devant, et allez faire raison et vous offrir de l'amender." "Sire," said Huon of Bordeaux, "je ne sçay homme vivant au monde à qui moy ne mon frere ayons fait aucun desplaisir, ne de qui nous soyons hais"; and when Gerard is wounded, the author observes he was not mortally, "car nostre Seigneur garentit le jeune enfant": and at a subsequent period, when Huon was going to meet his enemies at Mayence, he dismissed all his noble attendants, saying, "Je ne veux mener avec moy personne que Dieu et ma bonne espée, ne vous ebahissez de rien, car celui qui toujours m'a aidé ne me laissera point."

In the romance of Amadis of Gaul there is a passage of much beauty, that may serve to illustrate the real spirit and manners of the age. His son, Esplandian, who has nearly conquered Matroco, the infidel, in single combat, refrains his arm, and calls upon him to become a Christian: "Le Dieu qui m'éclaire te poursuit par ma main: ce n'est point à moi que je te conjure de te rendre, c'est au Dieu vivant, qui te trouve digne d'être au nombre de ses enfans." Matroco falls upon his knees: "Dieu des

[1] The second part of this incident has already appeared on p. 8. It is not from Joinville, but rests on the less sure testimony of an anonymous monk of St. Denis.

Chrétiens," he cries, "tu triomphes! O grand Dieu, que je reconnois, prends pitié de moi!" With these words he throws away his sword, and leaning on his left hand, he draws the figure of the cross with his right upon the sand, and prostrates himself in adoration. At this convincing mark of the divine grace, Esplandian falls upon his knees, and, presenting his sword to Matroco, with the handle towards him, "Ah digne chevalier," he cries, "recevez cette épée comme un gage de la victoire que vous remportez sur vous même."

Robert, Duke of Normandy, father of William the Conqueror, was renowned for his piety and liberality. One day he was assisting at mass in a monastery; the sacristan, after receiving his offering, went through the church, and at length came to a strange knight, who happened to be present, and who replied that he had not wherewithal to offer. The duke perceiving it, immediately sent a squire with the sum of 100 livres to present to the knight, who instantly gave the whole in offering. Mass being over, the monk, astonished at the greatness of the sum, went to the knight, and asked him whether he was aware of the sum which he had given: he replied that he was, and that it was given to him for that purpose. The duke, admiring the nobleness of this strange knight, ordered him to be presented with a similar sum for himself. The brave knight, Ramon Muntaner, thus describes James, King of Aragon: "He was the handsomest, wisest, and most generous and just prince of his age, beloved by all the world, by his subjects, and by strangers; and as long as the world lasts, he shall be styled the Good King James of Aragon. He loved and feared God above all things: and he who loves God, loves his neighbour also, and is just, true, and merciful; he was also an excellent warrior. I was witness of his virtues, and I can bear

testimony to them."[1] Mark the piety of the gentle Prince James I of Scotland, related with such simplicity by himself:

> And forth withal my pen in hand I took,
> And made a ✠, and thus began my book.[2]

Of the Mareschal de Boucicaut we read, "Il prend grand plaisir de visiter les sainctes places et les bons preudes hommes qui servent Dieu. Il aime moult cherement toutes gens dont il est informé qu'ils meinent bonne et saincte vie et volontiers les visite et hante." Charlemagne, like a father of a family, declares, in his Capitularies, "that he wishes all his people who are engaged in business and commerce to be admonished, that they should not consult worldly lucre more than eternal life; for he who thinks more about earthly things than the salvation of his soul greatly errs from the way of truth." Speaking of the death of Louis King of France, son of Philip, the Chronique de St. Denis says, "Jesu Crist en ayt l'ame; car bon Crestien etoit, et avoit toujours este de grant sainctete et de grant purete tant comme il fut en vie." Tasso was the model of a perfect knight, of grave and stately manners, lofty stature, excelling in all chivalrous exercises, of heroic valour, and of the most perfect grace. There was something in his whole person, and especially in his countenance, so noble and attractive, that even if a stranger had not been apprised of his extraordinary merit, he would have felt respect. But the qualities of his soul greatly surpassed his personal advantages. All historians agree in praise of his sincere piety, of the purity of his life and manners, of his sweetness of temper, his temper-

[1] Chronica de Muntaner, chap. VII.
[2] The Quhair of James I.

ance, his candour, his veracity, his inviolable fidelity to his word, his total exemption from every bad passion, from evety spirit of vengeance and malignity, of his attachment to his friends. "His high spirit," says Ginguéné, "which made him look with horror upon everything that resembled baseness, might have the air of pride; he evinced that he knew how to estimate himself, and to assume his proper place; borne a gentleman, in an age when this title bore with it all its privileges, and a knight in heart, as well as by birth, he rendered all due honour to princes, but he considered himself the equal of all others, whatever favour they might enjoy."

Of less poetic mould, but of equal devotion and heroic virtue, was Fernando the Great, the conqueror of the Moors. He used to retire often to the celebrated convent of Sahagun, to occupy himself about the care of his soul. Like Charlemagne, he used to assist in the choir, even at midnight, and used to chant the psalms with the monks. He used to eat in the refectory, and would never permit anything to be prepared for himself besides what was given to the society. When he perceived his death approaching, he caused himself to be carried into the principal church of Leon, and there, covered with the penitential sackcloth, with ashes on his head, and prostrate on the earth, after addressing his final prayer to God, he rendered both his crown and his life to Him from whom he had received both. Another Spanish monarch was St. Ferdinand, son of Alfonso, King of Leon, and of Berenguela or Berengaria of Castile, elder sister of Blanche, mother of St. Louis. By his second wife, Jane of Ponthieu, he had a daughter, Eleonora, who, on the death of her mother, became heiress of the counties of Ponthieu and Montreuil, and by marrying Edward I of England, united them to that crown. No necessity could ever induce this reli-

gious king to impose any heavy tax upon his subjects. During his wars with the Moors, when he was advised to adopt a plan of raising an extraordinary supply, he rejected the proposal with indignation, saying, "God would not fail to supply him by other ways; and that he feared more the curse of one poor woman than the whole army of the Moors."

St. Elzear was of the ancient and illustrious family of Sabran, in Provence. His father, Hermengaud de Sabran, was created Count of Arian, in the kingdom of Naples. His mother was Lauduna of Alba, of a family no less distinguished for its nobility. The count was born in 1295, at Ansois, his father's castle, in the diocese of Apt; and he was affianced in childhood to Delphina of Glandeves, daughter to the Lord of Pui-Michel. The following are among the regulations which were established in his family at this castle, where they resided. "Every one in my house shall daily hear mass. If God be well served, nothing will be wanting. Let no one swear, or curse, or blaspheme, under pain of being severely chastised, and afterwards shamefully dismissed from my service. Can I hope that God will pour forth his heavenly blessings on my house, if it is filled with such miscreants, who devote themselves to the devil? I will have no playing at dice, or any games of hazard. There are a thousand innocent diversions, though time passes away soon enough without being idly thrown away. Yet I desire not my castle to be a cloister, nor my people hermits. Let them be merry, and sometimes let them divert themselves, but never at the expense of conscience, or with danger of offending God. I will not have my coffers filled by emptying those of others, or by squeezing the blood out of the veins, and the marrow out of the bones, of the poor.—Such bloodsucking wicked servants to enrich their masters damn both masters and themselves. Do you imagine

that a master who giveth five shillings in alms wipeth away the theft of his servants who have torn out the entrails of the poor, whose cries for vengeance mount to heaven?" St. Elzear would feign to be hunting the stag while he was in quest of poor people: he would mount his horse with his falconers, with his hawk on his fist, and his servants with the dogs, and presently he would slip aside into the forest, and seek the miserable hut to assist the poor. Though a great saint, he was not the less a chivalrous prince. He bore away the prize before the court of Naples; he conquered at many tournaments; he was a valiant commander, and gained military victories in Italy. When he was dying, he repeated the words of holy Scripture: "Now, God grant I may not serve as a stumbling-block to the youth of this city, since God will make this day a theatre of my constancy. I will not belie the law of my master; I will not dishonour the school in which I was bred and brought up. My soul shall fly out of this body wholly innocent, discharged of infidelity, into the bosom of my ancestors, and the honour of my life shall be conveyed into the ashes of my tomb."[1] When the priest came to the words, "Per sanctam crucem et passionem tuam libera nos, Domine," he interrupted them, and said aloud, "Hæc est spes mea, in hac volo mori." It is of such men that Augustin says, "We ought not to say that they die in peace, but that they lived in peace, and died in joy."[2] Guillaume de Lalain, beginning to instruct his son, says, "De toute votre force et puissance mettez peine d'accomplir les commandemens de Dieu." So well did he understand what Caussin says in his Holy Court, "We have not two Saviours, two models; one crowned with roses for the nobility, another

[1] Maccab. II, 6.

[2] Serm. IX, in Ep. Joan.

with thorns for the vulgar." The last words of William the Conqueror, as given at length by Ordericus Vitalis, are very memorable, shewing that, amidst all the horrors of war, he had never forgotten, though he may not have practised, what he had been taught by religion as the duties of a king. "Although human ambition rejoices in such triumph," said the dying king, "I am, nevertheless, seized with an unquiet terror, when I think that in all these actions cruelty marched with boldness." At length, after a long agony, on Thursday, the 9th of September, as the sun rose in golden splendour, William awoke, and presently he heard the great bell of the metropolitan church. He asked why it was tolled. "Seigneur," replied his servants, "it tolls for prime at the church of our Lady St. Mary." Then the king raised his eyes to heaven, and lifting up his hands on high, he said, "I recommend myself to Holy Mary, mother of God, that by her holy prayers she may reconcile me to her dear and beloved Son, our Lord Jesus Christ."[1] With these words he expired. Has any one the heart to condemn and revile his memory? I have not. In the old life of Count Gerald it is said, "Fertur enim quod parentes illius modestiam atque religionem veluti quadam hæreditaria dote sibi tenuerunt. Generatio rectorum benedicatur."[2] We often see little children given to anger, and envy, and vengeance: "at in puero Geraldo dulcedo quædam animi cum verecundia." After being instructed in the chant and in grammar, when he became a youth he grew expert at arms, and would vault upon his horse with ease. Though engaged in military exercises, still he studied hard, according to the Scripture: "Melior est sapientia quam vires"

[1] Orderic. Vital. lib. VII.

[2] De Vita S. Geraldi in Bibliotheca Cluniacensi.

He soon became acquainted with the whole volume of the holy Scriptures. His parents dying, he succeeded to his territories, but no pride followed: he only lamented that he had to be occupied too often in worldly affairs; he now considered all his vassals as his pupils and wards. In all his wars, though valiant to the utmost, he never wounded any one, nor was himself wounded; and, by God's grace, his sword was never dyed in human blood. Other men are valiant and generous, but for the world's sake. "Opus vero Geraldi lucidum est, quoniam de simplicitate cordis metitur." The ancient deceiver of the ways of youth laid his snares for Gerald; but he had learned to fly by prayer to the bosom of divine piety, and to counteract them by the grace of Christ. He was remarkable for abstemiousness at table, and for devotion at the divine offices, which he used to attend before day-break. He used himself to recite the whole Psalter every day. He was beautiful in person; of perfect innocence in morals, the elegance of his body adorning the sweetness of his mind; no harsh or unseemly word ever escaped him; he was not only himself sober, but he took care that all his people and guests should be; so that none rose up from his table either dizzy or yet sad: he never broke his fast till tierce. Seats and tables for the poor were placed before him, that he might see they were well fed. Nor was the number fixed, but all comers were welcome; and this he did believing that he relieved Christ. So he provided them with meat, and clothes, and shoes: at time of meals, once a day, he observed the greatest sanctity and reverence. Three days in the week he abstained from meat. There was always free access to him, and his benevolence was known far and wide; and when he heard of dissensions among the common people, he would have mass celebrated to

pray for them. The only shadow of injustice to be laid to his charge was his seeming to lean always to the side of the poor and the weak; but he was a simple, and a firm, and a just man, and he would execute justice, hoping too, as for the criminals, "ut crimen, quod impunitum remanere non potest, temporali supplicio luant." "In quolibet pietatis opere se modificabat, ut ipsa ejus pietas non nimia videri posset." He was often reproached that he suffered himself to be injured by low persons without shewing proper spirit and anger. His peasants and clergy loved him as a father; they would bring him presents of wax, which he would receive as vast presents; yet he would not burn it for his use, but had it employed at the altar. He often used fir larchwood torches; and would always have a light burning in his chamber, that he might read at intervals about the love of Christ. Deservedly he was loved by all, for he loved all, and he was called Gerald the Good. According to the Apostle's precept, "sobrie et pie et juste conversatus est." The holy Bishop Gaubert was most familiar and dear to him: with him he often conversed, and said how he wished to go to Rome, and how he desired to enter a religious order; but the bishop persuaded him to remain in the world, that he might continue to defend and comfort the poor peasants. So he sacrificed himself for the love of his neighbour; but secretly he took the tonsure, and made a journey to Rome, and on his return built a great monastery and church. He lamented bitterly the want of piety and innocence in men; yet he was unwilling to be always reproaching them, so he prayed that almighty God would give them peace, and he had mass celebrated to pray for it, continually repeating with Ezekiel, "O Domine, fiat tantum pax et veritas in diebus meis":—and again, "O quantum deficit sanctus!" Good monks are

like angels, he would say; but if to secular desires they fall, then are they like the apostate angels. It appeared from all his words and deeds that he had no love for the world, and that he panted after heaven. At supper he had lessons read aloud. Whenever he commenced any action, he repeated some holy verse, doing all things according to the apostolic precept. Sometimes, when he was with few persons, as if lost in meditation, some tears would be seen to fall from him, so that it was clear his mind was elsewhere fixed, and had no present consolation. "Et sicut olim columba Noë, cum foris non invenisset ubi requiesceret, ad arcum et ad ipsum Noë redibat, sic iste vir inter hujus sæculi fluctus ad secretum cordis recurrens, in Christi delectatione quiescebat." At night he used to remain alone after the office, and enjoy internal peace. He used to go to Rome every second year; and it was a happy journey for all the poor of the countries through which he passed. When would Count Gerald come? was the usual question of the mountaineers who inhabited the passages of the great St. Bernard. Many wonders and miracles are recorded to have been wrought through his means. "Illis sane," concludes the worthy abbot, "qui amore ejus pie tenentur, eumque discreta dilectione venerantur, opera justitiæ quæ exercuit magis placent. The greatest of his miracles," he continues, "was his not trusting in riches: we will therefore praise him, for he wrought such miracles." And now his outward man began to fail, while the inward was renewed day by day; he became blind, and continued so for seven years, that the man of God might be proved in this world of sorrow: and therefore he gave thanks to God that he was worthy to suffer as a son: and so he gave himself up to constant prayer. Two years before he died, he built a great church, and procured many relics of saints. And now his sickness

came on to death, and so he cried, "Subvenite, sancti Dei." He sent for Amblard, a holy bishop, to fortify him for his passage; and he gave orders respecting his funeral. And now the report of his state drew crowds of clergy, monks, nobles, poor people, weeping and praying. O good Gerald, what a loss to the world, when you depart! The father of the poor, the defender of widows, the comforter of the miserable! And so they lamented at his death. O truly happy death! O happy man, who, raised on high in secular power, injured no one, oppressed no one! He heard mass to the last, and would be carried into his oratory. He expired sweetly on the 6th feria, at Complins, with the words "subvenite, sancti Dei."

But the first ages of the Church furnish us with instances still more calculated to astonish the moderns. St. Fabiola, in the fourth century, a descendant of the great Fabius, prostrated herself at the gate of the Lateran church with the public penitents, till she was reconciled according to the canons. In the abbey church of St. Germain des Prés at Paris, in the chapel of Ste. Marguerite, which had been granted to the noble family of Douglas, I have seen the tomb of William, the seventeenth earl, who died in 1611. He had been bred in the new religion, which was preached in that age; but coming to France in the reign of Henry III, he was converted by sermons at the Sorbonne. Having abjured these errors, he returned to Scotland. Though full of piety towards God, and of fidelity towards his king, he was persecuted for the Catholic faith, and was given his choice either of a prison or banishment. He preferred the latter, and returned to France, where he ended his days in the practice of great devotion. He was so given to prayer, that he used to attend at the canonical hours of the abbey church, and he used even to rise at midnight, though the doors of the abbey were always shut at matins.

He died greatly honoured and reverenced by all classes, in the 57th year of his age.[1]

Let us take an instance from an old romance. When King Perceforest was about to knight his son Bethis, and his nephew, he thus addressed them: "Celluy qui veult entrer en ung ordre, soit en religion, ou en mariage, ou en chevalerie, ou en quelque estat que ce soit, il doit premierement son cueur et sa conscience nectoyer et purger de tous vices, et remplir et aorner de toutes vertus: et avoir ung ardent desir de perseverer jusques en fin pour l'amour de Dieu souverain. Mes enfans, lavez vos cueurs et vos consciences de toutes ordures par vraye repentance et par piteuse oraison et faictes prieres au Dieu souverain. Quant le roi eut ce dit, les trois jouvenceaulx se mirent a genoulx et le roy aussi devant ung autel qui estoit devant eux, et aorerent ung grant espace tant que le roy sceut que la foiblesse de nature faisoit faillir devotion." Then rising up, he taught them that there was but one God. "Mes enfans, si vous craignez Dieu, toutes choses du monde vous cremiront; et si Dieu ne craignez, vous craindrez toutes les choses que vous verrez." Then he gives them counsel to all virtue. "Beau fils, on doit vivre pour deux choses, c'est a son honneur et a son saulvement: a ton pareil soyes uny, et a ton seigneur humble, et a tous ceulx qui sont soubs toy soye loyal justicier. Et aymez ton Createur dessus tous. Par ma foy belle chose est de prince sachant, et layde chose est de ignorant et perilleuse pour son pays. Celluy qui cognoist bien son Createur ne peut avoir mauvaise fin. Qui ne se peut vaincre, il n'a droit de vaincre autruy. Beau fils, toute chose se passe fors aymer Dieu." There is a passage in one of the letters of Sobieski to his queen, which is expressive of great piety. "What

[1] See Hist. de l'Abbaye de St. Germain des Prés, p. 215.

you are in the habit of doing during the elevation at mass displeases and grieves me exceedingly. We must submit to the will of God, and ask for nothing but what may please Him. So, in the name of God, to whom you address your prayer, I require you to desist for the future, and to conform yourself in all things to his holy will. I shall have no peace till I see you more obedient to the will of God than to mine."[1] Again, after thanking her for having caused the prayers of forty hours to be said for him, and begging that they may be continued, he describes the horrible state of his diseased army, and observes, "You may judge how the spectacle afflicts me. Nevertheless, God be praised, and may his will be done."

The Moors of Granada had such confidence in the honour of Pedro King of Aragon, that their king refused to take any precaution when the former was fitting out a great armament, since he had a treaty of five years with him; and he said, "The house of Aragon is the house of God, of faith, and of honour." When the King of Aragon came to die—it was on the festival of St. Martin—having made his devout confession, and received the sacraments, having caused his will to be read aloud, ordering his body to be buried in the monastery of the Holy Cross, after taking leave of the queen and the infantas, giving them his blessing, he caused a cross to be brought to him; he took it in his hands, and wept devoutly, and made a good prayer. Lifting up his eyes to heaven, he crossed himself three times, embraced the cross, and then said, "O Lord our Father, true God Jesus Christ, into thy hands I commend my spirit. Deign by thy holy passion, which thou hast suffered, to receive my soul into Paradise with the blessed St. Martin, whose festival

[1] Lett. XII.

the Christians celebrate this day." And then, with eyes still raised to heaven, he departed.[1]

The simplicity and zeal with which the ordinary exercises of devotion were observed deserve attention. Ste. Palaye informs us, upon the authority of the doctrinal MSS. of S. Germain, that the knights of old never allowed themselves to be absent from the morning service of the church as soon as they were risen; and we meet with continued instances of this practice, both in private annals and in the public conduct of the camp, in Froissart, Joinville's History of St. Louis, the Ancient Chronicles, the Lives of Bayard, Du Guesclin, Francis I, and even Henry IV. Every one knows the famous reply of this latter monarch when he and his army fell upon their knees before the battle of Coutras, "On ne peut trop s'humilier devant Dieu, ni trop braver les hommes." What a description of Charlemagne is given by Eginhart! "He observed with the utmost piety and veneration the Christian religion, with which he had been imbued from childhood; he frequented the church early and late, even at the offices of the night, whenever his health permitted him. Even his banquet-hall had a religious solemnity; twelve varlets stood round, holding lighted tapers, while a clerk read aloud a chapter from St. Augustine, De Civitate Dei."

The details in Froissart are so associated with heroic scenes, that it may be worth while to select a few. Thus, upon the morning of the day on which the French and English armies were to fight at Buironfosse, "quand vint le vendredy matin, les deux osts s'appareillerent et ouyrent messe, chacun seigneur entre ses gens et en son logis, et se communierent et confesserent les plusieurs." And on the morning of the battle of Caen, he relates, "En ce jour

[1] Chronica de Ramon de Muntaner, chaps. XLVII and CXLVI.

se leverent les Anglois moult matin: et s'appareillerent pour aller devant Caen. Puis ouit le Roy messe devant soleil levant: et apres monta à cheval," &c. Then at Crecy, on the Friday evening before the battle, the king gave a supper to his earls and barons, "et fit bonne chere: et quand il leur eut donne congé d'aller reposer, et il fut demouré delez les chevaliers de sa chambre, il entra en son oratoire: et fut la à genoux et en oraisons devant son autel en priant Dieu qu'il le laissast lendemain (s'ils se combattoit) issir de la besongne à son honneur. Environ minuit s'en alla coucher. Le lendemain se leva assez matin et ouit messe, et le prince de Galles son fils; et se communierent; et la plus grande partie de ses gens se confesserent et mirent en bon estat." The same historian, in his celebrated description of the Earl of Foix, relates that "he sayd many orisons every daye: a nocturne of the psalter, matyns of our Lady, and the Holy Ghost, and of the crosse, and dirige every day." If it be objected to this example, that the same historian has recorded the cruel deeds of this earl, such as the murder of Sir Peter Ernault, the punishment, in fact the killing, of his son in prison, and the execution of so many noble youths upon mere suspicion, and that therefore his religion and his orisons are nothing, I will rather advise my reader to take the good and to leave the evil, to imitate the simplicity and the charity of Froissart, when he says, "thus the erle was buryed in the freers before the hyghe aulter: so there is no more mencion made of hym; God have mercy upon his soule." Or to exclaim with King Henry, after witnessing the death of Cardinal Beaufort, "O God, forgive him! Forbear to judge, for we are sinners all."

In all castles mass was said every morning. Thus we are told of Sir Galahad, Sir Launcelot's son: "And at the laste hit happened hym to depart from

a place or a castle, the whiche was named Abblasoure, and he hadde herd no masse, the whiche he was wonte ever to here or ever he departed oute of ony castle or place, and kepte that for a custommе." Upon this subject I will exclaim with Sir Thomas Malory, "Lo ye al englissh men,—Loo thus was the olde custome and usage of this londe." Froissart relates how the Earl of Pembroke, when besieged in the house of the Templars near Poitiers, despatched a squire upon his best horse to Sir John Chandos. The squire "departed at the hour of mydnight, and al the night he rode out of his way, and when it was mornyng and fayre day, then he knew his way, and so rode towards Poiters, and by that tyme his horse was weary: howbeit he came thyder by nyne of the clocke, and ther alyghted before Sir John Chandos lodgyng, and entred and founde him at masse, and so came and kneeled down before him, and dyde his message as he was commanded." This was the famous Sir John Chandos, whom Du Guesclin called "the moost renowmed knight of the worlde"; and Froissart, "a right hardy and courageous knight, who was slain in battle, and] lamented by his friends and his foes." Sir John Froissart relates, that he travelled for some days with Sir Espaing de Lyon, "a valyant and experte man of armes, about the age of L yeres:—and this knyght every day after he had sayd his prayers, moost parte all the day after he toke his pastyme with me, in demaunding of tidynges." These instances will serve to shew what was the universal practice of the age. There were, indeed, then, as there are now, men who objected to it as useless and superstitious. Thus they accused St. Louis of devoting too much time to his prayers. "Les hommes sont étranges," he replied with sweetness, "on me fait un crime de mon assiduité à la prière; on ne diroit mot si j'employe les heures que je lui donne à jouer aux jeux de

hasard, à courir la bete fauve, ou à chasser aux oiseaux." An old historian says, that the private chapel of Louis IX "etoit son arsenal contre toutes les traverses du monde."

But let us return to the Chevalier Bayard. "He loved and feared God," says the President d'Expilly, in the conclusion of his *éloge*. "He had always recourse to Him in difficulty, praying regularly, both morning and evening, for which purpose he would be always alone."

So we read of King Louis VIII. "Il avoit coustume que devant tous ses fais faisoit oraison à nostre Seigneur."[1] In time of war, the observance of this duty was regarded as of vital importance. Before the battle of Hastings, while the English passed the night in revellings, "les Normands au contraire," says an old chronicle, "ordonnerent de leurs consciences, en faisant des prieres et des oraisons. Les gens d'eglise ne cesserent de dire des lytanies et le pseautier, ouirent des confessions, et administrerent ceux qui se présenterent au plus matin." Thus also in the old poem, on the combat of the thirty Bretons against thirty English, we read,

> Et Englois jurent Dieu qui souffre passions
> Beaumanoir sera mort, li gentil et li bons,
> Mais ly preux et ly sages fist ses devocions
> Et faisoit dire messes par grant oblacions
> Que Dieu leur soit en aide par ses saintismes noms.

However, it appears from Froissart that the English were also in prayer before the battle. It was remarked, that on the morning of the 17th of July, 1453, that of the fatal battle of Castillon, the gallant Lord Talbot hastily left the mass, upon a sudden information, saying, "May I never again hear mass, if I do not this day defeat the French who are here." And against the entreaties of the old experienced Sir Thomas

[1] Chronique de St. Denis, II, 2.

Cuningham, who bore his banner, he gave battle, and lost his army, his son, and his own life. In the year 870, when the Danes, with their two kings, were going to give battle at Aston, near Wallingford in Berkshire, Ethelred, the Saxon king, waited to say his prayers in his tent, which he declared he would not leave till the priest had finished. It was remarked that the event of the day was not the less happy. The long and dreadful struggle ended in the death of the King Bacseg, of the younger Sidroc, of many earls, and of some thousand Danes, who fled in general rout.

Sir Thomas More, when Lord Chancellor, used daily, in the morning, with his children, to say the seven Psalms and the Litanies; and, at night, he would call all his household to go with him into the chapel, or to his hall, and there, on his knees, he would say the psalm Miserere, and the anthem Salve Regina, and the psalm de Profundis; and on every festival he took care that all his family should hear mass, and at Easter, Christmas, Whitsuntide, and All-Saints, he would have all to arise at midnight and go to the church, and there be present at matins.

Olivier de la Marche thus describes the Count of Charolois, who, in jousting, would give and receive as great blows as if he had been only a poor companion. "He was expert at every chivalrous game, and beloved by all, dancing with high and low, rich and poor, all alike: he was also skilled in music. Devout before God, he kept all days of fast strictly; he never went to bed without hearing his hours read: great giver of alms, he never refused poor people in town or country." This was Charles the Bold in his youth! before ambition and the world had corrupted his heart.

Olivier de la Marche says of Philip le Bon, Duke of Burgundy, "When his knights were about to

take Luxembourg by surprise, and the trumpet had sounded to be in the saddle, the Duke armed himself, and went in full armour to hear mass; and after mass he said certain prayers in his oratory, which lasted sufficiently long," says the good knight; "and I remember," he continues, "that I and the other pages on horseback heard the common men murmuring and complaining of his delay, saying that he might another time very well make up his Paternosters." So, at last, Jehan de Chaumergy, first esquire of the stable, went to the duke, who replied to him, "Si Dieu m'a donné victoire, il la me gardera, et peut autant faire à ma requeste (s'il luy plaist de m'estre misericors), qu'il fera à l'aide de toute ma chevalerie. There are my nephews and servants, who, with God's aid, will sustain my cause till I come."[1] Olivier de la Marche says, that when a young page, he was displeased with a very brave knight, the Seigneur de Ternant, for not bearing a bannerolle of devotion. "Car plus est l'homme de haute affaire," he says, "plus doit à Dieu de recognoissance; et tant plus à d'honneur, tant plus doit doubter et craindre celuy Dieu, qui le luy peut oster et faire perdre."[2]

I conceive that even these examples are abundantly sufficient to shew how egregiously the moderns have erred in supposing that a spirit of religion was unknown in the middle ages. The religion of chivalry was far from consisting in a superstitious observance of external ceremonies. It was founded upon the spiritual and grand doctrine of Christianity, the Cross of Christ. They never forgot what the Church taught them. "We ought to glory in the Cross of our Lord Jesus Christ, in whom is our salvation, life and resurrection; by whom we have been saved and delivered."[3] They

[1] Chap. XII. [2] Chap. XIV.
[3] The Introit for the Tuesday in Holy Week.

sang with her "Crux fidelis" and "Dulce lignum"; and they were ready to repeat her words, "We adore thy cross, O Lord, and we praise and glorify Thy holy resurrection: for by the wood of the cross the whole world is filled with joy." The knights, indeed, were not deeply learned in the folios of theology, but they knew thus much. "Non est salus animæ, nec spes æternæ vitæ nisi in cruce." They may not have learned any system of moral philosophy; they were not in the habit of questioning the ways of Providence; they were not infected with a secret leaven of infidelity; they knew little of the ethics of the pagan writers, of the utility of virtue; they had not learned to limit, and to annihilate with their limitations, the doctrine of God their Saviour; but they bore his cross upon their breasts, and they trusted to it in death. Who does not feel the beauty of that description to the Fairy Queen?

> A gentle knight was pricking on the plain,
> Y clad in mighty arms and silver shield,
>
> And on his breast a bloody cross he bore,
> The dear remembrance of his dying Lord,
> For whose sweet sake that glorious badge he wore,
> And dead (as living) ever Him adored:
> Upon his shield the like was also scored,
> For soveraine hope which in His help he had.

The most precious relique of the Cid Ruydiaz which was preserved and venerated in the monastery of St. Pedro de Cardeña, was the cross which he used to wear upon his breast when he went to battle. The infidels were astonished at the joy and confidence of the Christian warriors. "Hoc signum sanctæ crucis," said the Crusader, "quo munimur et sanctificamur, procul dubio spirituale nobis scutum est contra jacula inimicorum, et in eodem sperantes tutius adversus pericula cuncta stare

audemus."[1] A knight falls in battle, and feeling his breath fail him, with his helmet for a pillow, he kisses the cross of his sword in remembrance of that on which the incarnate Son of God had died for him, and renders up his soul into the hands of his Creator. "This," says the author of the Chronicle of the Cid, "was the death of one of the worthy knights of the world, Don Rodrigo Frojas." It was Lorenzo Celsi, Doge of Venice in 1363, who first ordained that a cross should be placed at the front of the Doge's bonnet. His father, believing that it was not proper for him to uncover his head before his own son, and at the same time not daring to fail in respect towards the chief of the state, came to a resolution of always going bareheaded. The Doge contrived to have a golden cross at the front of his bonnet, and the stratagem succeeded. His father resumed his hat, and whenever he saw his son he took it off, observing that he saluted the cross, and not his own son. Any indignity offered to the sign and emblem of this great truth was regarded by Christian knights as a dreadful injury offered to themselves. This the poet expresses when he makes Harold fling his cross-bearer out of his saddle, and adds,

> Lóud was the shriek, and deep the groan,
> When the holy sign on the earth was thrown;
> The fierce old count unsheathed his brand,
> But the calmer prelate stay'd his hand.

This great doctrine of Catholic faith was to them neither a stumbling-block nor foolishness; it was the wisdom of God, and the power of God: and if they venerated with holy reverence the precious emblem of human salvation; if they did love and adore the very image of the cross; and if, like the

[1] Gesta Dei per Francos, 286.

first Christians, they did on every occasion sign themselves with its mark, from a conviction that under that sign they should conquer; it will ill become those to censure them who have laid aside both the image and the substance—both the sign and the truth which it was intended to designate.[1]

VII. The order is natural, if we pass from the protection of religion by chivalry, to the respect with which the clergy were regarded. Upon no subject of history have the sophists of the 18th century so loudly expressed their censure, as upon the veneration with which the clergy were regarded in the middle ages. It is most true, it is most consoling to reflect, that they were the objects of this veneration. The general saying was, "Stant imperia precibus magis piorum quam militum gladiis." "Souvenez vous," said the constable Du Guesclin, when he was dying, "que partout où vous ferez la guerre, les ecclésiastiques, le pauvre peuple, les femmes et les enfans, ne sont point vos ennemis; que vous ne portez les armes que pour les défendre et les protéger." These were his last words. In the Tree of Battles we read, "Et de ce les Anglois ont une tres bonne maniere combien qu'ils nous semblent estre bien fiers et cruels en fait de guerre. Car sans faulte ja ne mettront les mains sur homme d'Eglise ——." Of the Mareschal de Boucicaut we read, "Quand il voyage aulcune part en armes, il faict defendre expressément, sur peine de la hart, que nul ne soit si hardy de grever Eglise, ne monstier, ne prebstre, ne religieux, mesmes en

[1] I once saw an inscription under a crucifix, which must have disappointed the modern who was prepared to ridicule—

"Effigiem Christi qui transis pronus honora;
Sed non effigiem, sed quem designat adora."

As in the passage in the Saxon homily, "We bow ourselves to the cross; not indeed to the wood, but to the Almighty Lord, who hung on it for us." *Hom. Sax.* apud Wilk. 165.

terre d'ennemis. Et ne souffre assaillir Eglise forte, quelque bien ou quelque richesse que le pays eust dedans retirée, quelque famine ou necessité qu'il ait." The old poet Marot lays down the law:

> Car sauver faust quatre choses en guerre,
> Prestre, herault, paige, et feminin genre.

He forgets to mention labourers and peasants, who were, however, equally to be protected, as I shall have occasion to shew in another place. When the town of Mounte Ferante, in Auvergne, was taken by Perot le Bernoys and his company, this captain had charged, on pain of death, "that no man should be so hardy as to hurt any church, or trouble any man of the Church; this manner," says Froissart, "ever Perot used whensoever he won any town or fortress"; so that the freebooter treated the clergy with the same respect as did the constable and mareschals of France. Then in time of peace, we all remember what the valiant and accomplished knight of La Mancha says, "Priests, whom I honour and revere, as every good Catholic and faithful Christian ought to do"; and when he recognized the curate of his village in the wilds of the Sierra Morena, he would have alighted to pay him his respects, saying, "Reverend sir, I beseech you let me not be so rude as to sit on horseback while a person of your worth and character is on foot." The greatest and best princes were the most ardent to mark their respect for the clergy; witness that wise and spiritual king, Louis IX, of whom Velly says, "never was there a prince who had a more sincere respect for the ministers of Jesus Christ." What can the imagination picture more divine than to behold St. Thomas Aquinas and St. Bonaventure at the court of St. Louis? In a worldly point of view, Scipione Ammirato held that dignities of the Church

augmented the honour of a family; and Stephen Gracia was likewise of opinion that Episcopacy brought nobility to a race. At all events, on taking orders a man lost not his nobility, "nec item perdit monachus originem."

At Assher, when the Duke of Norfolk came to visit Wolsey in his retreat, "after dinner," says Cavendish, "the water was brought them to wash, to the which my lord called my Lord of Norfolk to wash with him; but he refused so to do of courtesy, and said that it became him no more to presume to wash with him now than it did before. 'Yes,' quoth my lord; 'for my legacy is gone, wherein stode all my high honour.' 'A straw,' quoth my Lord of Norfolk, 'for your legacy; I never esteemed your honour the higher for that; but I esteemed your honour for that ye were Archbishop of York, and a cardinal; therefore content you. I will not presume to wash with you; and therefore I pray you, hold me excused.'" "We were presented," says a traveller of the fourteenth century, "to the Abbot of St. Maixent. This old man was so venerated on account of his evangelical virtues and noble character, that the great barons whom he visited would, in the evening, carry the keys of their castles into his room, to honour him by this great sign of confidence." At Alnwick Castle in Northumberland, there is still to be seen "the Abbot's Turret," where the abbot of the adjacent abbey used to be lodged on his visits to the lord. The bishop's word and the king's were valid without an oath by King Wihtred's dooms ecclesiastical in the year 696. The clergy had only to use these words, 'I say the truth in Christ, I lie not.' Eadmer affirms that there was not a count or countess, or any noble person in England, who did not think they would lose the favour of God, if they did not shew favour to the holy Abbot St. Anselm, in whose

presence even the stern and formidable conqueror, King William, was mild and affable, so as to astonish all beholders.[1] The gallant John Sobieski furnishes another example. To him the Pope's rose would have been a present of inestimable value.[2] When the Turks were advancing, he writes to his queen in these words: "God be praised, our Abbé Kamieniecki is a little better. I have been sorely troubled for him, and this news has given me as much pleasure as if I had just received a reinforcement of some thousand men."[3] If all persons in minor orders, down to acolytes and doorkeepers, were privileged, and their persons sacred,[4] we must not be surprised at any degree of respect with which the Heads of the Church were treated. Pope Celestine V. being entertained at table in the city of Perugia, Charles king of Sicily, and his son Charles Martel, the designate king of Hungary, crowned with their royal diadems, waited at his table, and afterwards sat down with the cardinals.[5] The Pope entered cities mounted on an ass, but on each side these two kings held the reins. At the court of Charlemagne, Bishops and Abbots had precedence of all royal personages, excepting the wife, sons, and daughters of the king. Possibly it will be asked by some, was not this respect excessive? the answer is obvious and complete. It was evinced by men who believed in Christianity, and their feelings and views are the same in every age: "I preached the Gospel to you heretofore," said St. Paul, "and you received me as the angel of God, even as Christ Jesus."[6]

I shall make one observation which recommends

[1] In Vit. S. Anselmi. [2] Lett. V. [3] Lett. VII.
[4] A. Corvini Jus can. I, 2.
[5] Thomassin. Vet. et Nov. Discip. I, lib. II, c. 114; and III, III, 33.
[6] Gal. IV, 13.

itself particularly to the attention of the great. I would demand of such persons whether they have not sometimes a certain vague desire to fancy themselves as if they were not elevated above other men? I demand of them whether they would not derive pleasure in looking up to some persons who should be raised above them? The words of the Greek poet convey a terrible image of their natural state:

> ἔνεστι γάρ πως τοῦτο τῇ τυραννίδι
> νόσημα, τοῖς φίλοισι μὴ πεποιθέναι.[1]

It is in vain that they would endeavour to think otherwise. Friendship requires equality, and how are kings to be on an equality with subjects? Religion offered them the means. The subjection of kings to a spiritual power in matters spiritual, which, after all, are the source of all real distinctions, saved them from the deplorable condition to which the poet alludes; and whenever they are not blinded by ambition or evil counsellors, they will receive, with tears of gratitude and with heartfelt joy, that easy yoke, in bearing which they will find companions, and therefore friends, in the youngest and the lowest of the family of Christ.

Olivier de la Marche furnishes a curious instance of the humility which prompted men to refrain from criticising and judging with overmuch zeal the character of ecclesiastical superiors. He says in his Memoirs, that he will leave to others to relate how the troubles began in Pope Eugenius' time: "Car à toucher à la fame et au renom de si sainte et haute personne en Chrestienté comme nostre sainct pere le Pape, l'entendement se doit arrester de frayeur, et la plume pleyer par doute dangereux et plain de peril d'encourir, ou d'encheoir au danger d'inobedience et de faute, à l'encontre des com-

[1] Æsch. Prometh. Vinct. 224.

mandemens et ordonnances de nostre saincte et salutaire mere et ressource, l'Eglise triumphante, et supplie à celuy qui est garde de tous bons et Catholiques courages qu'il me deffende et garde en ceste partie de toucher ou mettre chose qui soit contre l'estat de ma conscience."[1] And so honest Ramon Muntaner contents himself with saying in his Chronicle that "the devil sowed a discord between the Pope and the Emperor Frederic II."

This respect for the clergy was of course only evinced by the religious part of mankind, whether belonging to chivalry or to the lower ranks of life. By the immoral, the worldly, and the profane, in every age, they have been hated and calumniated, in fulfilment of our Saviour's prediction: "If the world hate you," &c.[2] The spirit and the laws of chivalry, however, required men to venerate their order. "A noble king and prince should honour the Church and its ministers from a reverence for God. If he would honour our Lord, let him also honour the Church and its ministers, to whose service they are set apart. Let him reverently say his Hours, and cause them to be chanted solemnly in his presence; let him visit the churches, and honour the relics and sanctuaries of the saints, celebrating their festivals, and augmenting the service of God, building churches, chapels, and hospitals, and restoring those that fall to decay." This is what Gilles de Rome says in his Chivalrous Mirror. It is necessary to caution the moderns from supposing that this respect for the clergy was similar to that external and noisy admiration which the followers of public opinion, and the candidates for public fame, receive from those whose applause they court. That darkly learned knight Cornelius Agrippa, remarking that few good men have been

[1] Chap. VI. [2] John XV, 18.

eloquent, exemplifies his position by citing the eloquence of Luther.[1] The office of the clergy effectually secured them from this temptation; for it could seldom happen that the performance of their duties did not interfere with their producing this kind of effect. Men are seldom loud in applauding others unless they feel themselves flattered. Musonius the philosopher used to say that "if the hearers of a teacher applauded him, and were excited by his gestures, it was a sign that he spoke, and that they listened, in vain; since all this admiration and applause were incompatible with the correction of their errors and vices. Silence was the best tribute he could receive:" and he gives an example from the wisest of poets, who makes the hearers of Ulysses utter no clamorous or exulting voice when he had ceased to recount his wanderings.[2] Nor, on the other hand, is it to be imagined that it was a blind respect, leading to a disregard of the personal character of the priest. Exceptions undoubtedly may be found, but it is most certain that in promotion of spiritual persons, the recognized and only honourable course was to be guided by merit, and not by family connexion and private interests. It was looked upon as disgraceful and most horridly sinful to promote improper persons in the Church for secular ends. As the Persone says in Chaucer, "All the sinnes of the world, at regard of this sinne ben as thing of nought; for it is the gretest sinne that may be after the sinne of Lucifer and of Antichrist; for by this sinne God forleseth the chirch, and the soule which He bought with his precious blood, by hem that yeven chirches to hem that ben not digne, for they put in theves, that stelen the soules of Jesus Crist, and destroyen his patrimonie. By swiche undigne preestes and

[1] De Vanitate Scientiarum. [2] Aul. Gell. V, L.

curates han lewed men lesse reverence of the sacramentes of holy chirche: and swiche yevers of chirches put the children of Crist out, and put into chirches the divels owen sones: they sellen the soules that lambes shuld kepe to the wolf which strangleth hem, and therefore shall they never have part of the pastures of lambes, that is, in the blysse of heven." It has been written, that the blessed Pope Leo watched and prayed for forty days at the tomb of St. Peter, begging to obtain of God the pardon of his sins. After this term, St. Peter, in a vision, said to him: Your sins are forgiven you by God, except those committed by you in conferring holy orders; of these you still remain charged to give a rigorous account.

At the same time an old monkish historian has a consoling reflection respecting even those improper men who have been promoted in the Church for secular ends. "Often," says the wise Orderie Vitalis, "inconsiderate and ignorant men have been chosen from worldly motives to high places in the Church, out of respect for nobility, or the desire of making friends; but merciful God spares men who are thus elevated; He has pity upon them; He pours his graces upon them, and employs them to enlighten his house by the light of heavenly wisdom, and by means of their zeal many men are saved."[1]

The practice of chivalry was, however, conformable to the injunctions of the Church and the interests of religion. One of the few consolations which William the Conqueror experienced on his deathbed, was the consideration that he had always procured ecclesiastical dignities for the most worthy. In fact, he had obtained the deposition of his uncle Mauger, Archbishop of Rouen, for the immorality of his conduct, and the election of a most worthy

[1] Lib. X.

monk, Maurilius, an Italian, to the vacant see. Baldwin, surnamed Bras de Fer, count of Flanders, is particularly mentioned in history as having been careful in the promotion of no clerks but such as were of good manners and learning. Hall says of our king Edward IV: "The spiritual promocions he gave ever to the most famous and excellent clerkes, and men of the best living. Others of mean qualities whom he much favoured, he did not preferre to great dignitie and high promocions, but with money rewarded them." One day King Pepin, who was going to hunt very early, entered his private chapel to pray; all the clerks in attendance were sleeping, after having sung the office of the night, excepting one, St. Sturm, who opened the door to the king, who was so pleased with this proof of his zeal, that he immediately forgave him some offence at which he had before been angry. The following history is recorded of William Rufus, who was famous for his avarice: A certain abbey became "voyde of an abbot, in the which were two monks, very covetous persons, who came to the court offering very largely to the king, each hoping to be made abbot. The king, perceiving their greedie desires, and casting his eies about the chamber, espied, by chance, another monk that came to bear them company, being a more sober man, and simple after his outward appearance, whom he called unto him, and asked what he would give him to be made abbot of the foresaid abbey? The monk, after a little pause, made answer, that he would give nothing at all for any such purpose, since he had entered into that profession of mere zeal, to despise riches and all worldly pomp, to the end he might the more quietly serve God in holiness and purity of conversation. 'Sayest thou so?' quoth the king; 'then art thou even he that is worthy to govern this house': and straightway he

bestowed the house upon him, justly repulsing the other two, and not without their open infamy and reproach."[1] This was after the spirit of our Henry V;

I know thee not, old man: fall to thy prayers.

Charlemagne nominated a young man to a vacant bishopric. The day of his election they brought to him a poor-looking horse to mount, which made him very angry; and so to prove that he was not infirm and a bad horseman, as they seemed to suppose, he leaped on his back without using the stirrups, though, unfortunately, he fell over on the other side. Charlemagne observed this scene from a window, and he was disgusted at such an instance of levity; so he summoned the new bishop, and said to him, "Bone vir, celer es et agilis, pernix et præpes. Thou knowest that my empire is troubled with many wars. Idcirco opus habeo tali clerico in comitatu meo. Esto igitur interim socius laborum nostrorum dum tam celeriter ascendere potes caballum tuum."[2] There was a certain vain bishop, covetous of useless luxuries, which the emperor perceiving, ordered a Jew merchant who used to trade in rare and costly objects, to go to this bishop, with a common mouse, painted different colours, and to say that he brought that curious animal from Judæa to sell. The bishop, filled with joy at the sight of it, offered immediately three silver pounds; but the Jew said he would rather throw it into the sea than sell it for so little: he who was rich, and gave nothing to the poor, promised him ten pounds; but Father Abraham does not wish that his son should lose his labour and honest profit. Then the greedy bishop offered twenty pounds.

[1] Holinshed.
[2] Monachi S. Gall. lib. I, de Eccles. Cura Caroli M.

The Jew, wrapping up the mouse in a precious silk, was going away without reply, when the bishop called him back, and offered a full bushel of silver. At length the Jew consents, the money is paid, and the Jew returns to the emperor with an account of his proceeding. Charlemagne convokes the bishops and priests of the province, and places before them the money which the bishop had paid to the Jew. Then he said, "Vos patres et provisores nostri episcopi, pauperibus, imò Christo in ipsis debuistis ministrare, non inanibus rebus inhiare": and then he added, "Unus ex vobis tantum argenti pro uno mure domestico pigmentis contemperato cuidam dedit Judæo." The bishop fell at his feet, prayed for pardon, and was permitted to depart without punishment.[1] Yet it was not an inhuman zeal which influenced this great emperor. There was a poor clerk, very wretched and miserable, and not learned, and despised by every one, and ill-treated; yet Charlemagne would never consent to have him removed, but he kept him in his presence, for he had pity on him.[2] The emperor inquired from an ambassador the character of a certain bishop. "Sanctissimus est," he replied, "ille vester episcopus quantum sine Deo possibile est." At which Charlemagne, astonished, said, "Quomodo sine Deo aliquis sanctus esse potest?" To which he answered, "Scriptum est, Deus charitas est, qua iste vacuus est."[3] This would indicate that men understood in those ages what was the best qualification for a bishop. Charlemagne, in forbidding the clergy to serve in the army, concludes his edict with these words: "Quanto quis eorum amplius suam normam servaverit, et Deo

[1] Monachi S. Gall. lib. I, de Ecclesiastica Cura Caroli M.
[2] Ibid.
[3] Ibid. lib. II, de Rebus Bell. Caroli M.

servierit, tanto eum plus honorare et cariorem habere volumus."[1]

VIII. Having now seen with what respect the clergy were regarded by the chivalrous order in the middle ages, I am tempted to lead my reader aside for a short time, while we observe whether, independently of the religious duty, this respect was merited by the men to whom it was so carefully shewn. This will hardly be considered as a digression, though we shall have to leave castle-courts and plumed troops, for the solemn aisles of churches, and the silence of the cloister. Knights are accustomed to such visits; and I am much mistaken if we shall not derive from this retreat new courage to pursue our enterprise, and a still stronger attachment to the scenes and characters of Christian antiquity.

And, first, to consider those of the Church who continued in the world living in the courts of temporal men. "Lors fut mors," says Ville-Hardouin in his Chronicle, "Maistre Johan de Noion à la Setre, qui ere chancelier l'Empereor Baudoins, et mult bons cliers et mult sages, et mult avoit conforté l'ost per la parole de Dieu qu'il savoit mult bien dire, et sachiez que mult en furent li prodome de l'ost desconforté"; so that the crusading armies were not without

> ——— The venerable priest,
> Whose life and manners well could paint
> Alike the student and the saint.

Nor was their presence unknown in the court of worldly and profane men. "Among the great followers of William the Conqueror, was Hugh, son of Richard, Count of Avranches, surnamed Goz, to whom William confided the county of Chester.

[1] Cap. de Baluze, t. I, p. 410.

This lord was a great lover of the world and of secular pomp, which he regarded as the richest part of human beatitude. He was, however, brave in war, liberal of his presents, but delighting in amusement and luxury, given up to buffoons, to horses and dogs, always attended by a great household, by a multitude of pages, noble and others, together with honourable men, clerks, and knights. His chapel was served by a clerk of Avranches, named Gerold, remarkable for religion, gentleness, and knowledge of letters. Every day he faithfully performed the divine service. As far as he was able, he excited the people of the court to amend their lives, by proposing to them the example of their predecessors. He spared not his salutary advice to the chief barons, to the simple knights, as well as to the young nobles; and he drew abundant examples of holy warriors worthy of imitation from the New Testament, and from the later records of Christians." These are the words of Orderic Vitalis.[1] Gilles de Rome says, in his Mirror of Chivalry, that "noble princes should have a holy and learned man, humble and who despises the world, and who does not meddle with its business, unless in the way of pity, to make the prince do good. He must be compassionate to the poor, and of a piteous heart, devout and piteous, loving truth, and bold to speak it, without detraction and without flattery." Like that perfect priest described by St. Jerome, "his mind, devoted to Christ, was to be attentive to things great and small; therefore he was to take care that the altar shone, that the walls were without dust, that the pavement was clean, that the vessels were bright; and in all ceremonies, with pious solicitude, he was to neglect neither great nor trifling duties."[2] Alcibiades said that

[1] Lib. VI.

[2] In Epist. ad Nepotianum.

whenever he heard Socrates speak, the tears would rush into his eyes, and that he had seen many others affected in the same manner.[1] If such was the force of that vague and shadowy religion which the heathen sage instilled into the hearts of youth, what must have been felt by those who heard the venerable preachers of Christianity, who spake of the passion of Christ; men who actually possessed what the heathen poet vainly desired to behold, the φανερὸν χαρακτῆρ' ἀρετῆς,[2] arising from "that supernatural elevation of mind, to the purity of which," as Luis of Grenada says, "all the strength of created nature can never attain!" It was this in St. Ambrose which first won St. Augustine. "He saw in him," says Alban Butler, "a good eye and a kind countenance—the index of his benevolent heart." St. Augustine says of St. Ambrose, that upon coming to Milan, "suscepit me paterne ille homo Dei, et peregrinationem meam satis episcopaliter dilexit. Et eum amare cœpi, primo quidem non tanquam doctorem veri, quod in ecclesia tua prorsus desperabam, sed tanquam hominem benignum in me."[3] Thus Orderic Vitalis says of St. Evroul, that "he received all who approached with a smiling countenance, nobles and villains, poor and strangers."[4] Thus St. Anselm describes Archbishop Lanfranc, "Misericordissimus est et præcipue erga salutem animarum, et est valde deditus eleemosynis."[5] Mark their exceeding charity, becoming all things to all men. The old hermit in Amadis, after discoursing with the knight, concludes thus: "Truly, I know a man of my habit should not speak of such things as these; yet it is more for God's service to speak the truth that may comfort you, than to conceal it, considering your desperate

[1] Plato, Conviv.
[2] Eurip. Hercul. Furens, 649.
[3] Confess. lib. V, 13.
[4] Lib. VI.
[5] Epist. XIII.

state."[1] Though Cardinal de Retz describes the manners of the clergy in conclave with great art, yet the result of the whole is only the portrait of simple and unaffected goodness. "There," he says, "you observed the respect such as is found in a king's cabinet, the politeness of a court, the familiarity of a college, the modesty of novices, the charity of a convent." St. Augustine attributes this condescension to the whole Church, when he addresses it in these words: "Tu pueriliter pueros, fortiter juvenes, quiete senes, prout cujusque non corporis tantum sed et animi ætas est, exerces ac doces."[2] This sacerdotal gentleness distinguished Muratori, who was of such kind manners, that the boys used to come up to him in the street to consult him on their difficulties in their books of grammar. St. Æmilian was a hermit who lived in the forest of Ponzat, near Clermont: here he cultivated a little garden which was watered by a small brook; and the birds and wild beasts were his only companions. Now there lived at Clermont a seigneur called Sigebaut, who had a youth called Brach, which meant "little bear," whom he used to send to hunt the wild boars. One day, as Brach was out with the hounds following a huge boar, the dogs pursued it till they came to the hermit's wicket, where they stood still. Brach saluted the good man respectfully, who came and embraced him, and begged of him to sit down; and then said, "My dear child, you appear to me like one much more occupied about what can destroy, than what can save, your soul." I need not pursue the story. It suffices that the young man was sincerely and permanently converted to a sense of religion. But here we see what mild, humane, and gentle per-

[1] Lib. II, 9.
[2] De Moribus Ecclesiæ Catholicæ, p. 63.

suaders were the clergy. How directly they could reach the heart! As Socrates would say, they did not begin Ὦ μοχθηρέ, μελαγχολᾷς· ἀλλ' ἅτε μουσικὸς ὢν πραότερον ὅτι Ὦ ἄριστε.[1] St. Jerome, speaking of the Emperor Julian, says "Julianus Augustus": he does not call him the apostate. But why need we cite examples from the past? Let us enter this cathedral, and observe the procession of children move along these Gothic aisles, directed by a venerable old priest, with locks as white as snow, and a countenance beaming with love and goodness. See how he smiles the little careless boys into order, not looking displeased or at a loss, as if that child's titter were exposing him to ridicule, but as if their happiness was the end of his labour, and as if he felt that such little effusions of a light heart were quite pardonable in so young a Christian: and observe how he rewards the child's instant obedience by stroking his beautiful hair, looking back upon the little troop with that expression of charity and joy which is more instructive than a sermon! This disposition, which enables men to contemplate the most awful subjects of religion, at the very time that they indulge in the expressions and habits and demeanour of boyish lightness of heart, belongs to the attainment of truth; and we shall find it more or less wherever men have advanced towards truth. In the whole of Plato, there is not perhaps a more enchanting passage than that in the Phædo, where this disciple relates to his friend part of the discourse which Socrates held on that memorable day. The objection to the doctrine of the soul's immortality, which goes on the supposition of its being but a harmony resulting from the nice conformation of parts, had been advanced by Simmias, and had left a strong impression of melancholy upon the

[1] Plato, Phædrus.

minds of the hearers, who feared it might prove unanswerable. But in this trying moment, Socrates himself was seen supported and comforted by that internal conviction of immortality, which doubtless furnishes the best argument in its favour, satisfying the heart of man more fully than any argument, or rather creating a certainty which dispenses with any reasoning. "That he was able to answer these objections," says Phædo, "was perhaps nothing marvellous; but this indeed did excite my astonishment: first, with what sweetness and benignity he listened to the young man; then how sagaciously he discerned the precise impression which his objections had left upon us; and then, finally, how he administered a cure, and recovered us who were put to flight and subdued." "How was it?" says Echecrates. "I will tell you. I was sitting at his right hand, on a low seat near the couch, but he sat above me. Stroking affectionately my head, and compressing the hair which fell on my neck, (for it was his manner when thus discoursing to play with my hair,) 'To-morrow,' said he, 'perhaps, O Phædo, you will cut off this beautiful hair.' 'It seems so,' I said. 'Not so, if at least you will be persuaded by me: οὐκ ἄν γε ἐμοὶ πείθῃ.' 'Why not?' said I. 'To-day,' he replied, 'both of us, you and I, will cut off our hair, if indeed our argument be dead, and we be unable to raise it up again: and if I were you, and that reasoning should fail me, I would make a vow never to let my hair grow, till I should be able to take off the objection of Simmias and Cebes.'" Thus did this divine man discourse a few hours before his death, quite after the manner of Fénelon and the Christians of his school, displaying all that sweet, infantine joyous simplicity, united with the profoundest sentiment, which seems the high privilege of wisdom, and of him who has obtained the mercy of God.

But in the clergy the high and powerful found men who were ever ready to oppose their injustice, and to protect the cause of the innocent and oppressed. When the young La Tremouille was endeavouring to recover his paternal estates, which had formerly been unjustly seized by Louis XI, all his friends at court were afraid to speak in his behalf. He was at length advised to apply to Hélie de Bourdeille, Archbishop of Tours, who was of the order of the Minor Friars, and a man of great holiness, "qui parloit hardiement au Roy de ce qui concernoit le faict de sa conscience, et par craincte de mort ou exil ne differa onc de confondre ses desordonnées excuses."[1] They preached truth and justice, unawed by human respect. Thus it is said in the Legatine Canons at Cealchythe, A.D. 785: "Our address to kings is, that they govern with caution, discretion, and justice; and as we have directed bishops to speak the word of God with a divine authority, faithfully, without fear or flattery to kings, princes, and all dignities, never declining the truth, sparing no man, condemning no man unjustly, shewing the way of salvation to all, both by word and example; so we admonish kings and princes to obey the bishops with humility in things pertaining to God. We exhort all to honour the Church of God, not to wax proud with secular power, nor oppress others with violence, lest it be said of them, 'they have reigned, but not by me.'" Thus it was the Augustinian monk Jaques Legrand, who, in the year 1405, alone had courage to reprove the queen of Charles VI of France for the scandalous oppression of the people. Bishops who would risk their lives to save one poor youth—a robber perhaps, such as the young man whom St. John reclaimed[2]—were not likely to be deterred by

[1] Bouchet.

[2] Clemens Alex. apud Euseb. III, 23.

tyrants from discharging their duty. What noble courage was displayed by Gregory of Tours, pleading for Prætextatus, though he knew that he should incur the hatred and vengeance of Fredegond and Chilperic! When William Rufus was slain, the clergy thought upon his soul's state, after such a life and such a death. His last words to Tirrel, who shot him, were, "Tire donc; de par le Diable"! "In some churches," says Orderic Vitalis, "no bell was tolled, though it would have tolled for the poor, and for the lowest peasant woman." [1] They assisted the miserable in despite of power. There was a good priest at Portsmouth, who was sent for to attend a poor convict who had only half an hour to live; so he went, and complained of the horrible crime of giving such short notice; and then he locked himself in the cell with the prisoner, and kept the door for three hours, regardless of the threats and imprecations of the ministers of justice. Sismondi confesses, in consequence of a letter still extant, that it was St. Germain, Bishop of Paris, who vainly endeavoured to inspire Brunhilda with more humane sentiments. It was St. Columban, who had come out of Ireland into Gaul in the year 585, who had courage to preach before the court against the scandalous lives of the king and Brunhilda. If this gentleness was thus united with honest boldness, it was also infinitely removed from that false refinement and affectation which constitutes what the French call the "petit-maître." An old monk used to say, "If ever you meet with anything written by St. Athanasius, copy it; and if you have no paper, write it on your clothes." A council in 813 says, "Opportunum ducimus ut humilitatem atque religionem, et in vultu et in opere et habitu demulceant." By St. Cuthbert's Canons

[1] Lib. X.

of Cloveshoo, A.D. 747, "Priests were not to prate in the church in the style of secular bards, nor dislocate nor confound the composure and distinction of the sacred words by a pronunciation like that of tragedians; but to follow the plain-song, or holy melody, according to the custom of the Church." The clergy were also remarkable for uniting with holiness the most delicate sense of true honour.. Take an example from the Acta Sanctorum for September 2nd. A short time before the council of Aquileia, A.D. 381, it happened at Lyons, that a certain madman, who had stabbed some persons in the street, took sanctuary in the great church. St. Justus, archbishop of that city, upon a promise that the prisoner's life should be spared, delivered him up into the hands of a public officer. Notwithstanding this promise, he was put to death by the people. The good bishop conceived such a horror at this event, that he considered himself disqualified for the ministry of the altar; and so he resigned the pastoral church, travelled to Marseilles, there took shipping and sailed to Egypt, where he ended his days in a monastery, after serving God for many years in holy retirement. Mark how they took the lead in every virtue. When Wilfrid, a Northumbrian prelate, had succeeded in converting 250 slaves, whom he had received as a present from the munificence of Edelwalch, on the day of their baptism, he declared that they ceased to be his bondmen from the moment that they became the children of Christ.

As is said of St. Martin, "Christ and virtue, and whatever pertains to true life, was always on their tongue." St. Anselm, riding once by the way, a hare pursued by hounds took refuge under his horse: reproving the laughter of the boys who followed, he took occasion to instruct them: "Ridetis? et utique infelici huic nullus risus, lætitia

nulla est. This is an emblem of the soul of man; the demons are surrounding it, waiting to devour it the moment it leaves the body, while it trembles and still delays, and the demons laugh." Another time he met a boy with a little bird, which he held by a string, so as to let it loose and then draw it back suddenly; and this play was to him a mighty joy. St. Anselm miserably condoled with that little bird, till at length the string breaks, the bird flies away, and the boy weeps. St. Anselm, calling his company, said to them: "Behold the game of this boy: such is that of the devil with many men whom he has in his toils."[1] Nor can we omit mention of that beautiful system of degree which gave rise to such humility in the higher ranks, and to such faithful submission in the lower. In the Council of Carthage, 4 can. 34, we read, "Ut episcopus, quolibet loco sedens, stare presbyterum non patiatur." When Pope Sixtus II was led to martyrdom, A.D. 268, Laurentius, Archdeacon of the Church of Rome, followed him weeping and saying, "Father, where goest thou without thy son? holy bishop, where without thy deacon?" "I lose thee not, my son," replied Sixtus; "thou shalt follow me in three days."[2] I have been forcibly reminded of this affecting scene, on beholding the Archbishop of Paris in Notre-Dame, followed at a distance by his deacons. But how could the clergy retain this spirit, engaged as they were amidst the corruptions of the world? What is related of Fernando de Talavera, first Archbishop of Granada, will explain this difficulty; for being charged by Ferdinand and Isabella with the most important affairs relative to the kingdoms of Castile and Aragon, he was censured by many for saying mass every day, as if

[1] Eadmerus in Vit. S. Anselmi.
[2] S. Ambros. de Off. I, 41.

he lived in monastic retirement. The Cardinal of Mendoza, speaking to him familiarly on the subject, "Kings," replied the holy man, "have imposed such a burden on me, that I should be unable to sustain it, were I to omit a single day to approach the blessed sacrament of the altar." And so when Francesco Castello said to St. Antoninus, Archbishop of Florence, whose secretary he was, "Bishops were to be pitied, if they were to be eternally engaged as he was," the saint replied, "To enjoy interior peace, we must always reserve in our hearts, amidst all affairs, as it were, a secret closet, where we are to keep retired within ourselves, and where no business of the world can ever enter." No wonder, then, if such men were venerated, and if kings and warriors sought their prayers. René d'Anjou, in the conclusion of his book, Mortifiement de Vaine Plaisance, addressing the Archbishop of Tours, to whom he dedicated it, says, "Humblement requérant votre révérende paternité, doulce, bénigne, fervente, et charitable, que alors que serez en larmes Dieu priant, en vostre *memento* vous plaise me mettre au nombre de ceulx-la pour lesquels vous ferez à Dieu humble requeste de vray pardon donner; soit votre plaisir de très bon cœur requérir notre très doulx Sauveur Jesus Christ, qu'il luy plaise me revivifier, car je cognoys les faits de mes labeurs estre morts parturiez par mon très grief péché." [1] Then who is not astonished at the virtue of these men? Think what a spirit St. Nilammon had, who died with terror as they bore him to an episcopal throne! What humility in St. Peter of Alexandria, who being the lawful successor of St. Mark, would never mount to his chair, but contented himself to sit the residue of his days on the footstool! What zeal in Eustathius of Epiphanea, whose heart was

[1] Villeneuve, Hist. de René d'Anjou, II, 392.

so surprised with only notice of the profanation of a church, that he fell down dead in the place! What zeal in Pope Urban, who died of grief on the fall of Jerusalem! What liberality in St. Exuperius, Bishop of Toulouse, to give away the gold and silver of his church to the poor, even to the carrying of the blessed sacrament in a little basket of osier! What charity in St. Paulinus, who, after spending his whole patrimony in alms, sold himself, and became a slave, to redeem the sons of a poor widow! And what a spirit in St. Vincent of Paul, to go in place of an unhappy man, who, for one act of smuggling, was condemned for three years to the galleys, and there to serve as a volunteer, so that he bore the marks of the irons till his death! What power in St. Leo and St. Lupus, to stay Attila, and make head against an army of 700,000 men from the most dreadful nations of the earth! What simplicity in St. Charles Borromeo and Cardinal Ximenes, to visit their diocese on foot without attendants; and in the great Cardinal of Lorraine, to be constant in ardently catechising the most simple of his diocese! What piety and charity in the learned and innocent Baronius, for nine whole years to visit hospitals morning and evening! What an edifying spectacle, to see Luis of Granada refuse the mitre; and Dom Bartholomæus de Martyribus to resist, till he was forced under pain of excommunication to accept the archiepiscopal throne of Braga, when he walked to Lisbon to pay his respects to the queen! To see him then leave the convent, with the attendants of an apostle, full of sorrow and shame when shewn the magnificent palace provided for him, wearing still the poor coarse habit of the order of St. Dominick; inhabiting a little room with bare walls, a deal table, and a mattress; eating of but one dish, giving the rest to the poor; rising at three in the

morning to study the Holy Scriptures and the Fathers till eight o'clock, when he said mass: preaching to the people on all festivals, verifying St. Augustine's rule, "Sapienter dicit homo tanto magis vel minus quanto in Scripturis sacris magis minusve profecerit"; [1] visiting his diocese in the depth of winter, mounted on a mule; falling at the feet of a great lord who led a wicked life, beseeching him to repent; choosing rather to sleep in a cabin with his people, than in the principal house of the village called the Castle, which fell to the ground that very night, giving the holy man occasion to remark that the poverty of Jesus Christ is often useful, even for this present life; then pursuing his journey to the Council of Trent, at each city on the way sending his people to an inn, while he and the monk who accompanied him sought a convent of his order, in which he was received as a common friar, and assisted at the office as such: entering Trent on foot; then practising a devout retreat in that city, being visible only in the church; his zeal at the council, his return to Portugal, his visitation of his province, visiting the most savage mountains, sitting on the rocks instructing the poor people; then his charity during the famine, and his self-devotion in time of the plague; his gratitude, and his earnest prayers for the soul of the young king, Dom Sebastian, who was slain in Africa; his repeated, and at length successful, efforts to resign his mitre; his retiring to the convent of the Holy Cross of Viana, begging for charity to be allowed to inhabit the least of all the cells, whence he used to visit the neighbouring villages on foot, to teach the children their catechism, and to relieve the poor, giving his mattress to a poor woman, and reserving only a few boards for his own bed: then his

[1] De Doct. Christ. 4, 5.

patience at the last; his calm and holy death! Take another example from the Chronicle of St. Denis:[1] "En cette annee, en le 3 de Séptembre, trespassa de ce siecle à la joie de paradis Morice evesque de Paris, homme de honnourable memoire, pere des poures et des orphelins. Car entre ses bonnes œuvres qu'il fist, dont il fist mainte, il fonda 3 abbayes et leur dona tres devotement a ses propres despens hermaulx, hermeries pere et gif: et en la parfin donna aux poures pour l'amour de nostre Seigneur quand que il peut avoir de meuble; et pour ce que il croit fermement la resurrection des corps, de quoy il avoit oy douter maint grant clerc en son temps, et il desiroit que il les peust rappeller de leur erreurs, et tous ceux qui en douteroyent, il commanda quant il mouroit que on luy escripsist ung roullet qui tenoit cette sentence: Je croy que mon Redempteur vit, et que je serai resucité de terre au dernier jour, et verray droit nostre Sauveur en cette miene chair, que moy mesme verray non mye autres, que mes yeulx regarderont: ceste esperance est en mon cœur escripte. Et commanda et pria a ses amys que le roullet fut mys sur son tombeau le jour de son obit." No marvel that the influence of such men was great over the generous and knightly part of mankind: these were the men who by confession knew the power of grace; "they went down to the sea on ships, and they saw the works of God in the mighty depths." Much of this influence, no doubt, arose from their faithful observance of their sacerdotal duty. "As long as we are sheep," says St. Chrysostom, "we shall conquer, though a thousand wolves encompass us; but if we should become wolves, we shall be conquered; for then the Pastor will withdraw his assistance."[2]

[1] Tom. II, 28.

[2] Comment. in Matt. XXIV.

Priests having no places or pensions to seek for their families, and being even externally detached from all the bonds of the world, having consequently no motives for dreading the displeasure of the great, were enabled to perform their duty with boldness. Thus, when Brantome relates the maxim of Louis XI, "qui nescit dissimulare nescit regnare," he goes on to say, "But this is sinful, ainsi que j'ouys une fois prescher à un grand prédicateur, Docteur de Sorbonne, nommé Monsieur Poucet, qui preschoit à la paroisse S. Sulpice à S. Germain des Prez, qui dit *tout haut* sur un sujet que je ne diray pas, que telles paroles estoient d'un vray atheiste, et qui ouvroit le chemin aux roys et aux princes pour aller à tous les diables, et les rendre vrais tyrans. Possible qui en voudra bien peser les raisons, il trouvera ce prescheur tres veritable, et fort homme de bien selon nostre bon Seigneur Jesus Christ, qui hayt mortellement les hypocrites, les quelles on peut nommer proprement traistres dissimulez, disoit ce bon prescheur. C'estoit le prescheur autant hardy à parler que jamais a entré en chaise."

History will often present those apostolic men, who are disengaged from the world, invested with a dignity arising from their elevation above all temporal interests, which surpassed that of kings.

When the French officers burst at midnight into the cabinet of the Vatican, and announced to Pius VII that he must instantly accompany them to leave Rome, the holy Pope, taking up his breviary, told them that he was ready, and desired them to lead the way. What an answer was that which Pius VI made to General Berthier, who had presented him with the national cockade, and told him that his reign was at an end, but that he might retire on a pension! "I know of no other uniform but that with which the Church has

honoured me: you have full power over my body, but my soul is beyond the reach of your endeavours. I want no pension. A staff in place of a crosier, and a sackcloth, suffice for him who ought to expire on ashes. I adore the hand of the Almighty, who punishes the shepherd and his flock: you can burn and destroy the houses of the living, and the tombs of the dead; but religion is eternal; it will exist after you as it was before you, and its reign will endure from generation to generation."

The clergy were aware always of their own power; they knew, as St. Cyprian says, "Sacerdos Dei, evangelium tenens, occidi potest, vinci non potest." It was not by human oratory that they commanded. Even St. Chrysostom shunned the style of orators; and though naturally as eloquent as Demosthenes, yet he adopted no exordium, no division, and appears not even to have formed a plan for his discourse.[1] But it was by the gentle annunciation of the doctrine of Christ, and by the grace accompanying their words, that they bound the kings of the earth with fetters, and their nobles with manacles of iron. Of this influence we need only cite a few examples; such as that of St. Bernard over Louis le Jeune, in preventing his war with Thibaut Count of Champagne, who likewise governed his court with the advice of St. Bernard, so that it became remarkable for modest and temperate manners; and from this epoch, says the historian, "he no longer took up arms as readily as he used to do."[2] Again, such was the influence of Archbishop Lanfranc over William the Conqueror, and of St. Anselm over William Rufus. The admiration even of infidel historians has been extorted by "the peace of God," first preached by the Bishops

[1] Fleury, Deuxième Discours, sur la Prédication.
[2] Hist. des Comtes de Champagne, I, 198.

of Arles and Lyons, A.D. 1033, and being found impracticable, changed for the "Treuga Dei," which was adopted in 1041. This lasted from Advent till the Epiphany, and from Quinquagesima Sunday till Whitsuntide; besides, during the four Quatembres, the festivals of our Lady and of All Saints, and during every week, from Wednesday evening until Monday morning. Against duelling their labours were incessantly directed; and when they could not prevent, they at least diminished the crimes of their generation. There is a striking narrative in the history of French chivalry which will illustrate the subject, and point out the general benefit, and the scenes of exquisite beauty in point of taste, which might sometimes arise from the exercise of this influence. Two Spanish gentlemen, named Santa-Cruz and Azevedo, were made prisoners at Bologna, where they had a quarrel. It was during the wars of Louis XII in Italy. Azevedo accused Santa-Cruz of a treacherous design to assassinate him: Santa-Cruz had given him the lie, and had offered to exculpate himself by mortal combat, "par combat à outrance." Azevedo commissioned the baron of Bearn to ask permission from the Duke of Nemours. This being granted, and the field for combat, he challenged Santa-Cruz, who accepted the duel, and the parties met without delay. The spot chosen was before the palace of the Duke of Ferrara. Santa-Cruz was accompanied by a hundred gentlemen; among others, by Don Pedro d'Acuña, his relation, knight of Rhodes, and grand prior of Messina. Azevedo appeared with a similar attendance, and his relation Frederic de Gonzaga, Count of Bozolo. As soon as Azevedo entered the lists with all arms, either to fight on foot or on horseback, the grand prior of Messina advanced towards him, and presented two sharp swords and two daggers, that he might

choose, for Santa-Cruz would not permit any other arms. Then their relatives came forward to feel that they had no concealed armour under their dress. The combatants proceeded to prayer, and the lists were cleared, only the two relatives remaining and Bayard, whom the Duke of Ferrara had appointed judge of the field. The herald having proclaimed silence, the two adversaries marched up fiercely and commenced to fight with such address that each had need of a firm foot and a sharp eye. After many ineffectual blows, Santa-Cruz aimed with all his strength at the face of Azevedo, who parried the blow with great skill, and in return forced his sword into the thigh of his enemy from the hip to the knee. The blood burst out, the wounded man made but one step, and fell. Azevedo cried out, "Surrender, Santa-Cruz, or I will kill you!" but without answering he sat on the ground, with the sword in his hand, and continued to thrust against his adversary. Azevedo pressed him to rise, saying that he was unwilling to strike him on the ground. Santa-Cruz attempted to rise, but he only made two steps, and fell upon his face; the other lifted up his sword to strike off his head, but he stopped his hand. The Duchess of Ferrara terrified, entreated the Duke of Nemours to separate them. "I cannot do it with honour, madam," was his reply. "Justice gives the conquered to the conqueror." Santa-Cruz was bleeding to death, but he would not surrender. The prior of Messina accosted Azevedo, and said to him, "Seigneur, I know the heart of Santa-Cruz, and that until death he will not surrender; I am his relative, and I surrender myself in his stead." Then the surgeons were called, and Santa-Cruz was carried from the field.

A very beautiful example of the same nature occurs in the sixteenth book of the Morte d'Arthur.

When Sir Lionel had overthrown his brother Sir Bors, and was preparing to strike off his head, "Thenne came the heremyte rennyng unto hym, whiche was a good man and of grete age, and wel had herd alle the wordes that were betwene them, and so felle doune upon Syr Bors. Thenne he sayd to Lyonel, 'O gentyl knyghte, have mercy upon me and on thy broder; for yf thow slee him, thou shalte be dede of synne, and that were sorrowful, for he is one of the worthyest knygtes of the world, and of the best condycyons.' 'Soo God me help,' sayd Lyonel, 'syr preest, but yf ye flee from hym, I shall slee yow, and he shalle never the sooner be quyte.' 'Certes,' said the good man, 'I have lever ye slee me than hym, for my dethe shalle not be grete harme, not halfe soo moche as of his.' 'Wel,' sayd Lyonel, 'I am greed,' and sette his hand to his sword, and smote hym soo hard, that his hede yede backward." For the honour of knighthood it is recorded of this murderer, that "the fende had broughte hym in suche a wyl."

Against combats of this nature their zeal had been early displayed. It was in the year 404 that the gladiatorial shows were finally terminated by the courage of Telemachus, a Christian monk, who had travelled from the East to Rome, expressly for the purpose. He rushed into the midst of the area of the Flavian Amphitheatre, and endeavoured to separate the combatants. Alypius, the prætor, who was fond of the games, gave orders to the gladiators to slay him, and Telemachus obtained the crown of martyrdom. Even Mr. Gibbon is forced to admire instances of this kind. On another occasion he observes, "the example of Theodosius may prove the beneficial influence of those principles which could force a monarch, exalted above the apprehension of human punishment, to respect the laws and ministers of an invisible Judge."

St. Vincent de Paul prevented Philip Emanuel de Gondi, Count of Joigni, from fighting a duel; he conjured him by every motive of religion, and denounced to him the severest judgments of God if he should persist in it. It was an abbat who represented to the Emperor Henry of Bavaria the inhumanity of the spectacles of single combat, by which differences were decided; and from that hour the Emperor prohibited them. By the laws which regulated the formalities of judiciary combat, two months were to intervene between the exchange of gages and the duel, for the express purpose that ecclesiastics might endeavour to persuade the parties to be at peace. St. Avitus, Bishop of Vienne in an early age, remonstrated with the King of the Burgundians on the absurdity of the law of judiciary combats. The Abbat of Fécamp, in Normandy, had the privilege of separating combatants after judicial defiance had passed, and the parties were actually fighting. The clergy not unfrequently disarmed the rage of conquerors. It was Salvianus, Prosper, Paulinus, and Sidonius Apollinaris, priests of Gaul, who appeased Attila, and saved the city of Troyes. St. Germain is said to have taken hold of the bridle of a fierce barbarian, and to have turned his wrath from the people doomed to slaughter.

What a spirit of peace animated Pope Calixtus at the council of Rheims, when he endeavoured to reconcile France and England![1] What an indefatigable maker of peace was the venerable legate Adhémar de Monteil, who, according to all historians of the crusades, was the soul of the enterprise, by appeasing enmities, and reconciling together chiefs, and uniting in friendship warriors of the most opposite character and interest! St. John Capistran is recorded to have made peace be-

[1] Orderic. Vit. XII.

tween Alfonso of Aragon and the city of Aquileia, and also between the families of Oronesi and Lanzieni. St. Faro, Bishop of Meaux, saved the Saxon ambassadors from the fury of Clothar II, persuading him first to delay their execution for twenty-four hours, and then to pardon them; and, at last, to send them home loaded with presents. A poor Capuchin friar, now the blessed Felix of Cantalicia, reconciled two knights who were on the point of fighting. St. Bernard had the glory of reconciling the Hohenstaufen and Saxon families. When any feud broke out among the nobles, Rodolph of Hapsburg used to signify it to his faithful friend Henry Knoderer, who, from being a baker's son, and a Barefooted friar, had risen to be Archbishop of Maintz, and his gentle spirit was sure to succeed in composing the quarrel. Bede relates, that Bishop Theodore reconciled the two kings Ecgfrid and Ethelred, and put an end to a war.[1] Mr. Johnson, in his collection of Ecclesiastical Laws and Canons, gives the charge of Archbishop Edmund, A.D. 736, that "the clergy were to maintain peace and unity among their parishioners, composing all differences with all diligence, soldering up breaches, reclaiming the litigious, and not suffering the sun to go down upon their wrath."[2] The moderns have blamed the clergy for their constant labours in converting men to the Church; but to make no mention of the express commands of their Lord to preach his Gospel, they could not have been less zealous without incurring the censure

[1] Hist. Eccles. IV, 21.

[2] This zealous disciple of the moderns makes a curious remark here. "This was excellent advice to priests who had, or might have, such awe on the consciences of the people as the clergy of this age; [he adds what he considers an injurious epithet;] but it would be very unseasonably applied to the present, who rather want friends to persuade the people to be at peace with them upon any terms." Vol. II.

even of the sage moralist. Socrates felt himself bound, through love for men, to communicate his wisdom to all, not only without payment, but offering himself zealously, εἴ τίς μου ἐθέλοι ἀκούειν.[1] And when the Athenians made a law that every citizen of Megara who should be found in Athens was to be put to death, Euclides of Megara, who was in the habit of hearing Socrates before that decree, contrived still to attend his instructions, by coming in disguise by night, clad in a woman's gown, and returning before daybreak.[2] Were this told of a Christian preacher and one of his flock, here would be, in the opinion of the moderns, a case of intriguing priestcraft and of degrading fanaticism; but reason still agrees with the judgment of wise antiquity in admiring both examples, as indicating a disinterested and sublime love of truth.

I shall attempt to give a general view of the laws and regulations which respected the lives and duties of the clergy, so far at least as to illustrate the spirit of the Church. In the first place, the author of the Tree of Battles gives an excellent outline of the whole, when he says, "L'estat et office du clergié doit estre separé et hors de toute guerre, debat et division humaine pour le service de Dieu, auquel ils sont ordonnez et vaquent continuellement jour et nuyt."[3] We know from St. Cyprian's letter to the Church at Furnitus, that a clergyman was forbidden even to become guardian to a minor, lest he should become engaged in secular affairs. And in the Anglo-Saxon Church, the clergy were forbidden, under severe pain, to accept the office of magistrates, or any temporal jurisdiction,[4] but with

[1] Plato, Euthyphron. [2] Aul. Gell. VI, 10.
[3] Chap. LXXXVIII.
[4] Thomassin, Vet. et nov. Eccles. Dis. p. III, lib. III, c. 17–24.

a saving to the king's prerogative.[1] The clergy being often the only persons capable of filling such posts, they were compelled by the king to accept them: still they required a dispensation even to sit at the council of state. Grossetete, Bishop of Lincoln, had promulgated a diocesan statute which "forbade all ecclesiastics, and all in holy orders, to exercise secular employments in future." Οὔτε γεωργὸν . . . . ἱερέα καταστατέον, says Aristotle; ὑπὸ γὰρ τῶν πολιτῶν πρέπει τιμᾶσθαι τοὺς θεούς.[2] So far even the heathens were guided right. In the Pastoral Care of St. Charles Borromeo, taken from the records of the church of Milan, we have an interesting statement of the duties of the parish priest, a description of his house, his study, his books, his pictures, his garden for recreation. I shall select a few of the most remarkable points in this admirable collection. The curate, in visiting the sick, was to exhort them to "persevere in the Catholic faith, to conceive a sincere sorrow for their sins, and to confide entirely in the mercy of God, through the merits of Jesus Christ."[3] One of the "Brethren of the Christian Doctrine" was to go into the streets with a little bell to assemble the children and all idle persons whom they might meet. During the season when the shepherds and goatherds go upon the high mountains, or into the forests, the curate was to follow them once a week, and assemble them on whatever day would be most convenient to them, that they might hear the Christian doctrine;[4] for, during the summer months, in these countries, the peasants leave their houses, and go to remain on the mountains, or in the woods, with their flocks; and thither the curate was to follow them, and there, in some little chapel, he was to say mass: he was to have little catechisms

[1] Legatine Constitut. of Ottoboni, MCCLXVIII.
[2] Pol. VII, 9. [3] P. 261, French translation. [4] P. 318.

of pictures for those who could not read. He was also to take care of wandering poor, and all vagabonds, or Bohemians, or Saracens, to endeavour to reclaim them from their divinations and wicked life, and to lead them to religion: he was also to take account of the strange labourers who should be working in the forests, or taking care of cattle on the mountains, and he was to write in a book their age and morals. Prisoners too, who had their patron St. Leonard, were not to be forgotten: in prisons there was to be a chapel, or at least an altar and a lamp; and near each bed there was to be some devout picture or image, and mass was to be said, and the litany every night; and whoever among the prisoners could read best, was to be advised to read aloud some treatise of Luis de Granada, or other holy book. By the Capitularies of Charlemagne, bishops were to visit the prisons once every week. The bells were not suffered to be sounded unless on occasions of real solemnity. For mass, the bell was to sound sufficiently long for a person to come from the furthest cottage in the parish to the church. The priest was to take all proper occasions to preach to the people. St. Francis, St. Dominick, and St. Vincent Ferrer, used generally to preach in the open air. If fathers and mothers did not send their children and servants to mass, and to hear the Christian doctrine, they were not to receive absolution. Among the Excerptions of Ecbriht, A.D. 740, it is ordered that all priests at the proper hours of day and night toll the bells of their churches, and perform their offices to God; that besides preaching Christ's Gospel to the people on all Sundays and festivals, they do with great care teach their flock the Paternoster and Credo, and the whole knowledge and practice of Christianity; and let them not desire earthly pay for what they have obtained by divine

grace. "Those who have committed suicide are not to be commemorated in the canons of the mass"; and by St. Cuthbert's canons of Cloveshoo, A.D. 747, the clergy were to "instruct the people in the ceremonies of the mass, and what they do spiritually signify, lest they be found dumb and ignorant in those intercessions which they make to God for the atonement of the sins of their people." St. Cuthbert's canons at Cloveshoo should be read by such of the moderns as fancy a system of compounding for sins. According to Elfric's canons, A.D. 957, "the priest, on Sundays and festivals, was to speak the sense of the Gospel to the people in English, and of the Paternoster and Credo as often as he could." In the canons made in King Edgar's reign, A.D. 960, we read, "Let no learned priest reproach him that is half-learned, but mend him, if he know how; and let no noble-born priest despise one of less noble birth. If it be rightly considered, all men are of one origin. Let every priest industriously advance Christianity, and extinguish heathenism, and forbid the worship of fountains, and necromancy, and auguries, and enchantments, and soothsayings, and false worship, and knavish tricks which are exercised by means of groves, and trees, and divers sorts of stones; as well as other idle delusions by which many are abused who ought not so to be." What the clergy generally taught may be learned from the Capitula of Theodulf, written about the end of the eighth century in France, promulgated anew in England in the year 994, where it is said, "A man is commanded to love his Lord with all his heart, soul, and strength, and his neighbour as himself; that he keep the commandments, honour all men, and renounce his fleshly lusts; that he feed the hungry, clothe the naked, visit the sick, bury the dead, help those that are in straits, comfort the sorrowful, and

always arm and defend himself as far as he may against worldly words and worldly deeds, and have no deceit in his heart, and give the kiss of peace to none unless he have full peace with him in his heart; and retain anger against no man beyond the going down of the sun; and desist not from the love of God and man; and swear not at all, lest he should forswear, and always speak the truth from his heart, and repay to none evil for evil, give no provocation, and love his enemy out of love to God; not to be given to gluttony or drinking, or sleeping, or murmuring, or censuring; let him place all his hope in God, and when he does what is good, let him attribute that to God. Let him always bear doomsday in his mind, and dread hell-punishments, and with all spiritual eagerness let him covet everlasting life; and if any evil thoughts come into his mind, let him forthwith confess them to his ghostly physician, that is his shrift; and let him consider the sufferings of our Lord, how he made all creatures, out of his humility, and condescended so far, that for our behoof he was hanged on the rood, and how both his feet and hands were run through with nails: and with such meditations he may expel all evil thoughts out of his mind. He should pray for himself twice a day at least, morning and evening; let him thank God for his daily food, and that he hath made him in his own likeness, and distinguished him from the beasts; and having thus worshipped his Creator only, let him call upon the saints, and pray that they would intercede for him to God; first to St. Mary, and afterwards to all God's saints; and let him arm his forehead with the holy rood-token; and it behoves every Christian that can do it, to come to church on Saturday, and bring a light with him, and there hear evensong and nocturns, and come in the morning with an offering to high mass. Let him

daily fulfil God's will in his actions; let him love purity, avoid all self-exaltation, honour the old, and love the young with a Christian affection, and pray for his enemies, and never despair of God's mercy." This is the ghostly craft inculcated by the clergy in what the moderns call the "dark ages." Among these capitula we read, "mass-priests are to have a school of learners in their houses; and if any good man will commit his little ones to them, they ought gladly to accept them, and teach them at free cost."

Fleury says that it was in the seventh century, when the barbarians were first admitted into holy orders, that bishops and priests became hunters and warriors. Canons were immediately published against them;[1] to wear armour and appear in battle subjected a priest or bishop, by one council, to imprisonment on bread and water; by another, to sentence of anathema. St. Basil even advised the faithful, who had been present in just battles, to refrain from receiving the holy eucharist for three years. Charlemagne, at the request of Pope Adrian I, expressly forbade bishops and priests to appear in arms; and by a law, no layman was permitted to appear at mass or at vespers in arms pertaining to war. The king alone was allowed to wear a sword in the church by a council in 1022.[2] In the diocese of Milan, no curate could even keep arms in his house without leave of the bishop. Even during the crusades, the popes never relaxed these laws forbidding arms to the clergy. In the romance of Huon de Bordeaux, the Abbat of Clugni laments his inability to defend Huon when they are attacked by the conspirators, saying, "Ha beau neveu, regardez que vous ferez et n'ayez en moy fiance d'etre secouru, car bien sçavez que nullement je ne vous puis en ce cas aider; je suis prestre

[1] III Discours sur l'Hist. Eccléss. [2] Con. Salingestad. 8.

qui sers à Jesus Christ, nullement je ne puis estre où homme soit occis ou mis à mort par glaive." However, there were many examples of ecclesiastics who evaded or neglected the laws of the Church. The Archbishop of Mainz, in the reign of Frederick I, is a striking instance; and others may be found without difficulty. At one period of the crusades, there were present in arms the Archbishops of Ravenna, Pisa, Canterbury, Besançon, Nazareth, Montreal, and the Bishops of Beauvais, Salisbury, Cambrai, Ptolemais, and Bethlehem. Under the Norman kings of England, the prelates had castles. The Bishop of Winchester had his castles of Wolvesey, Farnham, Taunton, Merden, Waltham, and Dównton; and Roger, Bishop of Salisbury, in the reign of Henry I, had one of the most beautiful castles in Europe at Devizes; and the Bishop of Lincoln had his castles of Newark and Sleaford. Some allowance should perhaps be made from a consideration of the constant danger to which society was then exposed. And, after all, what men were many even of these warlike bishops? Read the account of Henry de Blois, nephew to the Conqueror and Bishop of Winchester: observe his greatness of soul, his constant prayers, his holy death.[1] The existence of other abuses, however, is undoubted. Upon the complaint of the Abbat, Hugues V, of St. Germain des Prés, Pope Alexander III authorized him to refuse receiving the Archbishop of Sens, if he should make his visitation with more than forty-four persons and forty horses.[2] The third Council of Lateran decreed that archbishops should be limited to fifty horses, cardinals to twenty-five, bishops to thirty, archdeacons to seven, deans to two. By the fourth Council of

[1] Vide Milner's Hist. of Winchester, vol. I, 222.
[2] Hist. de l'Abbaye de St. Germain, p. 97.

Lateran, abbats on a journey were allowed six horses and eight men; but Pope Nicholas IV allowed sixteen horses to the abbats of Clugni. The laws against hunting prove the existence of this abuse among the clergy. For this offence bishops were to be suspended from communion for three months. In A.D. 1128, even the Knights Templars were forbidden to hunt.[1] Celestine III delegated the Bishop of Lincoln and two other prelates to inquire into the conduct of the Archbishop of York, because "venatione, aucupio, et aliis militaribus curis inutiliter occupatur." Clerks were, however, permitted to catch game in gins silently. The Abbat of St. Albans, and several others, and also bishops, had indeed right of chase, but it was for their servants. Similar canons were enacted in 1276, in the Council of Pont Audemer; in 1212, at Paris; in 1214, at Montpellier; in 1303, at Auch; and the Council of Nantes said, in 1264, "Statuimus ut prælati solliciti sint et intenti in puniendo clericos venatores, et præcipue presbyteros et religiosos, de quibus majus scandalum generatur." And the law of King Edgar says, "Docemus etiam ut sacerdos non sit venator, neque accipitrarius, neque potator; sed incumbat libris suis, sicut ordinem ipsius decet."[2] No dogs were to be kept in bishops' houses, lest they should terrify and tear the poor; the very reason which now occasions their being kept in many places. "Canes non habeat," says the canon, "ne forte qui in ea miseriarum suarum levamen habere confidunt, dum infestorum canum morsibus laniantur, detrimentum versa vice suorum sustineant corporum."[3] To be present at a public play subjected a priest to suspension for three years. They were forbidden also to appear

[1] Concil. Trecens. cap. 46. [2] Leges A. Sax. Wilkins, 86.
[3] Thomassin, III, lib. III, c. 42.

at tournaments; of which games one council says, "semper inania, nonnumquam cruenta." Cardinal Ximenes, indeed, was present at tournaments, but it was only to attend the king, who was sick, and who wanted amusement: he had the example of a holy bishop, St. Thomas, who, "licet hoc vetaret Ecclesiæ canon, ut Cosrois furorem molliret, certamen equorum in circo spectare non recusavit," as Evagrius says. Priests were forbidden to enter taverns, to play at chess, or dice, or football: however, by the Council of Trent, they were allowed, for the sake of health, to take any innocent exercise in private, and provided no money was at stake. The Greeks, at the end of the seventh century, were the first to neglect the canons of the early Church, and to permit the marriage of priests. In the ninth and tenth centuries, Fleury is of opinion that many ignorant priests of the Latin Church disobeyed the law of celibacy. But were we to collect examples of degeneracy in the darkest age, and with the utmost diligence, we should still have to rank them as exceptions. It is in vain to point at these, or at such an instance as that of the miserable Jean Petit, who made an odious harangue in apology for the murder of the Duke of Orleans. "If our Saviour," says Luis of Granada, "consented to be betrayed into the hands of sinful men, to execute the work of our redemption, why should he disdain now what he did not then? the sun contracts no impurity although it passes through the world's atmosphere."[1] And as for those of the clergy whose vices were concealed, Pope Nicholas says well of them, shewing that they can administer the sacraments, "that they are like lighted torches, which give light to others, but are themselves consumed." But we have still to observe the clergy in the character of

[1] Catech. IV, dialog. 10.

dispensers of the goods of the Church, which were considered as the patrimony of the poor.[1] The rule of St. Jerome was indeed severe, "optimus dispensator est qui nihil sibi reservat." Again, he says, "ignominia omnium sacerdotum est propriis studere divitiis." The bishop, aided by arch-priests and arch-deacons, was to take care of widows, pupils, and strangers; and the prayers and good works of these persons were enjoined for the good of the Church, "viduæ, quæ stipendio ecclesiæ sustentantur, tam assiduæ in Dei opere esse debent, ut et meritis et orationibus suis ecclesiam adjuvent." Thus St. Ambrose said, "Aurum ecclesia habet, non ut servet, sed ut eroget, et subveniat in necessitatibus."[2] St. Chrysostom says that the church at Antioch supported 3,000 widows and virgins, besides a multitude of captives, strangers, lepers, and all who served the altar.[3] Hence, at the Council of Agen, those who took possession of the goods of the Church were styled "slayers of the poor," "velut necatores pauperum." And by the Council of Tours, the bishop, priests, and all the inhabitants of each town, were to take care of the poor; "suum pauperem pascant; quo fiet, ut ipsi pauperes per civitates alias non vagentur." Bishops were to break up the church vessels to redeem captives, but only in case of urgent necessity. The first day of every month, Pope Gregory distributed among the poor, in vast quantities, his own corn, wine, cheese, lard, flesh-meat, fish, and oil, as John the deacon records.[4] Every day, for certain respectable poor, he had dishes taken from his own table; and once hearing of a poor man who had perished from hunger, he grieved as if he had been his murderer, and refrained from saying mass for many days. When a

[1] Thomassin, III, lib. III, c. 26.
[2] Offic. II, 28.
[3] In Matt. Hom. VII.
[4] II, 26.

bishop of the Anglo-Saxon church died, Wulfred's canons decreed that a tenth part of his substance should be given for his soul's sake in alms to the poor, of his cattle and herds, of his sheep and swine. In the consecration of bishops, the question is asked, "Vis pauperibus et peregrinis omnibusque indigentibus esse propter nomen Domini affabilis et misericors?" To which the bishop elect replies, "Volo." In short, the whole property of the Church throughout the world was considered as the patrimony of the poor, and every parish priest gave a fourth of his income in alms.[1] Blessed Elphegus, Archbishop of Canterbury, would not suffer himself to be redeemed from the Danes by the goods of the Church, saying, that he had rather suffer chains, torture, and death, than that the property of the poor should be expended in his concerns. By the Council of Oxford in 1222, it was decreed that heavy penalties were due if the remnants from the tables of the clergy, secular as well as regular, were not given to the poor. "Id præcipit lex humilitatis, ut ad Christi gloriam et ecclesiæ omnia referantur, jubet moderatio ut necessitati et decori serviatur, cum res pauperum in hanc pompam expendantur. Interest ad pauperum ipsorum salutem, ut religio, qua sustentantur, sustentetur et fulciatur ipsa, populorum in prælatos maxime observantia, et aliis rationibus nonnullis, quæ non sine sumptu aliquo expediuntur." The Church possessed goods in the time of the Apostles. Before Constantine it had lands and magnificent temples. In his reign it had the addition of first-fruits and tenths. Clement IV and VI, Urban V, Martin IV, Adrian VI, and Marcellus II, were illustrious examples of not attending to family connection in bestowing benefices. Nay, Adrian IV only recommended his poor mother to

[1] Thomassin, p. III, lib. III, 20.

the church at Canterbury, and Adrian VI sent back his relations who had come to Rome, hearing of his dignity, and left them to return on foot.[1] Portable altars consecrated by a bishop, were carried on a journey, lest there should be no church to celebrate mass in.[2] From the time of Constantine, churches were asylums: from the year 500 to 1000 this honour was universally continued to them.[3] The episcopal residence enjoyed the same privilege; some crimes were, however, exempted by the Greeks and by Charlemagne; that is, no meat was allowed to the man who had fled to sanctuary, so that he was compelled to come out. The crosses in the public ways enjoyed the same privilege. In France these asylums existed till the edict of Francis I, in 1539. When the bishops were upon a journey, a bell was sounded to advise all to approach and receive a blessing.[4] Great care was taken that benefices might be conferred on the most worthy.[5] Sometimes a less holy man possessed other talents, which made him more eligible. In the twelfth century, a gross abuse prevailed of boys having ecclesiastical dignities.[6] This was gradually corrected by various councils in the twelfth, thirteenth, and fourteenth centuries. By the Council of Trent, no one under twenty-five could receive care of souls. Precedence among priests was regulated by the date of their ordination, but this only was to be observed in public ceremonies, not in private life, says Thomassinus, where humility is the chief of virtues.[7] The simplicity of bishops was great. A bishop came from Scotland to the third Lateran Council with only one horse; another came from the same country on foot, and with only one companion; and a bishop

[1] Thomassin, p. III, lib. II, 46.
[2] Ibid. I, lib. II, c. 25.
[3] Ibid. II, lib. III, 97.
[4] Ibid. II, lib. III, 64.
[5] Ibid. II, lib. I, 37–40.
[6] Ibid. I, lib. II, 70.
[7] Ibid. I, lib. I, 44.

came from Ireland, whose annual revenue consisted of the produce of three cows which his diocesans gave him.[1] The Knights Templars followed the rule of the canons regular of St. Augustine. From Easter to Allhallows they were allowed to wear linen. Hospitals were under the superintendence of bishops.[2] There were hospitals also in monasteries, served by the monks. During the first three centuries, there were no country churches, nor any in cities, excepting the cathedral,[3] where was but one altar, at which the bishop presided; but in the fourth century, many other churches were built in Alexandria and Rome. It was, perhaps, with some view to this, that St. Hugh, Bishop of Lincoln, with his people, meeting a robber who was going to be executed, ordered him to be set free and absolved, saying that he and his people formed a church, and therefore, in this instance, he possessed the privilege of asylum. By the fourth Council of Carthage, laymen were exhorted to apply to bishops rather than go to law. For the history of investitures, Thomassinus may be consulted;[4] and also Dr. Milner, in his History of Winchester.[5] When you read in the ancient canons that none were to be ordained unless noble, it means that slaves and bondsmen were irregular. Till the middle of the fourth century, the bishops preached extempore without art. The oldest composed sermons extant are those of St. Gregory Nazianzen. Short-hand writers took down his sermons, as also those of St. Chrysostom and St. Augustine. About the time of Charlemagne, when the Latin tongue was no longer understood, excepting among the higher classes, the councils admonished the bishops to

[1] Thomassin, III, lib. I, 30.
[2] Ibid. I, lib. II, 89.
[3] Ibid. I, lib. II, 21.
[4] Ibid. II, lib. II, 38.
[5] Vol. I, p. 203.

preach in the vulgar tongue.[1] Priests had license to preach earlier in the East than the West.

The clergy were recommended not to appear at the feasts of great nobles; and the precept was, "Denique si magistratuum et procerum gratiam, non aliter quam dedecorando ministerio suo demereri possint, multo præstabilius est ut ea funditus careant.[2] Judex sæculi plus deferet clerico continenti quam diviti, et magis sanctitatem tuam venerabitur quam opes." The frugality of the clergy was indeed great.[3] St. Augustine had meat for his guests, and also wine; but he only ate vegetables. Something holy was always read when he dined. However, St. Ambrose at Milan, and St. Martin at Tours, used to entertain all great men and prefects who passed by. St. Ambrose, indeed, said, that it became all ecclesiastics to decline the invitations of secular men, because their entertainments gave rise to gluttony, idle talking, and pride. The immense subject of ecclesiastical hospitality is fully discussed in Thomassinus.[4] Guests, on arriving, were invited to prayer; then portions from the divine law were read to them, that they might be edified. Afterwards they were shewn all humanity. The canon of the sixth Council of Paris began thus: "Cum ergo hospitalitas in tremendi examinis die ab æterno judice sit remuneranda, qui dicturus est, Hospes fui, et non collegistis me, &c. et ob id ab omnibus Christianis summopere sit sectanda." But even parish priests in the country were invited to receive strangers with hospitality, and were to exhort their flocks to practise this virtue. So that the monasteries, the bishops' houses, and the curates' houses, were so many inns where all strangers might be received.

[1] Thomassin, II, lib. III, 85.
[2] Ibid. III, lib. III, 34.
[3] Ibid. 34–41.
[4] Ibid. III, lib. III, 47.

Luitprand relates, that at the table of the Emperor Nicephorus, at Constantinople, homilies of the holy Fathers used to be read aloud. The monastery of Clugni was renowned for its hospitality. Hugues, the abbat, out of gratitude to Alfonso, king of Spain, decreed, that every day a table should be laid in the refectory apart for him, as if he were to dine there, and what was served to it was to be given to one of the poor of Christ. St. Charles Borromeo, while he entertained great men, took care to use every means that might recall them to piety and virtue; twice he received Andrew Bathori, nephew to Stephen King of Poland, with his retinue of fifty horsemen; and this was the great end of episcopal hospitality to the great, "ut in eorum pectora instillent fidei lumina et virtutum amorem."[1] Respecting the charge which has been brought against the clergy, founded on their disputes with the civil power, I shall only observe, that the faults and crimes of the latter have been too little taken into account by most of the writers who have declaimed on this subject. We are tempted to forget the offences of such men as Crillon, who used to give 1,000 livres to the poor every month; but what can be said in excuse for the simoniacal profligacy of the king, Henry II, who had enabled him to do so, by rewarding him with a rich benefice and some bishoprics? St. Paul had claimed from a heathen his rights as a Roman citizen; and why were not the clergy, living among Christians, to remonstrate when justice and religion were outraged in their regard? And though much may be said in censure of Simon Langton, Archbishop of Canterbury, for extorting, sword in hand, justice and right from King John, I do not understand on what ground

[1] Thomassin, III, lib. III, c. 49.

St. Thomas of Canterbury can be condemned for defending the very same justice and right against his father Henry, by mere spiritual weapons and course of law. Enough has now been stated respecting the duties which were discharged by the secular clergy. The conclusion from the whole is, that the essential qualifications for this order were piety and love. "Jesus Christ," says Fénelon,[1] "must demand of you, as he did of St. Peter, '*Lovest thou me?*' And you must make answer, not with your lips, but from your heart, '*Yea, Lord, thou knowest that I love thee*'; then you will deserve that he should say unto you, 'Feed my sheep.'"

IX. But we must now withdraw still further from the scenes of secular life, and visit those holy hermits and those venerable monks who, in their deserts and their cloisters, contributed so much to promote the virtue of the world, and to throw an air of holiness and solemnity over the most interesting period in the modern annals of mankind; and though from an early attachment to monastic institutions, contracted in consequence of much experience of their beauty and their excellence, I may be induced to dwell upon them at some length, the subject, I am willing to believe, will not seem tedious to any reader, "propter ipsam dulcedinem pacis, quæ omnibus cara est."

With men of this blessed order, knights were familiarly acquainted. The description of monks and hermits in the Morte d'Arthur, and in other books of chivalry, is very interesting. How warmly the affections of every reader are excited by the good old hermit, in the romance of Amadis, who educates Galaor! They are always spoken of as "the good men," and every virtue is ascribed to them. How amiable is even the friar who acts so

[1] In his letter to the Elector of Cologne.

dubious a part in Romeo and Juliet! and when Hero is accused by Leonato before the assembled company, who does not love the friar, who alone rises to speak in her defence?

> Hear me a little,
> For I have only been silent so long,
> And given way unto this course of fortune,
> By noting of the lady: I have marked
> A thousand blushing apparitions start
> Into her face; a thousand innocent shames
> In angel-whiteness bear away those blushes;
> And in her eye there hath appeared a fire
> To burn the errors that these princes hold
> Against her maiden truth.—Call me a fool;
> Trust not my reading, nor my observations,
> Which with experimental seal doth warrant
> The tenor of my book; trust not my age,
> My reverence, calling, nor divinity,
> If this sweet lady lie not guiltless here,
> Under some biting error.[1]

Shakspeare, however, has the art of describing in few words the perfection of these holy men. Thus, when Duke Frederick pursues his brother to the forest of Arden:

> And to the skirts of this wild wood he came;
> Where, meeting with an old religious man,
> After some question with him, was converted
> Both from his enterprise and from the world.[2]

But in the few words which follow, the friar seems to stand before us,

> Bound by my charity and my blessed order,
> I come to visit the afflicted spirits
> Here in the prison.

—the friar, such as I have often known, and such as Forsyth describes, who, though a zealous disciple of the moderns, confesses, in his Travels in

[1] Shakspeare, Much Ado about Nothing, IV, 1.
[2] As You Like It, V, 4.

Italy, that "in hospitals, in prisons, on the scaffold, in short, wherever there is misery, you find Franciscans allaying it." We shall meet with many instances in history and romance where knights, kings, and emperors have sought in the cloister a refuge from the misery of the world. When Sir Launcelot recovered from his swoon caused by the wound in his side, he cried out, "O Lauayn, helpe me, that I were on my hors, for here is fast by, within this two myle, a gentyl heremyte, that somtyme was a fulle noble knyghte, and a grete lord of possessions. And for grete goodenes he hath taken hym to wylful poverte, and forsaken many landes, and his name is Sire Baudewyn of Bretayn, and he is a ful noble surgeon and a good leche." And the hermit says of himself, "for somtyme I was one of the felauship of the round table; but I thanke God, now I am otherwyse disposed." "And thenne anone the hermyte staunched his blood, and made hym to drynke good wyn; so that Sir Launcelot was wel refreshed, and knewe hymself. For in these days it was not the guyse of heremytes as is now a dayes. For there were none heremytes in tho dayes, but that they had ben men of worshyp and of prowesse; and tho heremytes held grete housholde, and refresshyd peple that were in distresse." Sir Launcelot himself ends his life in a hermit's habit. After taking leave of the queen, "he rode alle that daye and alle that nyghte in a foreste, wepynge. And at the last he was ware of an hermytage, and a chappel that stode betwene two clyffes, and than he herd a lytel belle rynge to masse, and thyder he rode and alyghted, and teyed hys hors to the gate, and herde masse. And he that sange the masse was the byshop of Caunterburye. Bothe the byshop and Syr Bedwere knewe Syr Launcelot, and they spake togyder after masse:

but whenne Syr Bedwere hadde told hym his tale, Syr Launcelot's herte almost braste for sorowe; and Syr Launcelot threwe abrode hys armour, and sayde, 'Allas, who may trust thys world!' And then he knelyd doune on hys knees, and prayd the byshop for to shryve him and assoile hym. And than he besoughte the bysshop that he might be his broder. Than the byshop sayde, 'I wylle gladly'; and than he putte an habyte upon Syr Launcelot, and than he served God day and nyghte with prayers and fastynges." In like manner Sir Bors comes to the chapel, and follows his example. So does Syre Galyhud, Syr Galyhodyn, Syr Bleoberys, Syr Vyllyars, Syr Clarrus, and Syr Gahalantyne. "And whan they sawe that Syr Launcelot had taken hym to such perfecyon, they had noo lyste to departe, but toke such an habyte as he had. Thus they endured in grete penaunce vi yeres, and thanne Syr Launcelot toke the habyte of preesthode, and a twelvemonethe he sange mass."

Some years ago, when I visited the convent of the Grande Chartreuse in Dauphiny, one of the fathers was pointed out to me as having been once a general officer in the French army, and a member of several high military orders. A French lady of rank, who travelled in Spain in the seventeenth century, has related a curious instance of this abandonment of the world for the service of the altar, which fell under her own observation. The morning after her arrival at Alava, a town in Castile, she went to the church to hear mass. "I espied a hermit who had the air of a person of quality, and yet begged alms of me with such great humility, that I was greatly surprised at it. Don Ferdinand having notice of it, drew near, and said to me, 'The person whom you behold, madam, is of an illustrious family and of great merit, but his fortune has been very unhappy.'

Upon my requesting that he would satisfy my curiosity, he replied, 'that he would endeavour to prevail upon him to relate his own adventures': he left me, and went to embrace him with the greatest civility and tenderness. Don Frederic de Cardonne and Don Esteve de Carvagal had already accosted him as their old acquaintance. They all earnestly entreated that he would come to them when mass was over: he as earnestly excused himself; and being told that I was a stranger, and very desirous of hearing from his own lips what had induced him to turn hermit, he appealed to the company, saying, 'Do us justice, and judge you whether it is fit for me to relate such particulars in this habit which I wear?' They confessed that he was in the right to decline it. The substance of his history, which was then related by these gentlemen, was as follows: 'His mistress, one of the most beautiful women in Spain, had been stabbed by his rival, who then made his escape. Don Lewis de Barbaran, for that was the hermit's name, one of the finest gentlemen in the world, and of the first family, had pursued the murderer over half Europe, traversing Italy, Germany, Flanders, and France. It was on his return to Valencia, while still breathing out vengeance against his enemy, that his conscience was awakened by Divine grace to a sense of the vanity and wickedness of his own heart. From that moment his ardour for revenge was changed into a desire of repentance and of religious consolation; he returned to Sardinia, where he sold his paternal estates, which he divided among his friends and the poor. It was upon a mountain near Madrid where he first established his hermitage; but his health declining, he was prevailed upon to draw nearer the abode of men, and to reside in a convent within the walls of this town.'" The lady desired the gentlemen to present her compliments to Don Lewis, and

to give him two pistoles. Don Ferdinand and his friends gave the same sum. "Here," they said, "is wherewith to enrich the poor of the province; for Don Lewis never appropriates such great alms as these to himself." "We told him," continues the lady, "that he was the master, and might dispose of the money as he pleased."

Thus, when Sir William of Deloraine comes by night to the Abbey of Melrose, as he and the monk are waiting in the church for the moon to shine upon the grave of Michael Scot,

> Again on the knight looked the churchman old,
> And again he sighed heavily;
> For he had himself been a warrior bold,
> And fought in Spain and Italy.
> And he thought on the days that were long since by,
> When his limbs were strong and his courage was high.

Herluin, the founder and first abbot of Bec, in Normandy, had been considered in his youth, by all the great families of Normandy, as one of the first knights for all chivalry, and knowledge, and beauty of person; but now did he labour with his own hands in building the monastery. He learned the rudiments of letters at the age of forty, and "used to study the Holy Scriptures by night."[1] Guillaume de Poitiers, whose life of William the Conqueror is so interesting, had been a warrior, and had fought in many of the battles he describes. He took holy orders from disgust of the world, and became chaplain to William. His book is full of humanity and good sense. For a long time after the battle of Nancy, it was said that Charles the Bold had been seen by many persons travelling across the country in the garb of a hermit, and that he was doing penance for seven years.[2] The hero of the romance Ogier le Danois, printed at Paris in 1498,

[1] William of Jumiége, VI, 9.
[2] Villeneuve, Hist. de René d'Anjou, III, 324.

is not an imaginary person. He is said by some to have come from Friesland, and by others to have been the son of a king of Denmark. He was, for certain, one of the first lords of the kingdom of Carloman, brother of Charlemagne, who gave him the command of his army. After distinguishing himself in many battles, he became a monk, along with his companion Benedict, in the Abbey of St. Faron, of Meaux, where, at the end of the last century, might be seen his tomb, a sabre, and an old straight sword, weighing five pounds and a quarter, which belonged to him. His adventures were first written in Latin, with the title "Conversio Othgerii militis et Benedicti ejusdem socii";[1] and afterwards were twice put into French verse by Raymbert de Paris and Adenez. The prose translation is of the 15th century. The author of the Fleur des Histoires d'Orient was an Armenian, nephew to the king of that country, named Hayton, who, having been baptized with all his family, made war against the Mohammedans for a considerable time. Hayton served in these wars, and was rewarded with the lordship of Gourchy; but peace being at length effected, he indulged his love for devotion, and became a monk in Egypt, whence he was sent by his superiors to Pope Clement V, then at Avignon, who induced him to write his memoirs, and made him abbat of a monastery in Poitiers, where he composed his book, in the year 1305. I find in the Bibliothèque Instructive, by De Bure, a book thus entitled, "L'Ordre de Chevalerie, composé par ung Chevalier lequel en sa vieillesse fut hermite."[2] Brother Gobert, who served God in a Cistercian monastery of Brabant, had been a great knight in his day. He had entered this house after making

[1] MS. of St. Germain des Prés, No. 1607.
[2] Lyon, 1510.

a pilgrimage to Jerusalem, and to St. James of Compostella. He is described as having been "vir potens in omni virtute secundum sæculum, corpore robustus, aspectu tremebundus, verbo terribilis, præpotens viribus, quasi comes famosissimus; se a laicis amplexibus subduxit," and after renouncing the world, as having become a man of God, "pensans mundanam militiam et omnem mundi gloriam esse ut pulverem ante faciem venti."[1]

Eberhard, Count of Berg, was so touched with compunction for a sin he had committed in war in Brabant, that on his return homewards from that expedition, having disguised himself in mean apparel, he set out at midnight, and, unknown to any one, performed a penitential pilgrimage to Rome and Compostella. After his return, he hired himself in the same spirit of penance to keep swine under the lay-brothers, in a farm belonging to the Abbey of Morimond. Some years had elapsed, when a servant of two officers who had been under his command in the army, coming to this farm to inquire the road, knew him by his voice and features, and went in surprise and told his masters, who rode up to the place; and though he at first strove to disguise himself, they knew him to be the Count, and dismounting, embraced him with tears of joy, and all possible marks of respect. The abbat, hearing of the discovery, came down to the farm, and learned the history from the holy penitent's own mouth, who confessed his sin to him with a flood of tears. The abbat persuaded him to take the religious habit. Evrard received the advice with great humility and joy; and, acknowledging himself most unworthy, made his monastic profession. About the same time he founded the abbey of Einberg in Germany, and that of Mount

[1] Hist. Monasterii Villariensis, II, 2, in Marteni Thesauro.

St. George in Thuringia: this was in 1142. Gottfried, Count of Westphalia, retired from the world, and became a monk under St. Norbert. Thibaud, Count of Champagne, wished to follow his example; but St. Norbert represented to him that he could be of more use with his vast possessions and holy purposes, by continuing to govern his domains as God had designed.[1] Frère Ange de Joyeuse, a Capuchin friar, the friend of St. Francis de Sales, had been a duke and mareschal of France. Brother Nicholas von der Flue, a native of the canton of Unterwalden, had been a great captain in the Swiss wars, distinguished for valour and humanity: he had married, and was the father of ten children. Finally he became a hermit, and retired into the deep sequestered valley of Ranfft, where I have seen his little chapel, and his poor hermitage adjoining, shaded by thick trees, and almost overhung by immense rocks, with a clear brook running at the bottom. It was from this cell that he came forth, and presented himself like an apparition before the council of the contending cantons assembled at Stantz; and there, by his moving eloquence and holy aspect, he restored peace, and saved his country. In the year of our Lord 1185, the monastery of San Pedro de Cardeña, where the body of the Cid Campeador lay, was governed by an abbat whose name was Don Juan. He was a good man, and a Hidalgo, and stricken in years: he had been a doughty man in arms in his day, as was well shewn at the time when he recovered the booty which King Don Sancho was carrying away. All the world has heard of the renowned Sir Guy, or William, Earl of Warwick, how he became a hermit, and died in a cave of craggy rock, a mile distant from Warwick.

[1] Hist. des Comtes de Champagne, tom. I, 188.

At length to Warwick I did come,
Like pilgrim, poor, and was not knowne;
And there I lived a hermit's life,
A mile and more out of the towne,
Where, with my hands, I hewed a house
Out of a craggy rock of stone,
And lived like a palmer, poore,
Within that cave myself alone.

When Tirante the White arrived at his hermitage, the noble hermit was engaged in the perusal of L'Arbre des Batailles, of which he proceeded to read him a chapter; and on dismissing his guest, he made him a present of the book, to be his manual. On another occasion, he was overjoyed at hearing Tirante and Diofebo talk of chivalry; and these brave knights spent ten days in his cell, relating adventures, and hearing the good advice of the holy father. In the Book of Heroes, Wolfdietrich resigns the empire to his son, and proceeds to the monastery of Tustkal, dedicated to St. George, which stood at the very farthest extremity of Christendom. Here, laying his arms and his golden crown upon the altar, he became a monk, and led a most holy life, though he had an occasion once more to take up arms and defend the abbey. Humbert, after contemplating the deserts of the Chartreuse from the summit of Saint Eynard, resigned the crown of Dauphiné to devote himself to a religious life. Clodoald, or St. Cloud, the grandson of Clovis, was a royal hermit, who lived in the depths of the forest in the country which yet bears his name. In Perceforest, the hermit Pergamon, who lived in the forest near Pedrac, had been the only knight who escaped from Troy: he came with Brutus to Great Britain, where he was a renowned knight; and he loved all brave men so, that he would ride a hundred leagues to see one. At length he married, and had children, and gave them his lands, and became a knight in

prowess of soul, to serve God in retirement: so he withdrew into this deep wood, and lived in solitude forty years, with only two servants; one to kill venison, and the other to dress it. When his nephews and nieces all came to see him, he received them graciously. They saluted him, saying, "Sire, Dieu vous doint sa grace et bonne vie." He replied, "Seigneurs, si j'avoye sa grace, je auroye bonne vie"; and then, weeping for joy, he kissed them all, one after another; and though this was his alternate day of fasting, yet would he now eat, "par charité"; and then he advised his nephews, saying, "Vous venez du lignage dont sont issus maints bons chevaliers preux et hardis; or faictes tant que vous ressemblez vostre bon lignage." Here, again, there is an ancient warrior become hermit, who does not seem to have forgotten his temporal chivalry; fer Pergamon goes to see the tournament. It was such instances which made the Church rather unwilling to receive knights into holy orders. For the first five centuries, soldiers could not be ordained:[1] however, when the Emperor Mauritius, by an absurd and impious usurpation of spiritual authority, forbade any to be admitted among the clergy, or into monasteries, who had been in the military service, St. Gregory the Great made the strongest remonstrance against his edict, saying, "It is not agreeable to God: seeing by it the way to heaven was shut to several; for many cannot be saved unless they forsake all things." The Emperor, though much displeased, consented to such mitigations as the Pope pointed out. It was required that a careful examination should be instituted as to their motives for taking holy orders; and they were not allowed to profess, till after a novitiate of three years. If, after becoming monks,

[1] Thomassin, II, I, 66.

they led a holy life, the Pope allowed them to be ordained priests. This was a happy and wise conclusion; for if men in holy orders should be weaned from the love of this world, and practically convinced of the truths which they have to announce, the experience of an active life may be a useful qualification for those who undertake this sacred office. "Apres tout, il n'y a de vraie jóie que celle d'aimer Dieu," was the lesson derived from a long acquaintance with the world, and not from mere study and reflection; therefore it would be wrong to discourage those who may have purchased this great advantage from applying it to so excellent a purpose; for what is learning, in comparison with this holiness and wisdom? But to proceed with examples:—Sir Baldwin Montfort having become a widower, betook himself to a religious life in the 39th year of King Henry VI. He gave to Simon, his son and heir, the manor of Hampton in Arden, reserving only for himself wherewithal to nourish another priest and six children, celebrating divine service for the rest of his life, and styling himself "Knight and Priest." He died in the 14th year of Edward IV. Gaston II, Count of Foix, father of the celebrated Gaston Phœbus, was buried in the abbey of Bolbonne, in Spain, in the mónastic habit, after a life of military renown. The example of Charles V is too memorable to be passed over; and the circumstances of his retirement have been so disguised by English writers, that I conceive the reader will be pleased with a few sentences from the original authorities. Godelevæus[1] says that the emperor was partly actuated by the desire of imitating his predecessors, Lothaire, Theodosius III, Michael Curopalates, Alexius, Manuel Comnenus, John Cantacuzenus, and John Palæologus; but the

[1] Apud Goldast. in Politica Imperiali.

continuator of Mariana ascribes to him the saying, "Sibi Deoque in posterum victurus, ut procul negotiis reliquum vitæ pietatis studiis daret, seque ad supremum certamen, quod jam imminere videbat, mature accingeret." Looking upon his son Philip, he burst into tears, saying, "that he pitied the lot of his dearest son, because he was about to sustain such a burden."[1] Godelevæus says that he had made up his mind to retire from the world thirty years before he put his plan in execution; and Strada also says, that he was resolved upon it at the period of his greatest glory, which was about ten years before. It has been said that he repented having abdicated; but the testimony of Strada is strong to warrant a contrary opinion: "Mihi certe in dicta factaque Caroli, toto illo privatæ vitæ biennio inspicienti, libellosque et commentarios super eo secessu cum cura et ratione volutanti, nusquam profecto vestigium ullum ejusmodi pœnitentiæ compertum est."[2] His monastery was not far from Plasencia, in a valley surrounded with rocks and woods, remarkable for its delicious climate, and for the beauty of its scenery, its hills, fountains, and rivers. It was here where Sertorius is said to have been slain. Strada gives a minute description of his cells and garden: "There were in all six or seven cells, twenty feet in length and breadth, whence there was a view, and an entrance into the garden, which was watered by a fountain, with flowers and apples, oranges and lemons, growing close to the windows. Thus nature easily returns to its state and stature, if ambition, which inflated and disarranged it, should die away: and truly, whoever had observed his greatness of soul in resigning such an immense empire over sea and land, or his constancy in that mode of life which he adopted

[1] Lib. V, 197. [2] Lib. I, 5.

within that cloister, during those two years which his victory lasted, or the holiness of his end, at which he did not arrive by a sudden fall, but after intense meditation, and, what is most difficult, ordaining his death while alive; such a man will be of opinion that it was not a light or unworthy cause which moved the emperor, but that it was a pious motive, and evidently from heaven." So far Strada; and to the like effect concludes Godelevæus. "This action of Charles V, by which he abdicated empire, is a most beautiful and memorable example of the utmost modesty and humility, which should remind all kings and princes that they will have to render an account to God as soon as they depart from the world; that they should study to be of service to mankind; that they should devote themselves to God and to the Divïne worship, embracing continence of life, temperance, and charity; so that, passing to those celestial countries from this miserable life, quasique lachrymarum valle, they may enjoy the vision of the great God and of his angels, along with holy kings and patriarchs, and faithful servants of Christ." [1]

Among remarkable conversions of great knights and warriors, there is not one more memorable than that of St. Ignatius Loyola. St. Ignatius was born 1491, in the castle of Loyola, in Guipuzcoa, a part of Biscay that reaches to the Pyrenean mountains. His father, Don Beltran, was lord of Oñez and Loyola, head of one of the most ancient and noble families in Spain. His mother, Mary Saez de Balde, was not less illustrious by her extraction. They had three daughters and eight sons. The youngest of all these was Iñigo, or Ignacio; he was well shaped, and in his childhood gave proofs of a pregnant wit, a discretion above his years; was

[1] P. 391.

affable and obliging, but of a warm and choleric disposition, and had an ardent passion for glory. I have seen his portrait by Titian, in the Earl of Hardwicke's house, at Wimpole; and a more sublime portrait does not exist in the world. He is painted with a long and dark visage, marked with much of benevolence, and with deep-sunk eyes of fire, which indicate somewhat more than an ordinary mortal.

——— οὐκ ἄν τίς μιν ἐρυκάκοι ἀντιβολήσας,
Νόσφι θεῶν, ὅτ' ἐσᾶλτο πύλας· πυρὶ δ' ὄσσε δεδήει.[1]

He was bred in the court of Ferdinand V of Aragon, in quality of page to the king, under the care and protection of Antonio Manriquez, duke of Najara, grandee of Spain, who was his kinsman and patron; and who, perceiving his inclinations led him to the army, took care to have him taught all the exercises proper to make him an accomplished officer. The love of glory, and the example of his elder brothers, who had signalized themselves in the wars of Naples, made him impatient till he entered the service. He behaved with great valour and conduct in the army, especially at the taking of Najara, a small town on the frontiers of Biscay; yet he generously declined taking any part of the booty, in which he might have challenged the greatest share. He hated gaming as an offspring of avarice, and a source of quarrels and other evils. He was dexterous in the management of affairs, and had an excellent talent in making up differences among the soldiers. He was generous, even towards enemies; but addicted to gallantry, and full of the maxims of vanity and pleasure. Though he had no learning, he made tolerably good verses in Spanish, having a natural genius for poetry. Charles V, who had succeeded King Ferdinand, was chosen emperor, and

[1] Il. XII, 465.

obliged to go into Germany. Francis I, king of France, having been his competitor for the empire, resented his disappointment, and became an implacable enemy to the house of Austria. He declared war against Charles, with a view to recover Navarre, of which Ferdinand had lately dispossessed Jean d'Albret, and which Charles still held, contrary to the treaty of Noyon, by which he was obliged to restore it in six months. Francis therefore, in 1521, sent a great army into Spain, under the command of André de Foix, younger brother of the famous Lautrec, who, passing the Pyrenees, laid siege to Pampeluña, the capital of Navarre. Ignatius had been left there by the viceroy, not to command, but to encourage the garrison. He did all that lay in his power to persuade them to defend the city, but in vain. However, when he saw them open the gates to the enemy, to save his own honour, he retired into the citadel with one only soldier, who had the heart to follow him. The garrison of this fortress deliberated likewise whether they should surrender, but Ignatius encouraged them to stand their ground. The French attacked the place with great fury, and with their artillery made a great breach in the wall and attempted to take it by assault. Ignatius appeared upon the breach, at the head of the bravest part of the garrison, and with his sword in his hand, endeavoured to drive back the enemy; but, in the heat of the combat, a shot from a cannon broke from the wall a bit of stone which struck and bruised his left leg. The garrison, seeing him fall, surrendered at discretion. The French used their victory with moderation, and treated the prisoners well, especially Ignatius, in consideration of his quality and valour: they carried him to the general's quarters, and soon after sent him, in a litter carried by two men, to the castle of Loyola, which was not far from Pampeluna. Being

arrived there, he felt great pain; for the bones had been ill set, as is often the case in the hurry after a battle. The surgeons, therefore, judged it necessary to break his leg again, which he suffered without any concern. But a violent fever followed the second setting, which was attended by dangerous symptoms, and reduced him to an extreme degree of weakness, so that the physicians declared that he could not live many days. He received the sacraments on the eve of the feast of Saint Peter and Paul, and it was believed he could not hold out till the next morning. Nevertheless, God, who had great designs of mercy upon him, was pleased to ordain otherwise. In the night, Ignatius had a vision, and he thought he saw St. Peter, to whom he always had a singular devotion, and that the apostle touched him. When he awoke he was out of danger, and his pains had left him. So that he ever after looked upon this recovery as miraculous, though he still retained the spirit of the world. After the second setting of his leg, the end of a bone stuck out under his knee, which was a deformity. Though the surgeons told him the operation would be very painful, he caused this protuberance to be cut off, merely that his boot and stocking might sit well; and he would neither be bound nor held, and scarce even changed countenance, whilst the bone was partly sawed and partly cut off. Because his right leg remained shorter than the left, he would be for many days together put upon a kind of rack, and with an iron engine he violently stretched and drew out that leg; but all to little purpose, for he remained lame his whole life after.

During the cure of his knee he was confined to his bed, though otherwise in perfect health; and finding the time tedious, he called for some books of romances, for he had been always much delighted

with fabulous histories of knight-errantry. None such being then found in the castle of Loyola, a book of the lives of our Saviour and of the Saints was brought him. He read them first only to pass away the time, but afterward began to relish them, and to spend whole days in reading them. He chiefly admired in the Saints their love of solitude and of the Cross. In the fervour of his good resolutions he thought of visiting the Holy Land, and becoming a hermit. But these pious notions soon vanished; and his passion for glory, and a secret inclination for a rich lady in Castile, again filled his mind with thoughts of the world; till, returning to the lives of the Saints, he perceived in his own heart the emptiness of all worldly glory, and that only God could content the soul. Taking at last a firm resolution to imitate the Saints in their heroic practice of virtue, he began to make use of those means which seemed most likely to secure it. During his midnight devotions, it is recorded that he had visions. Why should any man, professing Christianity, call such testimonies into question? Is it not expressly prophesied that young men should see visions? These visions, it is said, replenished his soul with spiritual delight, and made all sensual pleasure and worldly objects insipid to him ever after. The saint's eldest brother, who was then, by the death of their father, lord of Loyola, endeavoured to detain him in the world, and to persuade him not to throw away the great advantages of the honour and reputation which his valour had gained him. But Ignatius, being cured of his wounds, under pretence of paying a visit to the Duke of Najara, who had often come to see him during his illness, and who lived at Navarrete, turned another way, and, sending his two servants back from Navarrete to Loyola, went to Montserrat. This was a great abbey of near 300 Benedictine monks, of a reformed austere institute,

situated on a mountain of difficult access, about four leagues in circumference, and two leagues in ascent, in the diocese of Barcelona. There lived at that time in this monastery, a monk of great sanctity, named Jean Chanones, a Frenchman, who being formerly vicar-general to the bishop of Mirepoix, in the thirty-first year of his age resigned his ecclesiastical preferment, and took the monastic habit in this place. He lived to the age of eighty-eight years, watching great part of the night in prayer, dividing his whole time between heavenly contemplation and the service of his neighbours, and giving to all Spain an example of the most perfect obedience, humility, charity, devotion, and all other virtues. To this experienced director Ignatius addressed himself, and made his confession with abundance of tears. He then entered into vows, and dedicated himself with great fervour to the divine service. At his first coming to this place, he had bought, at the village of Montserrat, a long coat of coarse cloth, a girdle, a pair of sandals, a wallet, and a pilgrim's staff, intending, after he had finished his devotions there, to make a pilgrimage to Jerusalem. Disguised in this habit, he remained at the abbey. He received the blessed Eucharist early in the morning, on the feast of the Annunciation of our Lady in 1522; and on the same day left Montserrat for fear of being discovered, having given his horse to the monastery, and hung up his sword on a pillar near the altar, in testimony of his renouncing the secular warfare, and entering himself in that of Christ. He travelled with his staff in his hand, a scrip by his side, bareheaded, and with one foot bare, the other being covered because it was yet tender and swelled. He had bestowed his rich clothes on a beggar at his coming out of Montserrat. Three leagues from Montserrat is a large village,

called Manresa, with a convent of Dominicans, and a hospital without the walls for pilgrims and sick persons. Here Ignatius was received, and spent his time in the most austere devotion. It is certain that he met with many insults, which he bore with cheerfulness. The story of the fine suit of clothes given to the beggar at Montserrat, and the patience and devotion of the holy man, made him, however, soon to be received as some fervent penitent in disguise. To shun this danger he hid himself in a dark deep cave in a solitary valley, called the Vale of Paradise, covered with briers, half a mile from the town. It belongs not to this place to take notice of the spiritual trials which he here underwent; it must suffice to say that he triumphed over them. Too nice a worldly prudence may condemn the voluntary humiliations which he made choice of. But the wisdom of God is above that of the world, and the Holy Ghost sometimes inspires certain heroic souls to seek perfectly to die to themselves by certain practices which are extraordinary, and which would not be advisable to others. After a residence of ten months at Manresa, he left that place for Barcelona, where he took shipping, and in five days landed at Gaeta, whence he travelled on foot to Rome, Padua, and Venice, through villages, the towns being shut for fear of the plague. He spent the Easter at Rome, and sailed from Venice, touched at Cyprus, and landed at Jaffa; whence he went on foot to Jerusalem in four days. The sight of the holy places filled his soul with joy, and the most ardent sentiments of devotion; and he desired to stay there to labour for the conversion of the Mohammedans; but the Provincial of the Franciscans, by virtue of his authority from the Holy See over the pilgrims, commanded him to leave Palestine. St. Ignatius returned to Europe, and, upon arriving at Barcelona, commenced

his studies, and after this period his history belongs not to this place.[1]

It pleased the moderns in the sixteenth century to call in question the wisdom and importance of the monastic institutions, and to censure with severity those illustrious men who retired from the world to a life of penitence. "Yet those who condemned these abdications," says Dr. Milner, "as superstitious, when performed for the sake of religion, would extol it as an act of heroism, if grounded on a philosophic contempt of wealth and state, or on a preference of the calm pleasures of domestic life, or of studious retirement."[2] Every individual soul of man has its own particular vocation, and no man, and no society, has a right to oppose the inspiration of God. Many a monk, when reminded of his paternal possessions, might truly have replied in the words of Anaxagoras when he beheld the ruin of his estate, and said, "Non essem ego salvus, nisi istæ periissent." In some respects they exist from a principle as old as human nature. Sophocles describes one who, externally, is not unlike some Christian hermit; for Jocasta says, that as soon as Œdipus came to the throne, the only surviving attendant upon Laius when he was murdered begged of her

> ἀγρούς σφε πέμψαι κἀπὶ ποιμνίων νομάς,
> ὡς πλεῖστον εἴη τοῦδ' ἄποπτος ἄστεως.[3]

And when Œdipus makes the discovery of his own guilt, he declares that he is not worthy to live in a house, and so he says to Creon, ἔα με ναίειν ὄρεσιν.[4] Who will doubt but that in monasteries there have been some dark penitents, who had been permitted to have a near acquaintance with the doom of futu-

[1] Butler's Lives of the Saints, July 31.
[2] Hist. of Winchester, I, 104.
[3] Œd. Tyr. 753. [4] Œd. Tyr. 1438.

rity, and who felt constrained to a life of penance? Venerable Bede speaks of a monk who suddenly adopted, and then persevered in, a most rigid manner of life to his dying day, insomuch that when advised to relax a little, although silent, his looks and continued penance would give testimony that he had seen horrible things. When asked, "How can you persevere in such austerity?" he replied, "I have seen far greater austerity."[1] The moderns cannot conceive that all men should look with equal indifference, or that every man should adopt the same mode of evincing his veneration at the awful mysteries which encompass mortals. Guerricus, the Dominican, a great philosopher and physician, and afterwards a most famous divine, hearing the fifth chapter of Genesis read,—wherein are recounted the sons and descendants of Adam in these terms, "The whole life of Adam was 930 years, and he died; the life of his son Seth was 912 years, and he died"; and so of the rest,—began to think with himself, that if such great men, after so long an existence, ended in death, it was not safe to lose more time in this world, but so to secure his life, that losing it here, he might find it hereafter; and with this thought he entered into the order of St. Dominick, and became a most holy man. I must leave it to a monk to answer the objection which some may propose here. "Si dicis, non soli monachi ad salutem perveniunt; verum est. Sed qui certius, qui altius, illi qui solum Deum conantur amare; an illi, qui amorem Dei et amorem sæculi simul volunt copulare?"[2]

In like manner, Rowland was a knight, who having been present at a feast celebrated with great pomp, at night when he returned home, cried out

[1] De Gest. Anglorum, 5.
[2] S. Anselm, Epist. to his friend Henry, lib. XI, 29.

with much bitterness of spirit, "Where is the feast we had to-day? where is the glory of it?" His soul had no doubt been long prepared for this resolve; but it appeared to be only this consideration which made him change his life, and enter into religion. So again, when St. Francis Borgia, then Marquis of Lombay, accompanied the corpse of Doña Isabel, wife of the Emperor Charles V, to Granada, that spectacle of death so wrought upon him, that on returning to the court he resolved to serve for the future Him who could never die. In all these cases there was no option, but almost a necessity of embracing such a life. Hence the result was not sorrow and misery; but the very reverse. St. Bernard says of the monks of Clairvaux, that they drew from their poverty, fasts, and penances, such joy and spiritual comfort, that they began to fear lest God had given them their whole reward in this world; whereupon St. Bernard proved to them that the Holy Spirit did not communicate grief. Fleury remarks that the Egyptians and other ancient monks knew so well how to unite austerity with attention to health, that they often lived to be older than 100 years. The poverty of monks had been the object of ambition with the old sages, Aristides, Zeno, Anaxagoras, Crates, Æschines of Rhodes, &c. The death of the corrupt nature was not hidden from the heathen philosophers, and Plato affirmed that the sage should desire it.[1] The silence observed by some of the severe orders had been practised, as the means of perfecting wisdom, by some of the ancient sages and their pupils, such as the ἀκουστικοί of the Pythagoreans.[2] Diogenes Laertius says that Xenocrates used to spend one hour every day in silence.[3] The ancients approved

[1] Macrobius in Somn. Scip. I, 13. Brucker, Hist. Philos. II, I, 10. [2] Aul. Gell. lib. I, 9. [3] IV.

of Lucullus for retiring from public affairs. "How much happier," said they, "would it have been for Cicero if he had retired after the affair of Catiline; and for Scipio if he had furled his sails when he had added Numantia to Carthage! For there is a period when we should bid adieu to political contests; these, as well as those of wrestlers, being absurd when their strength and vigour of life are gone." And are Christians to be condemned for retiring, not to the Epicurean villas, baths, and cellars of Lucullus at Naples, but for meditation and prayer, for learning to be wise themselves, and to be able to instruct and console others? ἐν παντὶ δὲ μάλιστα φυλακτέον τὸ ἡδὺ καὶ τὴν ἡδονὴν, says Aristotle;[1] and are they Christians who condemn mortification? I know that in our age men have the art of reading the Scriptures without ever dreaming of drawing any inference from them respecting their own lives and conduct, and without even observing what they command; but the old Christians who had read St. Paul, and who had marked with St. Augustine what quality had been in common possessed by the precursor, the mother, and the beloved disciple of Jesus Christ, are not to be taxed with inconsistency or error for the opinions which they held respecting the discipline of a monastic life.[2] The monks, you say, were useless to society: so the true philosophers were said of old, ἀχρήστους ταῖς πόλεσι γιγνομένους.[3] But Socrates shews by a fine parable that the true pilot in the voyage of life, when the crew are drunk with wine, will be called by them μετεωροσκόπον τε καὶ ἀδολέσχην καὶ ἄχρηστόν σφισι· and so he concludes, "if men wonder that the lovers of wisdom are not honoured in a country, convince them ὅτι πολὺ ἂν

[1] Ethics, II, 9.

[2] Vide St. Justin Martyr, Apolog. XI, 62, for the opinion of the early Christians.

[3] Plato, de Repub. VI.

θαυμαστότερον ἦν εἰ ἐτιμῶντο." But this greater of wonders was nevertheless true in the middle ages; for the lovers of wisdom were then in honour. Still further, it may indeed be true that they were useless, but it was to them who were lost, who were incapable of deriving benefit from their ministry. You say, how could these men live without employment? They were employed in the education of youth, and in attendance upon the poor, and in maintaining the public worship of God. But is it for a Christian to think this objection conclusive, when Socrates thought no business of such importance as listening to the conversation of Lysias and Phædrus?[1] You talk of the sameness of monastic life! Is life in the world so varied?

> Non potius vitæ finem jacis atque laboris?
> ——— eadem sunt omnia semper.[2]

You are shocked at their utter and perpetual seclusion. You forget what they believed: "Simile est regnum cælorum thesauro abscondito." It mattered not that other persons saw it; not like other goods, which are good only so far as they are known by the world. Hear what a contemporary writer says,—a scholar and a philosopher. "When I hear or read the vulgar abuse so lavishly poured out, if ever a monk or convent is mentioned, I call to mind what the Egyptian king said to the Israelites,' 'Ye are idle, ye are idle; therefore ye say, Let us go and do sacrifice to the Lord.' To those who know not God, all worship of God is idleness."[3] But the origin of the monastic orders lies too deep in the heart of man for any influence of time or place to render feeling men insensible to their excellence. View Jeremy Taylor, at Portmore, near Lisburn,

[1] Plato, Phædrus. [2] Lucretius, III, 956.
[3] Guesses at Truth.

in Ireland, retiring for the purpose of prayer to Ram Island, in Lough Neagh, or to a smaller rock in Lough Bay; the first distinguished by the ruins of a monastery, and by one of those tall Round Towers of uncertain origin, which are a romantic feature in Irish scenery. Hear him express his conviction respecting the reforming agents, who built their palaces with church stones in the time of Henry VIII and Edward VI, that "God hath been punishing that great sin ever since; and hath displayed to so many generations of men, to three or four descents of children, that those men could not be esteemed happy in their great fortunes against whom God was so angry that he would shew his displeasure for a hundred years together." All this Jeremy Taylor says. How many weak and unstable men followed the change of the age with bitter regret and useless lamentations for what they lost and assisted to destroy! It is a curious passage in the Life of Herbert, by Izaac Walton, where he describes the imitation of midnight lauds which were kept up in the chapel at Mr. Ferrar's house, and where the honest fisherman says, "It is fit to tell the reader that many of the clergy" (he means the new ministers) "that were more inclined to practical piety and devotion than to doubtful and needless disputations, did often come to Gidding Hall and assist in these watches by night." View the illustrious Goethe, as he describes himself, "wandering in the woods, exclaiming, Oh, that we might inhabit these deep solitudes, and sanctify them by contemplation, and live apart from the world! Where else can we more honour the Deity than in these rustic temples, where there is need of no image? What greater homage can we render to him, than that which arises from the very bottom of our hearts after we have communed with nature?" Hear a young soldier, a pupil of the

moderns, describe his visit to the convent which is built at the top of the Cintra mountain, near Lisbon. A monk received him at the gate, and conducted him over the building. "It is secluded, utterly secluded from the world; yet here the eye may range over the vast Atlantic, far as the strength of mortal vision permits, or may rest on lovely vales and dark-bosomed glens far beneath. The ear too may catch on the one side the hoarse voice of the rising storm; or may listen on the other to those pleasing and sweet sounds which speak of rural occupation and of rural happiness. Oh, I can imagine many cases where the calm of a retired monastery would afford consolation to the wounded spirit."[1] Such were the feelings of Milton amidst the embowered lawns of Vallombrosa, of Gray in the solitude of the Chartreuse, of Johnson on the sea-beaten rock of Iona. To poets, indeed, these blessed institutions have been always dear. There was a charm even in the very names of convents. Take only those in Champagne, Val-secret, Sept-Fontaines, Belle-Eaux, Clairvaux. How could it be otherwise, since these religious scenes instantly recall what must always excite the imagination, —innocence and contemplation, holy ecstasies, the misfortunes of illustrious men, and lives freed from all base passion and vulgar interest? and also among these austere thoughts—what has not escaped the notice of one who eloquently describes them—the remembrance sometimes of a romantic love, highly poetical, as being accompanied with ideas of sorrow and absence, and religion which gave elevation to sentiment, purity to passion, and seraphic wings, and the hope of an everlasting reunion! For these hermits and monks were not ready to return to the world, and to their human

[1] Recollections of the Peninsula.

passions, as soon as the world smiled on them and their passions met with their former object, according to the profane and impious fictions which, on account of the sweetness of verse, have passed with the moderns for a poetical and true picture of the gentle hermit of the dale. The holy and innocent muse would not have delighted in these "comfortable" and worldly conclusions; but in the real monk and hermit she found her true children. Dante fixes upon a holy hermit of Florence, Piero Pettinagno, as one whose prayers were effectual:

> ——— Were it not
> The hermit Piero, touched with charity,
> In his devout oraisons thought on me![1]

He had himself spent some time in the hermitage of Pietro Damiano, whom he introduces with such beauty in the XXI Canto of Paradise:

> The stony ridge of Catria,
> ——— at whose foot a cell
> Is sacred to the lonely eremite,
> For worship set apart and holy rites.
> ——— Rich were the returns,
> And fertile, which that cloister once was used
> To render to these heavens.

When mentioning St. Francis and Assisi, he says,

> ——— Let none who speak
> Of that place say Ascesi; for its name
> Were lamely so delivered; but the East,
> To call things rightly, be it henceforth styled.

He beholds with joy in Paradise, Bernard, Egidius, Sylvester, St. Buonaventura, Hugh of St. Victor, Pietro Mangiadore, John XXI, Anselm, Bede, Richard, Sigebert, Isidore, Peter Lombard, Calabria's Abbot Joachim, Friar Thomas, Pietro Damiano, St. Benedict, Macarius, and Romoaldo:

[1] Purg. XIII, Carey.

And their brethren, who their steps refrained
Within the cloister, and held firm their heart.

Petrarch speaks with reverence of monks, calling them "the holy and simple friends of Christ."[1] He dates many of his letters from the Carthusian monastery at Milan, where he spent a summer. When his brother became a monk of the Chartreuse, at Montleux, he went to see him, and thus describes his visit: "My wishes are accomplished. I have at length arrived at what I have so long desired to behold. I have been in Paradise. I have seen angels of heaven in human bodies. Happy family of Jesus Christ! What raptures have I not felt in contemplating this sacred hermitage, this religious temple, which resounds with celestial harmony! I never spent so short a day or night. I came to look for one brother, and I found a hundred." Of the order of St. Francis he says, "I have such an affection for this order on account of its founder, that I fancy I belong to it." This attachment of poets was natural. They would have loved monks had they no other claim to poetic esteem but their love of nature and of solitude. "Oh, what a goodly thing it is," cries Caussin, "to talk face to face with those great forests which are born with the world, to discourse with the murmur of waters and the warbling of birds in the sweetness of solitude!"[2] "Believe me upon my own experience," said St. Bernard to those whom he invited into his order, "you will find more in the woods than in books; the forests and rocks will teach you what you cannot learn of the greatest masters." I like this better than what Socrates said: τὰ δένδρα οὐδέν μ' ἐθέλει διδάσκειν.[3] It was in solitary meditation on the sea shore that St. Justin Martyr had

[1] Famil. Epist. X, 12.
[2] Holy Court.
[3] Plato, Phædrus.

that affecting meeting with the eld sage, whom the Count of Stolberg piously believes to have been an angel. This union of the poetic and the devout feeling was displayed in great lustre by Father Luis de Leon, whom a modern writer[1] has described as being a holy man, a sublime Platonist, and an admirable poet. It was in his cloister that he composed what follows:

Oh, happy, happy he, who flies
Far from the noisy world away,
Who with the worthy and the wise
Hath chosen the narrow way;
The silence of the secret road,
That leads the soul to virtue and to God.

O streams, and shades, and hills on high,
Unto the stillness of your breast
My wounded spirit longs to fly,—
To fly and be at rest;
Thus from the world's tempestuous sea,
O gentle nature, do I turn to thee!

Be mine the holy calm of night,
Soft sleep and dreams serenely gay,
The freshness of the morning light,
The fulness of the day:
Far from the sternly frowning eye
That pride and riches turn on poverty.

The warbling birds shall bid me wake
With their untutored melodies,
No fearful dream my sleep shall break,
No wakeful cares arise,
Like the sad shades that hover still
Round him that hangs upon another's will.

Again in his Noche Serena, where he sings of the stars,

Who that has seen these splendours roll,
And gazed on this majestic scene,
But sighed to 'scape the world's control,
Spurning its pleasures poor and mean,
To burst the bonds that bind the soul,
And pass the gulf that yawns between?

[1] Edinburgh Review, No. 80.

"O solitudo beata," cries another monk, "ô ereme, mors vitiorum, vita virtutum, te lex et prophetæ mirantur, et quicumque ad perfectionem venerunt, per te in Paradisum introierunt; ô beata vita solitaria et contemplativa; quid ultra de te loquar? Ipse Dei Filius, Salvator et Magister noster, exemplum dedit nobis, fugiens in desertum et manens in solitudine." [1]

The story which Eusebius Nieremberg relates from Johannes Major leaves us in doubt which most to admire, the poet or the saint. A certain monk being at matins with the other religious of his monastery, and coming to that verse of the Psalm, "A thousand years in the presence of God are but as yesterday," he began to imagine with himself how it was possible; and remaining in the choir, as his manner was, after the end of matins, to finish his devotions, he humbly besought God to grant him the true understanding of that verse. After a time he perceived a little bird in the choir that was flying up and down before him, and by little and little, with her melodious singing, insensibly she drew him out of the church into a wood not far off, where, perching herself upon a bough, she for a short time, as it seemed to him, continued her music, to the unspeakable delight of the monk, and then flew away, leaving him sad and pensive. Finding that she came no more, he returned home, thinking it to be about tierce of the same day; but coming to the convent, he found the gate by which he was accustomed to enter closed up, and another opened in a different place. The reader need not be told the rest: the monk had been absent for 300 years. "If the music of a little bird," concludes the monk, "did so transport him, what will be the music of angels! what the clear vision of God!" [2]

[1] Pia Desideria, lib. II, p. 187.
[2] Temporal and Eternal.

In Ysaie le Triste we read how one clear moonlight evening, when a certain hermit had retired to his devotions, and was kneeling before the altar, his attention was distracted by the sound of delightful and unearthly music, which he heard at a distance in the forest. What is more affecting still,—since it is true history,—one night while watching in prayer on the mountains, near his flock, according to his custom, St. Cuthbert had a distinct intimation of the soul of St. Aidan being carried up to heaven by angels, at the very instant when that holy man departed in the Isle of Lindisfarne. Who that enjoyed any spark of imagination, and any perception of beauty, but must love the remembrance of such men as that monk of the golden Isles, who lived, towards the end of the fourteenth century, in the monastery of St. Honorat,[1] off the coast of Provence, in one of the Lerine islands, whence in the spring and autumn he used to go alone into one of the delicious islands of Hières, in which was a little hermitage amidst the leafy houses of birds, where he used to observe their beautiful plumage, and the different little animals which resorted there, that he might paint them in the margins of illuminated missals? René of Anjou possessed his book of Hours. Yoland of Aragon loved his company, "tant sage, beau et prudent il estoit," says C. Nostradamus. With what reverence does one read of St. Wiro, a holy Irish bishop, who travelled to Rome, and afterwards preached the faith of Christ to the Pagans in the Low Countries; Prince Pipin of Heristall, a great admirer of his sanctity, bestowing on him a lonely wood, called St. Peter's Mount, now St. Odilia, near the river Roer, a league from Ruremond, and repairing to him often barefoot to confess his sins,

[1] This celebrated abbey was founded about 401.

till, broken by old age and austerities, the holy man departed to our Lord in the seventh century! Or of Sigebert, who came out of France, and preached in the deserts of Rhætia, having a little chapel in the savage spot where now stands the convent of Disentis! With what interest do we read of Olaf, a sea-king in the tenth century, who, after having been the scourge of Friesland, Saxony, Flanders, Scotland, the Hebrides, Ireland, Wales, Cumbria, and Normandy, happening to anchor off the Scilly Isles, was converted to Christianity by the lessons of a hermit who lived there in great sanctity! How we must admire the zeal of the first Christians, when we read of St. Euthymius and St. Theoctistus, who inhabited a lonely cell two leagues from Jerusalem, and who, every year, on the day after the Epiphany, used to retire into the depths of the desert to prepare for Easter, and then to return on Palm Sunday to celebrate the Resurrection! What images of ancient holiness are recalled at the mention of Heiligland (Heligoland), the Sacred Island, in the North Sea, once famous for its monastery, which had on its banner a ship in full sail, the ancient seat of our Saxon forefathers, once frequented by the sea-kings! Who would not wish to behold my grandfather's isle of Arran, where St. Alban, in the sixth century, founded a great monastery, from which the island was long called Arran of Saints? Here, indeed, rolls an "outrageous sea, dark, wasteful, wild"; but hear what the poet says:

——— I love all waste
And solitary places; where we taste
The pleasure of believing what we see
Is boundless, as we wish our souls to be:
And such was this wide ocean, and this shore
More barren than its billows.[1]

[1] Shelley, Julian and Maddalo.

Nor does a more exact detail of the lives and manners of religious men impair this poetic interest which they are sure to inspire, whether they are presented to us in real history, or in the page of wild romance. When Amadis, after the fatal mistake of Oriana, came up to a fountain, he saw an old man in a religious habit, who was giving his ass water; his beard and hair were grey, and his habit was very poor, being made of goat's hair. Amadis saluted him, and asked him if he was a priest. The good man answered, he had been one forty years. "God be praised!" quoth Amadis: "I beseech you, for the love of God, stay here to-night, and hear my confession, of which I am in great need." "In God's name!" said the old man. Then Amadis alighted, laid his arms upon the ground, and took the saddle from his horse, and let him feed; and he disarmed, and knelt before the good man, and began to kiss his feet. The good man took him by the hand and raised him up, and made him sit by him; and beholding him well, he thought him the goodliest knight that ever he saw; but he was pale, and his face and neck were stained with tears; so that the old man had great pity, and said, "Sir knight, it seems that you are in great affliction: if it be for any sin that you have committed, and these tears spring from repentance, in a happy hour came you here; but if it be for any worldly concerns, from which, by your youth and comeliness, it seems you cannot be removed, remember God, and beseech him, of his mercy, to bring you to his service." He then raised his head and blessed him, and Amadis began the whole discourse of his life. "Good sir," said he, "I am now in such extremity, that I cannot live any long time: I beseech you, by that God whose faith you hold, take me with you for the little while I have to live, that I may have comfort for my soul. My

horse and arms I need no longer; I will leave them here, and go with you on foot, and perform whatever penitence you enjoin. If you refuse, you will sin before God; for else I shall wander and perish in this mountain." When the good man saw him thus resolute, he said to him, with a heart wholly bent to his good, "Certes, sir, it becomes not a knight like you to abandon himself as if he had lost the whole world by reason of a woman. You who are of such prowess and have such power—you who are the true and loyal protector of such as are oppressed—great wrong would it be to the world, if you thus forsake it." "Good sir," quoth Amadis, "I ask not your counsel upon this, where it is not wanted; but for my soul's sake, I pray you, take me in your company, for else I shall have no remedy but to die in this mountain." The old man hearing this, had such compassion on him, that the tears fell down his long white beard. "Sir, my son," said he, "I live in a dreary place, and a hard life; my hermitage is full seven leagues out at sea, upon a high rock, to which no ship can come, except in summer time. I have lived there these thirty years, and he who lives there must renounce all the pleasures and delights of the world; and all my support is the alms which the people of the land here bestow upon me." "I promise you," said Amadis, "this is the life I desire for the little while I shall live; and I beseech you, for the love of God, let me go with you." The good man, albeit against his will, consented; and Amadis said, "Now, father, command me what to do, and I will be obedient." The good man gave him his blessing, and said vespers; and then taking bread and fish from his wallet, he bade Amadis eat; but Amadis refused, though he had been three days without tasting food. "You are to obey me," said the good old man, "and I command you to eat, else

your soul will be in great danger if you die." Then he took a little food; and when it was time to sleep, the old man spread his cloak, and laid him down thereon; and Amadis laid himself down at his feet. On arriving at the sea-side, they found a bark, on which they crossed over to the hermitage. Beltenebroso (for this was the name given him by the hermit) asked the good man what was his own name, and the name of his abode. "They call my dwelling-place," said he, "Poor Rock, because none can live there without enduring great poverty: my own name is Andalod; I was a clerk of some learning, and spent my youth in many vanities, till it pleased God to awaken me, and then I withdrew to this solitary abode; for thirty years I have never left it, till now that I went to the burial of my sister." At length they reached the rock, and landed, and the mariners returned to the mainland; and there Amadis, now called Beltenebroso, remained on the Poor Rock, partaking the austerities of the hermit.[1]

So far the romance; but what fiction can excite greater interest than is produced by the real history of Father Thomas, of Jesus, of the order of the hermits of St. Augustine, whose work on the Sufferings of Christ, written in Portuguese, and translated into many languages, has lent wings to many a soul now in the bliss of Paradise? This holy hermit was son of Ferdinand Alvarez de Andrada, of one of the chief families in Portugal. In 1578 King Dom Sebastian made him quit his solitude, and accompany him on the unfortunate expedition into Africa; he was made prisoner on the day when the king was slain; and it was in a dungeon, in chains, without clothes, and with but little food, that he wrote this admirable book,

[1] Book II, c. 6.

writing only in the middle of the day, by the help of a faint light which he received through an air-hole. On being sold to a merchant, he made it his care to instruct the poor Christian slaves, and to make many converts. He refused the offer of money which was collected in Portugal, and sent for his ransom; and he died on Easter Monday, pronouncing the name of Jesus, after having strengthened in the faith some miserable slaves who had been inclined to turn Mohammedans through despair of otherwise obtaining freedom. The great Cardinal Ximenes, in the year of his professing the order of St. Francis, built with his own hands a hut in a thick unfrequented wood of chestnut-trees, and frequently spent in it many successive days in prayer and study. This he always described to be the happiest part of his life: in a late period of it, he declared that he would willingly exchange all his dignities for his hut in the chestnut-wood. Alcuin's address to his cell, when he left it for the world, would indicate a similar feeling:

O mea cella, mihi habitatio dulcis amata,
Semper in æternum, ô mea cella, vale.
Undique te cingit ramis resonantibus arbos,
Silvula florigeris semper onusta comis.
* * * * * *
Omne genus volucrum matutinas personat odas
Atque Creatorem laudat in ore Deum.

A poetical writer has drawn a beautiful picture, with the aid of a real hermit and a fictitious heroine. One night, when the sorrowful Egilda, following the host of Charlemagne into Italy, had suffered her horse to take her into a deep wood, she was roused from her sad thoughts by the sound of a harp; she advanced, and saw an old man sitting near a cave in the rock. This was St. Sturm, who, according to his pious custom, passed a part of the night in contemplating the stars, and in praising their

Creator. This celebrated Christian, born in Germany, and educated in the monastery of Frislar, had left the cloister to dwell in the bosom of nature; remaining sometimes on the summit of a rock, sometimes in the midst of a forest: a pilgrim he was all his days passing to eternity. He used to compound healing medicines; and this art, with the purity of his life, made his contemporaries imagine that he never failed to cure the sick. The good hermit lighted a fire, and received poor Egilda into his cell. At daybreak many sick people came; and in applying his remedies he would say, "Be healed, in the name of Jesus Christ."[1]

When I travelled in Scotland, and was passing the Frith of Forth, I saw a little rocky desert island, called Inchcolm, where a hermit, dwelling in great poverty, received King Alexander I, when he was shipwrecked on its shore: after which a monastery was erected there. These holy men had even tenderness and affection for poor brute animals. In the romantic legends of the chase, many a hermit comes out of his cell, pleading in behalf of the stag, which has taken refuge at his side to escape the hunters. An angel was found to defend Balaam's poor beast from his master's rage; and Christians did not forget that cows and oxen beheld our Saviour's cradle, and that he rode sitting upon an ass. I remember conversing once for a long time with an old blind hermit, who lived in a recess very high on the side of a precipitous rock which overhangs the ancient monastery of St. Maurice, in Switzerland, where was a little chapel, and a bell which he used to sound for the Angelus. St. Amet lived as a hermit in that very spot, in the reign of Dagobert, in the seventh century. At the foot of the rock is the monastery, where the holy fathers

[1] La Gaule Poétique, II, 110.

have shewn me presents made by Charlemagne and St. Louis, and where are the venerable bones of St. Maurice and his companions, and also some of their Roman rings. Never shall I forget a hermit whom I used to see come every night to prayers in a church, and choose the most secluded spot to perform his devotions: the looks and the memory of such men are a continual sermon.

What a picture is there in the following description! "'Now goo we,' sayd Syre Ector, 'unto some heremyte that wille telle us of our advysyon; for hit seemeth me we labour alle in vayne'; and soo they departed, and rode in to a valeye, and there mette with a squyer whiche rode on an hackney, and they salewed him fayre. 'Sire,' sayd Gawayne, 'can thou teche us to ony heremyte?' 'Here is one in a lytel montayne, but it is soo rough, there may no hors go thyder; and therfore ye muste goo upon foote; there shalle ye fynde a poure hows, and there is Nacyen the heremyte, which is the holyest man in this countrey:' and so they departed."[1]

A writer who describes Provence before the revolution, says, "On the summit of the lovely island of St. Maude near Toulon is a hermitage, where a hermit lives all alone, an old mariner, and a good man. He has a telescope to observe the signals of the fleet, which he communicates to the tower below."[2] Werner, after composing his celebrated tragedy of Luther, and becoming a Catholic, lived for three years in the hermitage of Pausilippo in penitence and meditation, before he was ordained priest. At Allouville, in Normandy, there is a hermitage constructed in a tree, which is eight or nine hundred years old.[3] Naucratus, brother of

[1] Morte d'Arthur, II, p. 257. [2] Soirées Provençales, II, 282.
[3] Archives de la Normandie, 1824.

St. Basil, retired from the world, and lived in a thick forest on a mountain near the river Iris, with one servant, who followed him; and here he found some old hermits who had likewise renounced the world. He used to go a hunting, not for the pleasure of the chase, but for the exercise, and to nourish those old men with the game. After living in this way for five years, he did not return one day from the chase. At length he was found dead with his servant; but no one ever heard how they came by their deaths.[1] A hermit who sometimes kills game occurs in Perceforest. Gadiffer, in the evening of a long laborious day, riding through a forest, comes to a lovely spot, with a clear fountain at the foot of a high rock, and a huge chestnut spreading over, and in its branches there was a little hermitage, where it seemed eight persons might sit. Presently he perceived the good old man, who came out, let down his ladder, and offered him lodging for the night. Gadiffer mounted gladly, and found the "maisonnette" delightful; but then for supper? "Oh, for that," quoth the hermit, "the deer will soon come to drink at the fountain; and here is a bow, and you can shoot them from here." "En verité, beau père, vous parlez comme preud-homme, et selon mon adventure il m'est bien escheu." After a time there appeared at the fountain a great quantity "of venison"; upon which the knight says to the hermit, "Beau père, vous me baillerez vostre arc et vos saittes, et je m'en iray a la venoyson, car c'est mon droit mestier." "Certes, chevalier, volontiers," said the hermit; so he shot a roe-buck, and then pressed out the blood, and ate it gladly at supper. When the knight was refreshed, he began, among other things, to ask the hermit, "Dont ce venoit qu'il

[1] Les Vies des Saints Solitaires d'Orient et d'Occid. III, 48.

sestoit logé illec tant hault?" "Sire," said the hermit, "I have been here more than twenty years."[1]

The humanity and generous spirit which distinguished the religious orders made them dear to all, at least to those who had often need of assistance. Thus, in the Palmerin of England, when Sir Rosiram was wounded, Robrante, his squire, bound up his wounds, and carried him to a convent of friars which was hard by, where he was carefully attended, the brethren of that house being "holy men, and of good lives, who had all things needful in such cases at hand, remembering that it became them to be charitable for the love of God." Even hermits kept good wine for strangers. So did brother Joseph, whose memory is still fresh at St. Magdalena, on the river Saane, near Freiburg, in whose cell I have myself been. Cavendish thus describes the last journey of Cardinal Wolsey: "The next day, from Nottingham he rode to Leicester Abbey; and by the way he waxed so sick that he was almost fallen from his mule, so that it was night before we came to the abbey of Leicester, where, at his coming in at the gate, the abbot, with all his convent, met him with divers torches lighte; whom they right honourably received and welcomed with great reverence. To whom my Lord said, 'Father abbot, I am come hither to leave my bones among you,' riding so still, until we came to the stairs of his chamber, where he alighted from his mule."

It was brother Martin, a monk and priest, who delivered Adelais, the wife of Lothar, King of Italy, from her dungeon, into which she had been cast by Berengar: he contrived her escape to a wood near the Lake Benacus (Lago di Garda), where

[1] III, 3.

a poor fisherman supported them; and afterwards, by the assistance of Azzo, a brave knight, she was conducted in safety to the fortress of Canossa. Adelais afterwards married Otto the Great, and so united the kingdoms of Italy and Germany in the Empire. Ariosto's hermit must not be forgotten, when sorrowing Isabel would have plunged Zerbino's sword into her breast,

> But that a hermit, from his neighbouring rest,
> Accustomed oft to seek the fountain wave
> His flagon at the cooling stream to fill,
> Opposed him to the damsel's evil will.
>
> The reverend father, who, with natural sense,
> Abundant goodness happily combined,
> And, with ensamples fraught and eloquence,
> Was full of charity towards mankind,
> With efficacious reasons her did fence,
> And to endurance Isabel inclined;
> Placing, from ancient Testament and New,
> Women, as in a mirror, for her view.
>
> The holy man next made the damsel see,
> That save in God there was no true content,
> And proved all other hope was transitory,
> Fleeting, of little worth, and quickly spent;
> And urged withal so earnestly his plea,
> He changed her ill and obstinate intent;
> And made her, for the rest of life, desire
> To live devoted to her heavenly Sire.

The hermit proceeds to escort the mourner through forests to Provence, that he might leave her in a great convent near Marseilles.[1]

In the history of Amadis of Gaul, when Nasciano, the holy hermit, who had brought up Esplandian, heard of the great discord between Lisuarte and King Perion of Gaul, and what danger they were in (how he heard it is not known, for the hermitage wherein he dwelt forty years was in so remote a part of the forest, that scarcely ever traveller passed that

[1] Canto XXIV, Stewart Rose.

way), he being very weak and infirm, mounted his ass, and with much labour and slow travelling, arrived at the Firm Island, to obtain Oriana's consent that he might reveal the secret of her love to Amadis, whereby he trusted to bring about peace. The touching interview between them would be too long to relate here. He obtained her consent, and hastened to King Lisuarte, who, marvelling at his coming, went to meet him, and fell upon his knees before him, saying, "Father Nasciano, my friend, and the servant of God, give me your blessing." The hermit raised his hands and said, "May that God whom I and all are bound to revere, protect you, and give you such understanding, that your soul may one day enjoy the glory and repose for which it was created, if by your own fault it be not lost." Then the king gave orders that food should be brought him, and asked him the cause of his coming, saying, "that he marvelled how so recluse a man, and one of so great age, should have travelled so far." The hermit made answer, "Certes, sir, according to my years, and condition, and inclination, I am now only fit to go from my cell to the altar; but it behoves all those who would serve our Lord Jesus Christ, and would follow his example, for no trouble or toil to turn aside." Then he laid before him the whole matter, and finally succeeded in bringing about a happy peace. "For though this good man was in orders, and led so strict a life in so remote a part, he had in his time been a right good knight in the court of King Lisuarte's father, and after of King Falangris; so that though he was perfect in things divine, he was also well versed in things temporal." [1]

Thus, even their journeys were for a holy purpose, as we read in the Lord of the Isles:

[1] IV, 33, 34.

With aves many a one,
He comes our feuds to reconcile;
A sainted man from sainted isle:
We will his holy doom abide;
The abbot shall our strife decide.

A monastery was an asylum always open for the oppressed and the unhappy. Lesueur, persecuted by his contemporaries, took refuge in the Chartreuse at Paris, where he died in peace, after painting the life of St. Bruno.

When Maria of Sicily, sister to Joanna, Queen of Naples, fled with her children to the monastery of Santa Croce, after the murder of her husband, Charles of Durazzo, by Ludwig of Hungary, the charitable monks, with great danger to themselves, concealed her during the strict search that was made by the barbarous conqueror. The monks have invariably distinguished themselves as the courageous friends of humanity. During the plague of Florence, many left their estates to the mendicant friars, who attended the sick, when all others, even the parish priests, deserted them: and it was the same during the plague at Marseilles, which called forth the ever memorable exertions of its bishop. All the monastic orders were conspicuous on this occasion: Augustines, Carmelites, Minims, and Capuchins, were then the only men who had zeal and courage. "Happily," says the Abbé Papon, "we have not often occasion to try what this class of men can perform." The history of this event is not surpassed in interest by the celebrated passages in Thucydides or Boccacio.[1] Again, amidst the horrors and perils of war, we find the monks still true to humanity and to their country. One, whose gentle, high, and romantic spirit would have been the solace of my life, was at Cadiz when it was bombarded by the

[1] L'Hist. Générale de Provence, par Papon, tom. IV, 15.

French in 1812. Men used to be killed in the streets, and at the windows, and in the recesses of their houses. When a shell was thrown by the enemy, a single toll of the great bell used to be the signal to the inhabitants to be on their guard. I read what follows in a letter, dated July 30th. "Yesterday we heard a solemn toll in signal of a shell. That very shell fell precisely upon the bell, and shivered it to atoms. The monk, whose duty it was to sound it, went very coolly and tolled the other." That holy man had conquered the fear of death.

When William the Conqueror, on his march to London, came to the abbey of St. Albans, he found a quantity of timber cut, and placed to interrupt his passage. He summoned the abbot, Fritheric, and demanded why he had cut down the wood. "I have done my duty," replied the monk; "and if all those of my order had done as much as they ought, perhaps you would not have penetrated into our country so far as you have." [1] The monks of Peterborough applied to the captive Edgar, as the rightful king, when they elected a new abbot; which so displeased William, that he visited them with every calamity. The abbot of Hida, with twelve of his monks, fell in the battle of Hastings. The abbey of Winchcomb lost its possessions because it had opposed him. The monks of St. Frideswide, in Oxford, met with a similar fate on the fall of that city. The monks applied the treasures of their convents and churches to support the Saxon cause, even after the conquest, till William sent inquisitors, and effected a total spoliation of their riches. When William was securely seated, the clergy obeyed the apostolic precept, and recognized him as their sovereign. In 1808, the French commander in Por-

[1] Chron. J. Speed, 436.

tugal tried to suppress the national feeling by the influence of religion. In the village of Varatojo, near Torres Vedras, there was a famous seminary for initerant preachers of the Franciscan order. Junot sent for the guardian, requiring his immediate attendance; the old man, in strict adherence to the rule of his order, which forbade him to travel by any other means, obeyed the summons on foot, and arrived twenty-four hours later than the time appointed. He was ordered to despatch some of his preachers to Leiria and other places to preach the duty of submission and tranquil obedience. The guardian excused himself, by representing that his brethren who were qualified for such a mission were already on their circuits, and that there were then in the seminary none but youths, engaged in preparing for the ministry, and old men, who, being past all service, rested there from their labours, in expectation of a release. The intrusive government of Spain, knowing how inaccessible Jovellanos would be to all unworthy inducements (it is Mr. Southey who relates this event), endeavoured to deceive him, by representing that theirs was the only cause which could avert the evils which threatened Spain; his reply was, "that if the cause of his country were as desperate as they supposed it to be, still it was the cause of honour and loyalty, and that which a good Spaniard ought to follow at all hazards."[1]

The confidence which these holy men inspired formed a complete characteristic of the Christian chivalry. The English particularly, says Orderic Vitalis, "had a love and reverence for monks, because to them they owed their conversion to Christ."[2] The Greek emperors wished to be in a spiritual society of prayer with the monks of Clugny, as were the kings of France, Spain, England, Germany,

[1] Hist. of Peninsular War. [2] Lib. XII.

and Hungary:[1] and Nieremberg goes so far as to say, that Philip III, when he came to die, would have exchanged his being monarch of all Spain, and lord of so many kingdoms in the four parts of the world, for the porter's key of some poor monastery. Great was the hope of these knights, when

> The mitred abbot stretched his hand,
> And blessed them as they kneeled,
> When with holy cross he signed them all,
> And prayed they might be sage in hall,
> And fortunate in field.

King Alfred, when concealed in Somersetshire, used frequently to visit the holy hermit St. Neot, his spiritual director. In the seventh century, the two Princes Wulfade and Rufin, brothers of St. Werburge, sons of Wulfhere, king of Mercia, being about to embrace Christianity, used to resort to the cell of St. Chad, bishop of Lichfield, under pretence of going a hunting; for the saint resided in a hermitage in a forest, and by him they were instructed in the faith and baptized. Edward the Black Prince is said to have had a peculiar reverence for certain hermits called bons-hommes. René d'Anjou delighted in the hermitage of La Baumette, near Angers. He wished that every year the people might assemble there to taste the joy of that sweet retreat. Hence arose the saying, "que pour être gai toute l'année, il fallait avoir fait ce jour là une visite au père gardien de la Baumette."[2] It was not merely kings and knights who had this confidence in the monastic orders. Not to examine farther than England, at Pulton, in Cheshire, was a Cistercian abbey, founded by Robert, butler to the

[1] Thomassin, I, III, 28.
[2] Villeneuve, Hist. de René d'Anjou, II, 308.

Earl of Chester, in 1153; at Canterbury was an Augustine friary, founded in the reign of Edward I, by Richard French, a baker; at Boston, in Lincolnshire, was a Franciscan monastery, founded by the Esterling merchants; at Ruttey, in Suffolk, was an Augustine priory, founded by Ranulph de Glanvil, a lawyer, in 1171; and Robert Ashfield, servant to the Black Prince, whom he followed in his wars, built the church of Stow-Langton, where he lies buried. Besides, following the example of the mite, the clergy received similar alms from the poor, who may be said, therefore, to have built hospitals and cathedrals. In Amadis, we are told that the peasantry had such an opinion of the holiness of the hermit Nasciano, that they believed he used to be regaled with heavenly food, and that no wild beast would injure him or his ass. The Anglo-Saxons compelled Sigebert to leave his monastery and head their army, from a belief that it would prosper under so good a man; and when Duke William went to Jumiéges, and would have become a monk, —but that the abbot resisted, and shewed him the necessity of attending to the interests of his country and of his son Richard,—he contrived before he left the abbey to make away with a cowl, which he hid in a little chest. What must have been the sanctity of men, and of orders, which could inspire such extravagant veneration! The very pagans and infidels beheld them with reverence. In the records of Glastonbury Abbey, it is said that three kings, though pagans, whom Dr. Milner supposes to have been Arviragus, Marius, and Coillus, protected the holy solitaries who first established themselves there; and in the year 963, when Alhakem, King of Cordova, was about to march against the Christians of Spain, he published a general order for governing the Moorish army, in which it was expressly commanded that the solitary religious men, hermits, should be under

protection, and excepted from the common destruction.[1] Nor is it to be forgotten, that the enemies of monks and the clergy were also the ferocious oppressors of the poor; a fact to which the history of the middle ages bears undivided testimony.

It may be proper to give a short outline of the customs and discipline of the monastic orders. A religious life, according to St. Thomas, is "an institution established for the acquiring of interior sanctity." Hence we read, "Habitus et tonsura modicum confert; sed mutatio morum et integra mortificatio passionum verum faciunt religiosum."[2] A code of laws is generally an uninteresting study, yet the rules of the order of St. Benedict, or the constitutions of the congregation of St. Maur, cannot be read without edification. There is no perfection which they do not inculcate. Read the 4th chapter. "In primis, Dominum Deum diligere ex toto corde, tota anima, tota virtute. Deinde, proximum tanquam seipsum." The remainder of the seventy-two precepts in that chapter should also be read. Take the 72nd chapter for example. "As there is an evil zeal of bitterness which separates from God, and leads to perdition, so there is a good zeal which separates from vices, and leads to God and to eternal life. Let the monks exercise this zeal with fervent love; that is, let them honour each other mutually, patiently bearing with their infirmities, whether of body or mind; let no one follow what he judges useful to himself only, but rather what is useful to others; let them nourish fraternal love; let them fear God; let them love their abbot with a sincere and humble charity; above all, let them prefer nothing to Christ, who shall lead us to eternal life. Amen." With the aid

[1] Hist. de la Domination des Arabes en Espagne, par Conde, I, 478

[2] De Imit. Christi, I, 17.

of Dr. Milner,[1] and a few ancient guides, I hope to give a short account of the economy of a monastic life. "The time of the monks' rising was different, according to the different seasons of the year, and the festivals that were solemnized; but the more common time appears to have been about the half-hour after one in the morning, so as to be ready in the choir to begin the night-office, called nocturnæ vigiliæ, by two. When these consisted of three nocturns, or were otherwise longer, the monks, of course, rose much earlier. In later ages, the whole of this office, and that of the matutinæ laudes, were performed together, and took up in the singing of them about two hours. Each monk had a wooden lantern to light him from the dormitory to the church. There was now an interval of an hour, during which the monks were at liberty, in some convents, again to repose for a short time on their couches; but great numbers everywhere spent this time in private prayer. At five began the service called prime, at the conclusion of which the community went in procession to the chapter-house to attend to the instructions and exhortations. The chapter being finished, they again proceeded to the church to assist at the early, or, what was called, the Capitular Mass. This being finished, there was a space of an hour, or an hour and a half, which was employed in manual labour or in study. At eight they again met in choir to perform the office called tierce, or the third hour, which was followed by the high mass; and that again by sext, or the office of the sixth hour. These services lasted until near ten o'clock, at which time, in later ages, when it was not a fasting day, the community proceeded to the refectory to dine; a crucifix was over the table, and one monk read aloud some holy book.

[1] Hist. of Winchester.

They returned, after dinner was over, processionally to the church, in order there to finish their solemn grace. There was now a vacant space of an hour, or an hour and a half, during part of which those who were fatigued were at liberty to take their repose, according to the custom in hot countries, which was called the meridian. Others employed this time in walking and conversing, except on those days when a general silence was enjoined. Thus Socrates speaks of himself as μεσημβριάζων under a plane-tree. The ancients held that even the gods reposed at this hour.[1] At one o'clock, none, or the ninth hour, was sung in the choir, as were vespers at three. At five they met in the refectory to partake of a slender supper, consisting chiefly, both as to victuals and drink, of what was saved out of the meal at noon, except on fasting-days, when nothing, or next to nothing, was allowed to be taken. The intermediate spaces were occupied with reading or with manual labour. After the evening refection, a spiritual conference or collation was held until the office called complin began, towards the end of which the gates of the monastery were closed, that the porter might come into the church for the benediction at seven o'clock, when all retired to their respective dormitories, which were long galleries, containing as many beds as could be ranged in them, separated from each other by thin boards or curtains. It was a romantic thought, that the wild beasts of the surrounding forest were leaving their dens to go about, the lions roaring for their prey, at the very time when these holy men and devout sisters were passing into the chapel for their last evening service; it was a thought suggested by the very words of the office: "Fratres, sobrii estote et vigilate: quia adver-.

[1] Theocritus, Idyl. I, 16.

sarius vester diabolus, tanquam leo rugiens, circuit quærens quem devoret." After complin, silence was observed till the verse "Pretiosa" at prime the next morning.

Martene shews,[1] that before the invention of clocks, the monks watched the course of the stars, or the burning of a taper, or the first crowing of the cock, to know when to sound the bell for matins. Two monks used to watch the whole of each night. Public exhortations were made by the abbat either in the church or the chapter-house, or in some public place. There were also disputations on certain days of the week. Feria secunda, or Monday, was chiefly devoted to prayer for benefactors. On All Souls' day there was a large distribution of alms to the poor. Monks frequently died in the church: when weak and near death, they would sometimes desire to be carried in by others; and Guido says, we have often seen them thus pass to Christ, and breathe their last breath in the very church.[2] When a monk was dying, he was absolved, and he absolved the others, who all kissed him; then after extreme unction, two monks, succeeding by turns, continued to read the Passion of our Lord, and to chant the seven Psalms till he expired. The body was never left alone, or without lights burning; a beautiful emblem to comfort and instruct the survivors. He was buried in his habit, and a private mass was said for him for thirty successive days, during which time every day his usual portion of meat, bread, and wine was to be laid on the table, in the place where he used to sit, which was afterwards to be distributed among the poor for the good of his soul; and in the place which he used to occupy in the refectorium, a small cross was to be placed, to remind the monks of his

[1] De Antiquis Monachorum Ritibus.
[2] Guidonis Disciplina Farfensis, c. 52.

death, and that they might more ardently pray for him.[1] Hermits wore a particular habit as early as the beginning of the fourth century.[2] The early monks, like St. Antony, were laymen. Monks wore their habit, as Martene says, "as the sign of innocence and humility." Even temporal men, if introduced to dine in the refectory, were obliged to put on the pallium.[3] No one was admitted wearing spurs.[4] In times of affliction, there were three Psalms chanted: "Domine, quid multiplicasti? Deus, noster refugium; Ad te levavi"; while the monks remained prostrate on the ground. On the death of a brother, the seven Psalms, with the Litany, were thus sung. The custom of chanting alternate verses is as old as St. Ignatius, or even as the Apostles' time.[5] The porter, who had to entertain the servants of the guests, was to be ready early in the morning with a lantern, to light the strangers into the church before they departed.[6] The ostiarius, or guardian of guests, was to take care that before strangers went away, their horses were fresh shod, if they had need of new shoes.[7] The stable-keeper was to supply them with spurs or staves.[8] The eleemosynarius was to take charge of strangers who travelled on foot. And once every week the almoner was to go through the town with his servants with bread, and meat, and wine, to give to poor housekeepers, and console them.[9] Monks were to serve the sick, as of Christ, not seeking the honour of the world.[10] Thus, besides supporting

[1] Constitut. Congreg. S. Mauri, c. 18.
[2] Stolberg, Geschichte, X, 55.
[3] Vetus Discip. Monast. Præfat. 65.
[4] Bernard. Ordo Cluniacensis, I, 9.
[5] Tillemont, II, 211.
[6] Guidonis Discip. Farfensis, 43.
[7] S. Wilhelmi Constitut. Hirsangiensis.
[8] Bernard. Ordo Cluniacensis, I, 12.
[9] Ibid. I, 13.
[10] Petri Diaconi Discip. Casinensis.

poor destitute people, the abbey of St. Germain des Prés used to maintain several poor families privately, who were too modest to shew their poverty. The abbats were to take care that the monks spent their time usefully during the intervals of divine service.[1] Before the sun set, a monk who had a difference with any one was to entreat his reconciliation. In the Pater Noster at complin, a long pause was to be made at "dimitte nobis debita nostra." "Let charity," say some rules, "abound with the monks, so that if one should be absent about the common good for any time, all may long for his return, as a mother would for that of her only son."[2] A monk, on setting out on a journey, or on return, was to receive a blessing. On their journey, when the regular hours arrived, they were to alight from their horses and kneel down, and make the sign of the cross and their confession; and then mounting again, they were to proceed on their way, singing their hours, laying their whips aside out of their hands during the time.[3] Thus it is related of St. Germain, Bishop of Paris, that while on a journey he would recite the divine office bareheaded, though in rain or snow.

When a king, or a bishop, or a great lord, was approaching a monastery, the abbat and his monks arranged a procession, and met him in solemn order. When guests arrived at the monastery, portions of the Divine Law were read, and also other instructions. The reader will find these "Lectiones coram hospitibus recitari solitæ" in the Vetus Disciplina Monastica.[4] One is for the occasion of a visit from a pope, bishop, or abbat, beginning, "Vos estis sal terræ; . . . . ut si quis sacerdoti jungitur, quasi ex salis tactu æternæ vitæ

[1] Constitut. Congreg. S. Mauri, c. 12.
[2] S. Sturmii Fuldensis Abbat. Consuetudines, 12.
[3] Guidonis Discip. 7.
[4] P. 586.

sapore condiatur." Another is on the arrival of a priest or clerk, beginning, "Apostolica, dilectissimi, doctrina nos admonet, ut deponentes veterem hominem cum actibus suis, de die in diem sancta conversatione renovemur." Another is for the arrival of a layman: "Those whom necessity binds to the world, seeing that they cannot leave the world, should take care so to hold the goods of this world as not to succumb to them through infirmity of mind. Ponder, then, on these things; and sith you cannot forsake all the things of this world, execute well outwardly your external affairs, and hasten ardently within to those which are eternal. There is nothing which should retard the desire of your mind: let no pleasures engage you closely to this world. If good is the object of your love, the mind will delight in the best and heavenly good: if evil be dreaded, eternal evils are placed before your mind, that it may love and fear the more, and that its affections may not be fixed here. For this purpose, we beseech the Mediator of God, and the Assister of men, through whom we shall obtain all things speedily, if we love him with a true love." Another address was for the occasion of a visit from a prince of the kingdom: "He who holds the place in this world of a prince or a judge should learn what is good; should seek judgment, relieve the oppressed, sustain the orphan and the widow." Another was for the arrival of a king or great general: "A prince and judge should in the first place study to observe judgment and justice in his own actions, sacrificing daily the sacrifice of justice, and offering the oblation of mercy." It would be curious to compare these addresses with those which kings and princes are now in the habit of receiving. Upon the arrival of a counsellor or minister of state, the parable of the talents was read. Lastly, there was a lesson to be read on the arrival

of a strange monk: "Voluptatibus propriis studeat renuntiare: ut qui superbus erat, sit humilis; qui iracundus est, esse studeat mansuetus. Nam si ita quisque renuntiet, quæ possedit, omnibus, ut suis non renuntiet moribus: non est Christi discipulus." What a spirit of holy antiquity have you in all this! These lessons convey a faithful picture of the virtues of the different ranks of society in the middle ages, and they shew what was thought suitable to each particular rank of life. When I visited a convent of Trappists, in Picardy, on the river Somme, I was led into a spacious hall, where, after a short time, one of the brethren entered, prostrated himself on the ground, then rose and made signs to me to sit, while he read in French the chapter on charity, in the De Imitatione Christi. These mortified penitents placed the perfection of Christianity in love!

I shall say but few words on the learning of the monastic orders. When William II, Count of Nevers, sent a magnificent present of plate to the monks of the Grande Chartreuse, they returned it, says Guibert de Nogent, and begged in preference that he would give them parchment to copy books upon. The count retired amongst them in 1147. Before the tenth century, the monks of Cassino, in Italy, were distinguished for science and polite learning. What fruits of learned retirement were produced in the cloisters of St. Germain des Prés, at Paris! Here the monks had a printing-press, soon after the invention of printing. Warton, in his Dissertation on the Introduction of Learning into England, is obliged to confess that "the literature of the monks was of a more liberal cast" than that which his party generally ascribed to them. Ginguené also admits that we owe all the remains of classical antiquity to the monks.[1]

[1] Hist. Lit. de l'Italie, I, 49.

The monk Barlaam is allowed by all historians to have acted the principal part in the restoration of Greek literature in Italy. What men were Cassiodorus in the age of Theodoric, and Constantine the African in the 11th century, who both took refuge in the monastery of Mount Cassino; Bede, who had never been out of his monastery of Weremouth; Roger Bacon in his cell at Oxford; Father Rodrigo de Corcuera, who invented a clock-mill; Pope Sylvester II, who made clocks and organs worked by steam! Fleury[1] complains of Bede, Alcuin, Hincmar, and Gerbert, that, after all their researches, "they knew nothing exactly." Does he differ so much from them in that respect? Did not a similar taste for universality distinguish the genius of Greece? He sees nothing great in Albertus Magnus but the size and number of his volumes. I have seen sentences of his which certainly indicate that he had his title from a different cause. Ginguené acknowledges that the charges against St. Gregory the Great, by Brucker, on the testimony of John of Salisbury, who lived six centuries after him, are to be received with caution, and allowance for the prejudice of sect, Brucker being a disciple of the moderns.

We must not implicitly receive the evidence of Matthieu Paris against monks, nor of Pierre des Vignes, who complains even of the beauty of their buildings. Granting that their Latin style might not have been classical,—and do not let the moderns imagine that every sentence of theirs is Ciceronian, because it may end with "esse videatur,"—still men who could describe themselves thus—

> Visito, poto, cibo; redimo, tego, colligo, condo;
> Consule, castiga, solare, remitto, fer, ora—

[1] Troisième Discours.

deserve better of mankind than those heartless pedantic scholars, who, like Laurentius Valla, Platina, and Politian, were so in love with the classics, that they grew ashamed of being Christians: they deserve to be esteemed wiser, as well as more virtuous, for

> ——————— Knowledge dwells
> In heads replete with thoughts of other men;
> Wisdom, in minds attentive to their own.
> Knowledge is proud that he has learned so much;
> Wisdom is humble that he knows no more.[1]

There is such a thing as being "sapienter indoctus," as Gregory the Great said of St. Benedict: and so that old man who used to converse with Petrarch at Milan on all subjects of philosophy and the Catholic faith, in reply to the question, "Where were all his books?" (Petrarch had two waggons full of books always following him when he travelled), only pointed to his forehead and said, "Hic et scientiam et libros habeo."[2] Nature, the universe, was a book which these holy men studied, as Job and David had done in their day. St. Antony said that the whole world was his book. The monks, however, wrote books enough, many of which are a mine of wisdom, and where even the poet might borrow imagery. Massillon, in his celebrated sermon on the Passion, has availed himself of the sublime interpretations of many old monkish ascetical writings. Jacques de Guise, a Franciscan friar of the 14th century, displays vast research in his Annals, as well as great piety, and the most ardent love of his country. He had read Plato and many of the classic authors. The great historian Zurita spent the last years of his life in the convent of Hieronymites of St. Engracia, at Zaragoza. Roger Bacon shews how the saints have always valued

[1] Cowper.

[2] Petrarch. Variar. Epist. XI, 12.

science: he even requires mathematical study in a theologian, from his idea of the one wholeness of wisdom. He quotes the example of St. Augustine, Cassiodorus, Isidorus, St. Jerome, Orosius, Bede, Origen, Eusebius of Cæsarea; and he shews how, mathematics being neglected, philosophy falls to decay, and philosophy declining, theology suffers injury, which makes use of it in governing the Church, and in converting infidels.[1] "And now from this science," he says, "there will result a wonderful utility to the Church of God contra inimicos fidei; destruendos magis per opera sapientiæ quam per arma bellica pugnatorum. Et hoc deberet Ecclesia considerare, contra infideles et rebelles, ut parcatur sanguini Christiano et maxime propter futura pericula in temporibus Antichristi, quibus cum Dei gratia facile esset obviare, si prælati et principes studium promoverent, et secreta naturæ et artis indagarent." These words conclude the Opus Majus. The moderns should read the course of studies, including Greek and Hebrew, which were required in monasteries of the congregation of St. Maur.[2] All the schools in the monasteries were open gratis, equally to the children of the nobility and the children of peasants: all received the same treatment.[3] Charlemagne desired that the peasant boys should be promoted to the bishoprics and abbeys, if they made greater progress than the noble. Before his time, the schools had been in the houses of the curate, or archdeacon, or bishop. In these schools a happy spirit of gentleness and piety accompanied the instruction of the clergy. Classical learning and poetry, even the sciences, were still kept in subjection to the Christian faith. The last lines of the poem De Iride, by the Jesuit

[1] Opus Majus, IV, 1, 16. [2] Constitut. S. Mauri, 13–16.
[3] Thomassin, II, I, 88–98.

Noceti,[1] are an example; but the passage with which Roger Bacon concludes his Treatise on Optics, is still more remarkable: "Sicut nihil videmus corporaliter sine luce corporali, sic impossibile est nos aliquid videre spiritualiter sine luce spirituali divinæ gratiæ. Et sicut distantia corporis temperata requiritur ad visionem corporis, ut nec ex superflua distantia videatur, nec ex nimia appropinquatione, sic spiritualiter exigitur in hac parte; nam elongatio a Deo per infidelitatem et multitudinem peccatorum tollit visionem spiritualem, et nihilo minus præsumptio nimiæ familiaritatis divinæ et perscrutatio majestatis. Sed qui moderate appropinquant pedibus ejus exclamantes cum Apostolo, 'O altitudo divitiarum sapientiæ et scientiæ Dei, quam incomprehensibilia sunt judicia ejus, et investigabiles viæ ejus!' accipient de doctrina ejus secundum prophetam, 'et ibunt paulatim de virtute in virtutem, donec videatur Deus Deorum in Sion,'"[2] It is very true, the members of the institute might have reason to complain, if an associate were to surprise them in full meeting with a lecture on divine grace when they expected the solution of a problem in optics; but I do not see how Christians can fail to admire that philosopher, who, in the instruction of youth, kept constantly in mind the one thing needful, to secure their being happy as well as wise for everlasting ages. The inhuman Elizabethan pedagogues had not as yet appeared; hence the labour of study was less painful to children. The Winchester school-song of "Domum, domum, dulce domum!" is one of the few modern compositions which exhibit the simplicity and feeling of the olden time. The objects and end, as well as the mode of study, were directed: "Sunt qui scire volunt," said St. Bernard, "eo fine tan-

[1] Rome, 1747. [2] Opus Majus.

tum, ut sciant; et turpis curiositas est. Et sunt qui scire volunt, ut sciantur ipsi; et turpis vanitas est. Et sunt item qui scire volunt, ut scientiam suam vendant, v. g. pro pecunia, pro honoribus; et turpis quæstus est. Et item qui scire volunt, ut ædificentur; et prudentia est." Conformably to this view, Alcuin, whom the University of Paris esteemed as its founder,[1] exhorted his pupils to study "propter Deum, propter puritatem animæ, propter veritatem cognoscendam, etiam et propter se ipsam, non propter humanam laudem, vel honores sæculi, vel etiam divitiarum fallaces voluptates."[2] Dom. Mabillon says, "Who ever applied himself to the study of every branch of literature, and also to the teaching of others, more than Bede? yet who was more closely united to heaven by the exercises of religion?" "To see him pray," says an ancient writer, "one would have thought that he left himself no time to study; and when we look at his books, we wonder he could have found time to do anything else but write." These holy men verified what St. Bonaventura said, "Scientia quæ pro virtute despicitur, per virtutem postmodum melius invenitur": and so Albert the Great used to say that piety and prayer conduced more to advancement in divine science than study. St. Thomas Aquinas ascribed all that he possessed of wisdom to his applying this precept to himself. It is related of St. Bonaventura, that St. Thomas Aquinas coming to visit him, and having requested him to point out the books which he used in his studies, St. Bonaventura led him into his cell, and shewed him a few of the most common on his table. St. Thomas explaining his wish, that it was the books from which he drew so

[1] Hist. de l'Université de Paris, par Crevier, I.
[2] Canis. Antiq. Lect. II, 506.

many wonders that he desired to see, the saint shewed him an oratory and a crucifix: "There," said he, "are my books. There is the principal book from which I draw all that I would teach and write. It is at the foot of the Cross; it is in hearing mass, that I have made what progress I have in science."[1] In monasteries the rule indeed was rather severe: "Ut quisque doctissimus est, ita minime se doctum existimat"; and yet experience proved that monks could practise it. St. Thomas Aquinas was never guilty of the least pride. Besides the schools which were in every monastery, the abbats' houses were nurseries of learning. In 1450, Thomas Bromele, abbat of Hyde, near Winchester, entertained in his own abbatial house in the monastery eight young men of gentle blood, who dined at his table, and received a learned education: and this was the practice of the Abbat of Glastonbury. Richard Whiting, the last abbat, who was so cruelly murdered by Henry VIII, educated in his family nearly three hundred ingenuous youths, besides many others whom he supported at the University.[2] So much for the learning of the monks: but what the knights of chivalry esteemed and reverenced much more, was the affecting sublimity of their discourse, and the sanctity of their innocent lives.

It was about four o'clock, upon a summer's morning, when I mounted the steep and difficult track which leads to the convent of the Capuchins, standing upon the side of the mountain which overlooks the city of Salzburg. I passed through the house, a picturesque and simple dwelling, and went into the garden, which commands one of those awful and magnificent views which no person can

[1] Chron. St. Francis, I, II, 2.
[2] Warton, Hist. of English Poetry.

conceive who has not witnessed the finest Alpine scenery; a splendid city, with a river at your feet; a castle upon the opposite bank, crowning the brow of a dark and ragged rock of proud elevation; a narrow valley enclosed by steep mountains, the summits of which seem nearer than their bases; alps on alps, vast tracts of snow reaching into the higher clouds, while the little spot itself on which you stand, divided into plots, planted with a few flowers and common culinary vegetables, bespeaks, like the minds of the holy men who cultivate it, nothing but sweetness, humility, and peace. One of the old friars was busily employed in weeding his bed of onions, with a look of cheerfulness and content, mixed with a little of self-importance, which was far from forbidding. At this moment, the trumpets sounded from the court of the palace in the city below; the beat of drums, and the cracks of whips, announced that the emperor, who happened to be at this time in Salzburg, had mounted his carriage to make an excursion to the neighbouring baths. The echo resounded along the sides and through the chasms of the mountains, till it was lost in the upper regions of ice and snow. The old friar continued to weed his onions, presenting a contrast with the bustle and confusion of the world which he had forsaken, that must have struck the most giddy and thoughtless of mankind. It may be possible for those who read the description of this scene, to declaim upon the indifference of the modern cynic, upon the lazy seclusion of an ignorant friar; but he who beheld the reality, can think only upon the virtues and the happiness of a religious life; the dignified wisdom, the lofty independence, the everlasting peace of the Christian and the sage. "Their eyes," says Fénelon, "disdain to cast a look upon the most admired objects; they are in the world as if not

being in it; the presence of God conceals them from others and from themselves." They are entered into that serene temple of wisdom, whence they may view and pity the wanderings and the fate of wretched mortals.

O miseras hominum mentes! ô pectora cæca!

High upon a rock, against which the storms of this cold world may beat in vain, where,

In strains as sweet as angels use,
The Gospel whispers peace.

I must endeavour still further to shew with what justice the monks and hermits were venerated by knightly men. Their aspect and their very countenance commanded respect; I appeal to the portrait of St. Francis by Cicoli, which is in the King's Gallery at Paris. Aristotle had a scornful mocking countenance, for which Plato disliked him.[1] The disciple of Socrates would not have been repulsed by the looks of St. Antony, St. Dominick, and St. Francis, which reflected joy and inward peace, arising from the conformity of their wills with that of Jesus Christ. The holy abbot Deicolus was asked how he was able to maintain such a continual gaiety. "Quia Christum a me tollere nemo potest," was his reply.[2] St. Bernard says, that the mere beholding some monks full of zeal and charity, or even the mere remembrance of them, would make his tears start forth. It is related of St. Francis, that on a certain day, taking one of the monks with him, he set out to preach; and after walking through the town, he returned to the monastery. "But, my father," said his companion, "are we not, then, to preach?" "That is already done," replied the saint. He meant

[1] Ælian, III, 19.
[2] R driguez, Christian Perfection, I, VIII, 4.

that the religious modesty with which they walked had been a good sermon. O disciple of the moderns, deem not this a proud speech! Surius relates, that Pope Innocent II having gone to visit the monastery of Clairvaux, all the monks came out to meet him with St. Bernard, and that the Pope and all the cardinals were so affected at the sight of that holy congregation, that they wept for joy and reverence. The holy zeal of monks for the salvation of men commanded respect. Boccacio led an immoral life, and the scandal of some of his writings had given displeasure even to Petrarch, who vainly endeavoured to correct him by letters of counsel. One day as Boccacio was in his house at Florence, a Carthusian monk of Sienna, whom he had never seen before, gained admittance to speak with him in private. He told him that he came on the part of the blessed Father Petroni, of his monastery, who had never seen Boccacio, but who knew him to the bottom of his heart by the permission of God. The monk, in the name of this father, represented to him the danger in which he was, if he did not reform his life and writings, and remonstrated with him on the abuse of his talents. "The blessed Father Petroni, on his death-bed charged me," said the monk, "to visit you, and to obtain your promise to change your life and renounce your profane studies, and to threaten you with divine judgment if you refuse." The monk then told him that Father Petroni had had a revelation of the divine will; and to confirm his statement, he proceeded to declare a secret which Boccacio thought was known only to himself. Petrarch was inclined to laugh this off: Boccacio, however, was enabled to reform his life in consequence. The holy simplicity of these men commanded respect. "The lives of many monks," says Muratori, "became a kind of perpetual sermon."[1]

[1] Treatise on Public Happiness.

An Italian author relates, that upon occasion of Pope Sixtus V having promised to grant whatever certain monks of St. Francis might demand, one lay brother, sixty years old, who had passed thirty in the service of the kitchen, began to weep, and said, "Most holy father, I am a miserable lay brother, and the last of all religious men, who should not dare to expect the grace of your holiness; and the honour which I receive in beholding you, the head of the Church, after knowing you a simple monk, permits me to desire nothing farther; a wretched lay brother like me ought not to presume to demand a favour from a Pope. Nevertheless, since your holiness has desired that I should be included among those whom you deign to favour this day, I beg of you, with profound humility, for charity, to make a cistern in our convent, which is much distressed from not having one, as you yourself know right well, having so long felt the inconvenience." It is added, that this discourse made the Pope weep. Knights and princes were constrained to admire their disinterestedness. When William the Conqueror proposed to the monk Guitmund to raise him to a high church dignity, the latter replied, "Many motives induce me to fly from dignities and ecclesiastical power: I shall not mention them all; I shall only say, that I cannot comprehend in what way I could be worthily the religious superior of men neither whose language nor manners I understand; whose fathers and dear relations and friends you have slain with the sword, or driven into banishment, or shut up in prison, or enslaved. Search the Holy Scriptures; see if any law permits that the pastor of the flock of God should be imposed forcibly, at the choice of an enemy. What you have seized by war for the price of blood, could you without sin share with me, with those who, like me, have sworn to contemn the world, and for the love

of Christ have forsaken their own wealth? Omnium religiosorum lex est a rapina abstinere, and not to accept of booty even at the offering of the altar. When I think of the Divine precepts, I tremble with fear. Totam Angliam quasi amplissimam prædam dijudico, ipsamque, cum gazis suis, velut ignem ardentem, contingere formido." Guitmund returned to Normandy [1] to his cloister, "et verba ejus multis displicuerunt."

The sanctity of these men was so great, that no son of chivalry could fail to honour them. Timotheus was a practical man; yet when he found Plato without the walls of Athens, walking with some disciples, his countenance benign, his aspect venerable, discoursing not on money transactions, nor triremes, nor taxes, nor alliances, nor such-like topics, but on the subjects on which he was accustomed to discourse, then said he, Ὦ τοῦ βίου, καὶ τῆς ὄντως εὐδαιμονίας.[2] And in those academies of Christendom was discourse which would have even drawn Socrates among the woods and mountains. Here he would have found men practised in that contemplation, by which he held that man resembled the divine nature; he would have heard St. Anthony in the desert say, "I fear God no longer, but I love him." St. John had said before him, "There is no fear in love." He would have heard St. Francis for a whole night repeat these words, "Deus meus et omnia": he would have heard St. Anthony declare, "non est perfecta oratio, in qua se monachus vel hoc ipsum quod orat intelligit";[3] remembering that an angel appeared to Daniel, saying to him, Your prayers are heard, "quia vir desideriorum es";[4] and that St. Augustine had said, "Tota vita Christiani sanctum desiderium est."[5] Above

[1] Orderic. Vital. 524.
[2] Ælian. Var. Hist. II, 10.
[3] Cassien. Coll. 6, Abb. Isaac. 31.
[4] Dan. I, 23.
[5] De Civit. Dei.

all, the heathen philosopher would not have concluded that they led an idle lazy life, because they were not pressing in the hot throng of worldly men, grasping after dignities and riches, or excitement which would enable them to forget their own misery. It remained for the sage disciples of the modern commercial sophists to identify a religious life with indolence. A monk, and a great promoter of monastic discipline, would teach the most industrious among them to look to themselves, and to take care lest they might be standing still. "Vita præsens via est," cries St. Anselm, "nam quamdiu vivit homo non facit nisi ire. Semper enim aut ascendit aut descendit. Aut ascendit in cœlum, aut descendit in infernum."[1] Then, again, men so truly humble were sure to be exalted by the generous hand of chivalry. For be it remembered that they really were humble, and not proud of being humble: "verus humilis non vult videri humilis," says William of Paris.[2] And how this great humility was able to exist along with such holiness and perfection of life above other men, is shewn by Alfonso Rodriguez.[3] "God," said they, "loves humility as truth: pride is a lie." "Sine humilitate," said St. Bernard, "audeo dicere, nec virginitas Mariæ Deo placuisset."[4] They were too humble even to desire the most sublime fruits of devotion.[5] When they had presented themselves before God, as little children, naked, unprovided, and helpless, they thought they had made their best prayer.[6] St. Augustine said, "If any one should ask once, twice, or a thousand times, What is the way to arrive at true wisdom? he would answer always, It is humility." A novice, standing before

[1] St. Anselmi Epist. lib. III, 138.
[2] De Moribus, 245.
[3] Christian Perfection, II, III, 34.
[4] Hom. super Missa est.
[5] Albertus Magnus, lib. de adhærendo Deo.
[6] Gerson de Mont. Contempl.

St. Benedict, was tempted with thoughts of pride on account of his birth; the saint discovered what passed in his soul, and bid him make the sign of the cross on his breast. This humility was accompanied with a gentle and charitable spirit. The Chronicles of the order of St. Dominick relate, that a holy monk saw in a dream a vision, which told him that perfection consisted in loving God, in despising self, and in not judging others. "If, on entering the cell of your brother," says St. Dorotheus, "you find everything in disorder, conclude that he is so absorbed in God, that he takes no thought about things external; if, on the contrary, you find it in admirable order, be convinced that his interior is as well conducted as his exterior." [1] The Abbot Anastatius, who flourished about the time of the sixth council, relates, that in the monastery of Mount Sinai, of which he was abbot, there was a monk who used so often to dispense with the spiritual exercises of the house, that he passed for but an indifferent monk: he fell sick; and the abbot observing that, instead of exhibiting remorse, he evinced great joy, rebuked him, and expressed astonishment, that he who had led such a life should now be so tranquil when he was going to render his accounts. "Do not wonder, my father," replied the monk; "the Lord has sent an angel to assure me that I shall be saved, and that he will verify his word, Nolite judicare, et non judicabimini; for though it is true, from weakness and bad health, I have not been able to fulfil all my duties in this house, yet I have always borne patiently evil treatment, and have forgiven all men from my heart; and instead of judging others, I have always well interpreted their words and actions; and that is what now brings me so much joy at the last." [2] There was

[1] Doroth. Doct. 16, 88.

[2] Rodriguez, I, IV, 17.

nothing of affectation, or pedantry, or pretension, in their manner of religion, which would have shocked and disgusted men. Father Rodriguez relates, that a certain bishop of Spain meeting St. Ignatius at Paris, who spoke on prayer, the bishop asked him in what disposition he generally found himself during prayer. "As for that," replied the saint, "I shall say nothing; it is enough that I inform you of what concerns you." It was in their lives that they shewed forth their religion. Cassianus relates, that a holy man in Alexandria was surrounded by infidels, who loaded him with insults and even with blows, which he bore in silence, till one of them asking him in scorn what miracles Jesus Christ had wrought, "The miracles which he has wrought," replied he, "are, that whatever injuries you inflict on me, I am not angry with you, nor am troubled."[1] An anecdote related by St. Cæsarius shews, that in the sixth century, this sweet, even, resigned temper was thought the highest privilege of the holy.[2] The conclusion of the history of Ordericus Vitalis might be quoted as an example, evincing in its sublime thoughts and affectingly simple style, the calm, peaceful, resigned, and holy spirit of the monk.

It is curious to read the following testimony from a modern. "In England, I could almost say, we are too little acquainted with contemplative religion. The monk presented by Sterne may give us a more favourable idea of it than our prejudices generally suggest. I once travelled with a Recolet, and conversed with a Minim at his convent; and they both had that kind of character which Sterne gives to his monk: that refinement of body and mind; that pure glow of meliorated passion, that

[1] Collat. 12, 13.
[2] Vide lib. I, dial. VI.

polished piety and humanity."[1] The monks thought it worth while to relate the tenderness of certain men for poor brutes: to be compassionate to men and to all animals was their maxim.[2] Their wisdom too, joined with a noble and gracious manner, made their presence eagerly sought after in the halls and courts of chivalry. I have seen extracts from a famous Spanish book, Las Quatrocientas Respuestas, by Fray Luis d'Escobar, a Franciscan friar, who relates the questions of the illustrious Señor Don Fadrique Enriquez, admiral of Castile, and his own answers, which are so honest and devout that even the English translator is unable to find fault with them: he remarks that "the Admiral and his circle of friends at Valladolid conceived the Friar to be a sort of living oracle, capable of resolving all questions, and everything which came into their heads was propounded to him. The first and second parts consist wholly of theological questions, in which the Friar took such delight that he wished everybody would come to him with similar questions; for day and night, he said, would be well employed upon them." He observes, that the main amusement of the Admiral's old age seems to have been in inventing questions for the Friar. One was, What will become of the world after the last judgment? "Then we shall all be gathered together, men, angels, and devils; and then, if you have served God better than I have done, you will be better off than I shall be; and a pretty thing it would be, if you, with your rank and fortune, were to go to heaven, and the friar to go to hell." Another question was, "Is bull-fighting sinful?" "Yes." "Is it sinful to treat the people with a bull-fight, if you do not fight yourself?" "Cer-

[1] Hey's Lectures on Divinity, vol. I, p. 364.
[2] Vita S. Wilhelmi Abbatis Hirsaugiensis, 16.

tainly it is." "But why is it sinful?" pursues the Admiral, sticking with the keenness of a sportsman to his favourite amusement; "why is it sinful, when the practice is so customary, and is a thing allowed?" "Sir," says the honest Friar, "if you will persist in these things at your age, I must tell you that you have one foot in the grave, and another in hell." "How long will a soul remain in purgatory for every particular sin?" "I cannot tell: you will know when you get there, and you will neither suffer the less nor get out the sooner for having been an admiral." The Friar very honestly reproves the Admiral for his rigorous execution of the game-laws, and complains to him of the grievous oppressions which his vassals endured in consequence. "Certainly," continues the translator, "he was no fawner." The Admiral sends one day to consult him upon a case of conscience, whether he may lawfully keep anything which he has found? "Ah—ha!" says Friar Luis, "you found a hawk yesterday, and you want to keep her, though you know by her jesses and her bells that she belongs to another person! Whoever keeps anything which he has found in such a way, and does not have it cried, is guilty of theft." Whoever is conversant with monastic writings will have observed that no men were more anxious to follow the spirit of the Church than the monks: those of St. Blaise, in the Black Forest, say in their preface to the Vetus Disciplina Monastica, many things which would astonish the moderns. Hence the visits of these holy men were great means of instructing the different ranks of society. Peter the Venerable, abbot of Cluny, having visited the religious house in which a certain nun, Heloisa, served God, she sent a letter after him, thanking him for the grace she had acquired from his conversation; to which he replied, "I am rejoiced on

reading the letter of your holiness, to find that my visit to you was not transitory, to find that I have never since been absent from you. Non fuit, ut video, illud hospitium meum velut memoria hospitis unius noctis prætereuntis; nec factus sum advena et peregrinus apud vos, sed civis sanctorum et domesticus tanquam Dei. All things have adhered to your holy mind, and have been impressed on your benign spirit; so that on my fleeting visit, whatever I said or did, was gathered up by you, I do not say with care and study, but not a word negligently uttered by me has fallen to the ground."[1] Now this wisdom, and this desire of imparting it to others, were alone sufficient to account for the love and veneration which they inspired among young and generous men; for, as Cicero justly says, "adolescentes senum præceptis gaudent quibus ad virtutum studia ducuntur."[2] That gracious condescension and affability of manner, which was the general characteristic of all the clergy, did peculiarly distinguish the fathers of the monastic order. Mark the courtesy and humility with which Cervantes makes the two Benedictine monks reply to the haughty challenge of the Knight of La Mancha. In reading the Epistles of brother Anselm, before he had risen to any honours, signing himself "vitâ peccator, habitu monachus"; then of Anselm Abbot of Bec, and then of Anselm Archbishop of Canterbury, one observes no change or style of spirit; the same constancy in friendship, the same familiarity with the humble, the same condescension to all, and abstraction from the world. I shall select a few passages to convey an idea of the spirit of a monk's correspondence. "Brother Anselm to Peter his dearest cousin: I cannot tell you, my dearest, with what joy my heart exulted when I heard, from

[1] Bib. Cluniacensis, 920. [2] De Senectute, 8.

our beloved brother and cousin Dom. Folceraldus, that you were not only come to this age, but that you made progress in good and honest studies, and improved every day; but I had an increase of this joy when he told me that you had a wish to see me. For I remember, and I cherish, the great friendship which was formerly between me and your father and mother, and the immense love which I had for you when you were only a little boy, so that I rejoice to the utmost when I hear good news of you. Inflamed therefore with the love of you in God, I pray God that he may grant we may always converse together in this life as long as we remain here, and that in the future we may be glorified together. Therefore, I encourage, I pray, I beseech you, my beloved, believe what truth says to be true."[1] His letter to William, a young knight, is also a most beautiful instance of affectionate and religious counsel. To one who wrote to him for advice respecting the best mode of teaching temporal men to love God, the abbot replies that he will endeavour to satisfy him, adding "quamvis hoc quod a me petitis, in latitudine sacræ Scripturæ multo melius inveniatis": he advises him to remind them of heaven, which can be purchased for love; to say to them, "Da ergo amorem, et accipe regnum; ama et habe; casting out all other love, and so loving nought but what God loves, and what other men love, provided it be not against God." He writes to the prior and monks of Canterbury, beseeching them to forgive a poor lad who had run away from their service, deceived either by youthful levity or another's fraud, like a son of our mother Eve; "and now," he adds, "I send him back to you, clad in my skin, quoniam salus ejus salus mea; anima ejus anima mea est."[2] He writes to a

[1] Epist. XLVII. [2] Epist. II, 45.

reverend and noble lady, that she would persuade her son to dispense with the military service of Engelhard de Castro, an old veteran, who wished to pass the rest of his life in provision for his soul; and this he prays she will do for God's sake.[1]

Hear how a lord abbot in Normandy speaks when he hears of a certain butler in a monastery of his congregation in England being addicted to drunkenness. "Si verum est, dicere non possum quantum cor meum de tanta fratris perditione doleat. As far as an abbot and a sinner can command a monk, I command that he be restrained; and if this cannot be done by his brethren, let my Lord Archbishop Lanfranc or Bishop Gondulf be applied to; and if still he will not amend, I had rather, despising all the utility which we derive from his being in England, that he return here to be under our discipline, than that he should remain there to be lost."[2] On being raised to the see of Canterbury he writes thus: "Believe me, and assert confidently to others, that no cupidity (I speak before God), which ought not to be in the heart of his servant despising the world, drew or enticed me, but fear and charity, and obedience to God and to his church."[3] Still he writes in the same spirit: "I exhort the boys and young men, as my sweetest sons, that they do not forget what I have so often taught them, to keep a watch over their hearts and thoughts."[4] I hope the good-natured reader will pardon what follows in a letter to Henry, king of England. He concludes, "May Almighty God enable you so to reign super Anglos, ut post hanc vitam vos regnare faciat inter Angelos. Amen."[5] Writing to Prior Ernulf, the Archbishop says, "I pray you to salute with the utmost kindness on my part secretly each of

[1] Epist. LXXVII. [2] Epist. XI, 7. [3] Epist. III, 9.
[4] Epist. III, 82. [5] Epist. III, 90.

the young men and boys and children, beg each of them with sweetness to be mindful of my exhortations, and commend me to them with all love and familiarity, such as I formerly used to shew to them, and still do preserve."[1] St. Anselm was a great friend to the young, and an enemy to corporal correction.[2] It is expressly recorded of him, that, in consequence of his benignity, he was as much beloved by the English as if he had been one of themselves. These few extracts from the letters of St. Anselm will shew what an affectionate heart, and what a feeling soul, were beneath the religious habit. These belonged also in an eminent degree to the character of St. Bernard, as might be inferred even from his celebrated funeral sermon for his brother. Marchangy says of St. Bernard, that "he was the most astonishing and sublime character which modern or ancient history can offer to the meditations of a profound writer or of an ardent poet."[3] What a number of affecting and beautiful narrations bear testimony to the feeling and the poetic genius of the monks, from whom we have derived them! When did there ever appear a generous benefactor to mankind who was not loved by them? When Louis IX was attacked by the fever, "A la procession," says an old writer, "furent li moines nus piez en pleurs et en larmes, et à peine povoient chanter, pour la grand douleur que ils avoient de la maladie du roy."

Such, then, were the clergy during those ages. That the number of religious houses may have been too great in some places, is possible; still a philosophic observer of history will be slow in condemning the zeal which founded and replenished them. Who are the men described by Socrates as

[1] Epist. IV, 40, 58. [2] Eadmerus, in Vit. S. Anselmi.
[3] La Gaule Poétique, IV, 161.

attaining to true wisdom? "Those who, endowed with a good disposition, and well brought up, having been banished by the wicked, find leisure for living with philosophy, being delivered from the engagements which interfered with it. As when a man of mighty soul, born in a mean city, despising its miserable politics, looks down upon them as beneath his notice, and devotes himself wholly to the contemplation of wisdom; so these few who taste how sweet and happy a possession it is, beholding the madness of the many, and how, in short, no one says or does anything sound respecting the state, neither is there any ally with whom any one going to the assistance of justice might be safe; but as a man falling among wild beasts, neither wishing to become himself unjust and cruel, nor able, being alone, to resist so many monsters, perishes before he can either be an assistance to others or others to him; all this considering, remaining private, and doing their own business, as in a whirlwind the dust is seen in clouds carried up above the houses, beholding other men involved in the pollution; these love to remain within doors, content if they can but keep themselves pure from injustice and unholy things, and lead a quiet life here, till, having fulfilled their course, they may depart cheerfully, devout, and full of hope."[1] What a picture and what a defence is here of the monasteries in the middle ages! It was said by the moderns that they abounded with abuses, and that they became utterly corrupt. The infamous ministers of the tyrant Henry VIII furnish an unquestionable evidence to prove the falsehood of such a charge so far as England is concerned, since the act which dissolved the lesser convents sets forth in the preamble, "that in the divers and great

[1] Plato de Repub. lib. VI, p. 297.

solemn monastories in this realm, thanks be to God," (as they had the base hypocrisy to add), "religion is well kept and observed." [1]

No doubt there were bad monks everywhere and in all ages; but in all probability what St. Augustine says of his experience might have been repeated in every age, that "some of the most perfect Christians, as well as the worst, were in monasteries." [2] It was the friars, as Machiavel says, who chiefly convinced the people that they ought to leave to God the judgment of the high prelates of the Church, and attend to the affair of their own salvation. It was the monks who afforded a refuge for the miserable and the oppressed, who raised, amidst mountains and woods, those magnificent temples, where God was worshipped in all the beauty of holiness; finally, as St. Augustine says, "In every city and town, castle and hamlet, it was openly preached that men should turn from earthly things to the one true God; and every day, throughout the world, it was proclaimed with one voice, 'sursum corda se habere ad Dominum.'" [3] Yet such are the men whom the disciples of the modern school revile and ridicule and condemn. An historian has nothing to do with the criminality of the conduct of the latter as it respects religion and Christianity. It is not for a temporal man, unauthorized or unsent, to denounce the judgments of the Almighty; but as a departure from the natural principles of piety and justice, he may be permitted to warn them from continuing to perpetuate such charges. To one who said that he had always heard Minos spoken of as a wicked man, Socrates replies in the Platonic dialogue, "There is nothing more impious and more to be guarded against, than the

[1] Collier, part II, 113. [2] Epist. ad Pleb. Hisp.
[3] Lib. de vera Religione, 5.

sinning by word or deed against the gods; and, in the second place, against godlike men: so that altogether there is required always much forethought when you are about to blame or to praise a man, lest you should not speak the truth; for there is vengeance with God when any one blames the man who resembles God, or praises the man who is contrary to him." Νεμεσᾷ γὰρ ὁ θεὸς ὅταν τὶς ψέγῃ τὸν ἑαυτῷ ὅμοιον, ἢ ἐπαινῇ τὸν ἑαυτῷ ἐναντίως ἔχοντα.[1] We have seen enough already to convince all wise and good men, that those priests and monks, to whom the knights and princes of chivalry bowed down in reverence, were not the men whom they should fearlessly decry and malign, until they make them appear to the multitude as very moral monsters; not the men to be buffeted, abused, spit upon, and covered with a mantle of derision, to be scourged and drenched with vinegar and gall, and when thus disfigured, to be led out before a clamorous rabble, while men calling themselves Christians, reformed, pure, and tolerant, were to cry out to the agents of the law and the sword, "Away with them, away with them!"[2] but, on the contrary, that they were men whom, if the nations of the earth, on losing their first faith, were resolved upon removing from among them, their kings and rulers should have dismissed, as Plato banished Homer and Hesiod from his Republic, ordering them to depart indeed, but at the same time crowning them with flowers and covering them with perfume.[3]

X. In reviewing the chivalrous character under the influence of the Christian faith, it would be unpardonable to omit a particular mention of the charity and unostentatious benevolence of ancient manners; although here we are continually reminded

[1] Minos. [2] Dr. Doyle.
[3] Dion. Halicarnass. Epist. ad Cn. Pomp.

of that sentence which the introduction of Christianity has rendered so true: "O quam multorum egregia opera in obscuro jacent!" When the executors of Montesquieu were inspecting his papers, they found a note of 6,500 livres, as sent to M. Main of Cadiz, who, upon inquiry being made, related that the money had been employed in delivering a native of Marseilles, who had been captured and confined at Tetuan. If this memorandum, intended for personal use, had not been thus accidentally found, the name of the person who acted this most generous part would have been for ever unknown. When the Count of Flanders sought refuge in the "poor smoky house" of an old woman in Bruges, crying out, "O, good woman, save me; I am thy Lorde therle of Flaunders"; "the poor woman," says Froissart, "knewe hym well, for she had ben often tymes at his gate to fetche almes, and had often sene hym as he went in and out a sportyng." Acts of charity when they are thus indirectly presented are the more striking. Froissart relates of the famous Earl of Foix, that "he gave fyve florins in small money at his gate to poore folkes, for the love of God." How extensive and truly primitive in its dispensation was the charity of Charlemagne, as stated by Eginhart! "He was most devout in sustaining the poor, not only taking care of those in his own kingdom, but wherever he heard of Christians in poverty beyond the seas, in Syria, and Egypt, and Africa, in Jerusalem, and Alexandria, and Carthage, he used to send them money."

Let us attend to Joinville's account of Saint Louis. "From the time of his earliest youth he was pitiful towards the poor and afflicted; and during his reign there were always twenty-six poor people fed daily in his house, and in Lent the number was increased. Frequently he waited

upon them himself, and served them from his own table; and on the festivals and vigils he always served them before he ate or drank; and when they had had enough, they all received money to carry with them. In short, it would be impossible to relate the number and greatness of acts of charity which were performed by the king Saint Louis." Joinville says, that when some persons complained of this expense, he made reply, "Qu'il aimoit mieux faire grans despens à faire aumosnes, que en bonbans et vanitez": and the historian adds, that, for all his alms, there was nothing deficient in the expenditure of his house, or unworthy of a great prince. Whenever he travelled within his kingdom, he was in the habit of visiting the poor churches and hospitals; he would inquire for poor gentlemen and widows, and for young ladies who were in distress, that he might enable them to marry. Wherever there was suffering and distress, there he bestowed his money and his interest. The commissioners whom he sent into the provinces to make restitution were directed to draw up a list of the poor labourers of each parish who were disabled, and these were provided for by the king. His will contained a vast number of donations to monasteries and hospitals, to poor young women for their dowry, to the poor in general who wanted clothing, to scholars who had not the means of defraying the expense of their education, to widows and orphans, and, lastly, to clerks, until they should procure a benefice. It is related of King Robert, son of Hugh Capet, that he fed three hundred poor people every day. Upon Maundy Thursday, he served them on his knees, and washed their feet; and thence the custom prevailed in France, as in Germany, for the king to perform this pious ceremony every year. In Archbishop Turpin's Chronicle, we read of the Saracen Argolander, who

found Charlemagne at dinner, when he came to be baptized and to confirm the truce. The king was surrounded with knights and priests, who sat at many tables; but Argolander espied also thirty poor men, in mean habits, without either table or table-cloth, sitting and eating their scanty meals upon the ground. He inquired what they were. "These," replied the king, "are people of God, the messengers of our Lord Jesus, whom, in his and his Apostles' names, we feed daily." Upon this Argolander concluded their religion to be false, and refused to be baptized. "Here, then," says the writer of this renowned history, "we may note, the Christian incurs great blame who neglects the poor. If Charlemagne, from inattention to their comfort, thereby lost the opportunity of converting the Saracens, what will be the lot of those who treat them still worse? They will have this sentence pronounced: 'Depart from me, ye cursed, into everlasting fire; for I was an hungered, and ye gave me no meat; naked, and ye clothed me not.'" It must be added, however, that, according to faithful chronicles, the king gave orders that for the future these poor people should be better clothed and fed.[1]

There still exists an order from Philip, Duke of Burgundy, to his treasurer, to give a sufficient sum to his almoner, that all the poor who should assemble every day at his gate, to eat the fragments from the tables, might get some money when the fragments were insufficient. Christine de Pisan relates, that the money which King Charles V devoted to charity was divided into four portions; one was for the poor, another for churches, another for poor scholars, the fourth for prisoners beyond sea. "Richard sans Peur," says William of Jumiéges,

[1] Jean de Bouchet, Annales d'Aquitaine, 94.

"was of a lofty stature; his visage was noble, his person finely formed. He was a very pious benefactor to the monks; he assisted poor clerks; he despised the proud and loved the humble; he supported poor orphans and widows, and redeemed captives."[1] Rambaud de Vaqueiras says to the Marquis de Montferrat, "I have seen you enable more than one hundred maidens to marry counts, marquises, and barons of high rank, without your having been guilty of the least dishonour. More than one hundred knights I have seen you establish by gifts of fiefs; and I have seen you humble one hundred others; elevating the good, and abasing the false and wicked. I have seen you relieve and console so many unfortunate people, so many widows and orphans, that they will lead you to Paradise, if by alms one could enter there. Never was a man worthy of grace refused by you on his petition."[2] It is told of the Duke of Calabria, whose memory was so dear to the Neapolitans, when the historian Costanzo wrote, that he had a large bell placed before the outer gate, the sound of which could not fail to reach his ear, lest the domestics should forbid the entrance of the poor. Alphonse, Count of Poitou and Toulouse, was remarkable for his alms. On the Monday and Tuesday of Holy Week, in the year 1267, it appears by a memorandum still preserved, that he gave away in charity 895 livres tournois.[3] The Eufemian of the Gesta Romanorum was no unprecedented example—a nobleman in the court of the emperor, whose house is crowded with pilgrims, orphans, and widows, for whom three tables were kept every day. "Philip the Good, Duke of Burgundy, used to send every year 1,000 ducats to the Christians of Jerusalem. He alone

[1] Willelmus Gemeticensis, lib. IV, 19.
[2] Hist. des Troubadours, 299.
[3] Hist. Générale de Languedoc, IV, 240.

of the princes of Europe in that age was eager to assist the Greeks against their cruel enemy."[1] Many a knight, with nothing left but his armour and cloak, has, like St. Martin, divided that cloak with a poor man, after cutting it in two with his sword. Herbrant, in the Book of Heroes, being on the walls with his brother and Wolfdietrich, who begged that he would bestow alms on them and the other pilgrims for the souls of his dead friends, lamented his inability to give them money, but threw down a hauberk, and desired them to sell it in the city. From a height within the castle of the counts of Champagne, in Troyes, was a tower whence they whole city was visible. Here Thibault, *à la belle lignée*, used to receive two monks every day, who were charged to search out the poor and miserable of the city, and bring their report to him. When they had found no object, he used to shew them the vast city below and say, "Are there indeed no tears to wipe away here? Blessed be God, who protects my people." Then he used to sing a Latin hymn with the monks.[2] At Florence there is still the "Buonuomini di San Martino," a society of twenty gentlemen, which has been for four hundred years collecting and distributing alms among the poor who are ashamed to beg. "The rank of these philanthropists," says a modern English traveller,[3] "and their objects of relief, induce the rich to contribute, and sometimes to bequeath very considerable supplies. All bequests are turned directly into cash; nothing is funded; nothing belongs to the society except the oratory where they meet. The receipts every year are distributed within the year to hundreds who are starving under a genteel appearance: decayed gentlemen, whose rank

[1] Barante, Hist. des Ducs de Bourgogne, VII.
[2] Hist. des Comtes de Champagne.
[3] Forsyth.

deters others from offering relief; ladies who live in garrets, and, ashamed of their poverty, steal down to mass before daylight; industrious women, whom the failure of the silk manufacture has left without any resource,—such are the objects whom the Buonuomini visit privately every week, and relieve. They were a kind of benevolent spies upon the domestic miseries of Florence." "The Misericordia" is an institution diffused over Tuscany. At Florence it consists of four hundred men, chosen promiscuously from every rank: they volunteer their service to the sick, the wounded, and the dead. On the toll of a bell they repair to their chapel, where they disguise themselves in long black vestments, which cover the whole head; and then they set out with a covered litter, to convey the patients to the Hospital of Santa Maria Nuova. There you will find the first noblemen in Florence, with their aprons and ladles, following the soup, which is wheeled along the wards, and dealing it out to the sick, as a check on the administration of the hospital. In the same lugubrious garb, they convey in the evening the corpses of the day to St. Catherine's Church. This society has never paused for the last five hundred years, nor desisted from its fatal duties during several plagues. The Archduke Leopold was a member, and occasionally assisted in bearing on his shoulders "con sollecito amor gli egri e feriti." The poor and humble peasants did not hold themselves exempt from the obligation of exercising this virtue as far as their means would enable them. An English officer relates, that he was overtaken by night and tempest two leagues from Estremoz, and that he took refuge in a wretched solitary cottage, where a woman received him with the most cordial welcome. "When we rose in the morning to depart, our good hostess was resolute in refusing any

remuneration, though the wretched appearance of her hovel, and the rags on her children, bespoke the extreme of poverty. 'No,' said she, 'the saints guided you to my threshold, and I thank them. My husband, too, was journeying yesterday; perhaps last night, amidst that thunder-storm, he also knocked at some Christian's door, and found shelter.'"[1] Seasons of joy or affliction alike called forth the charity of the great. Thus in Amadis de Gaule, when tidings came of the victory, "for joy thereat Brisena gives great alms to the churches and convents, and to those who were in want."

Vinisauf relates how King Richard and the army of crusaders marched from Ascalon towards Jerusalem; they set out on the Sunday in the octave of the Holy Trinity. They suffered much from heat, and were obliged to move slowly; those that were rich, pitying charitably the sufferings of the inferior classes, with humility gave up their horses and cattle to the weary, and they who were young and hearty walked on foot after them: and this amidst the pomp of floating banners, shining helmets, glittering shields, figures of lions and golden dragons, horses that spurned the ground, and a multitude of warlike youths.[2] Tirante the White, in the space of two days, liberates from the Moors 473 Christian slaves, spending for their ransom all his gold and silver and jewels, and conducts them to Rhodes, where he gives them clothes and entertainment. Returning to real history, it is said of Boucicaut, "Il a telle devotion à faire bien aux pauvres, et telle pitié a de eulx, que il fait enquerir diligemment ou il y ait pauvres mesnaigers, vieulx et impotens, ou chargez d'enfans, ou pauvres pucelles à marier, ou femmes gisans ou veufves, ou orphe-

[1] Recollections of the Peninsula.
[2] Lib. V, c. 48.

lins, et la secretement tres-largement envoye de ses biens. Et ainsi par luy sont soustenus maints pauvres. Et à tout dire, jamais ne fault à nul qui luy demande *pour l'amour de Dieu*. Et quand il chevauche dehors, volontiers donne l'aulmosne de sa main." The castles of chivalry had no forbidding or terrible aspect to the poor:

> No surly porter stands in guilty state
> To spurn imploring famine from the gate;
> And haply, too, some pilgrim, thither led,
> With many a tale repays the nightly bed.

Thibaud, count of Blois, who was a great benefactor to the order of Prémontré, not having been able to persuade St. Bernard to allow some of his monks to reside at his court, chose two monks of Prémontré to visit the poor of his neighbourhood, and to distribute among them provisions from his own table.[1] Henry the First, Count of Champagne, besides building many churches, and enriching many religious houses, founded thirteen hospitals for the poor. A poor knight once begging him in the name of God to give him sufficient to get his two daughters married, the Sieur de Nogent, in whom Henry confided, repulsed him, and said that the count had given so much, that he had no more to bestow; which Henry overhearing, he turned in anger, and said, "Sire vilain, you have no right to say that I have given all, and have no more to bestow." Henry, mareschal of France, is thus described in the Chronicles of St. Denis:—"Digne homme de louenge par toutes choses en chevalerie, et estoit bon et loyal, et redoubtoit Dieu sur tout." As he lay on his death-bed, he was told that King Philip had gained a great victory, "dont luy preudhomme eut si grant joye, qu'il donna son destrier sur quoy il souloit chevaucher au messagier qui

[1] Hist. des Comtes de Champagne, lib. I, 191.

luy avoit apporté les novelles. Car aultre chose n'avoit plus a donner: car il avoit ja departé quant qu'il avoit pour l'amour de nostre Seigneur et pour le remede de son ame comme celluy qui est certain de sa mort."[1] Jacques Amyot, the son of a shoemaker at Mélun, having run away when a boy from his father's house, mistook his road, and fell sick upon the highway. A gentleman passing by had compassion on him, and, setting him on the saddle before him, conveyed him to Orleans, where he placed him in the hospital. Upon his recovery, which soon followed, he was dismissed with a present of twelve sous. At a subsequent period, when grand Almoner of France, and Bishop of Auxerre, he settled twelve hundred crowns upon this hospital, in memory of his own fortune. Now here might have been only an act of general charity; but did not the simple form in which it was dispensed, render it also one of particular obedience? "Go and do thou likewise."

Knights were taught that the corporal works of mercy were, "to feed the hungry, to give drink to the thirsty, to clothe the naked, to redeem the captive, to visit the sick, to harbour pilgrims, to bury the dead; and that the spiritual were, to correct sinners, to teach the ignorant, to give good counsel to them that are in doubt, to pray to God for the welfare of their neighbour, to comfort the sorrowful, to bear injuries patiently, to forgive offences." "Touching almes," says the Persone in Chaucer, "take kepe that a man hath nede of these thynges generally; he hath nede of food, of clothing, and of herberow; he hath nede of charitable counseilling, and visiting in prison, and in maladie, and sepulture of his ded body. And if thou maiest not visit the nedeful in prison in thy person, visit him

[1] Hist. des Comtes de Champagne, lib. II, 38.

with thy message and thy gyfts." The duty of burying the dead gave occasion to an affecting scene, which is memorable in heroic history. When Louis IX approached Sidon, he found the dead bodies of the Christians, who had been lately massacred by the Turcomans, remaining in heaps, still exposed, and putrid. At this spectacle the king stopped, and desired the legate to consecrate a place for burial; he then commanded that the bodies should be interred. Instead of obeying, every one turned aside in horror. Then Louis dismounted from his horse, and taking up with his hands one of the dead bodies, "Allons, mes amis," he cried, "allons donner un peu de terre aux martyrs de Jesus Christ." The king's example inspired his attendants with courage and charity, and these poor slaughtered Christians received the rites of burial. I have seen this represented in a fine painting over the high altar in the church of St. Louis, in the island at Paris. The knights were too well instructed in religion not to know the importance of these duties. St. Peter of Ravenna observed, that "in the kingdom of heaven, in the presence of angels, and in that great assembly of men raised from the dead, there is no mention of the death that Abel suffered, nor of the faith that Abraham had, nor of the law which Moses gave, nor of the cross to which St. Peter was fastened; but only of the bread that is given to the poor." The laws of chivalry absolutely required the observance of this duty. Thus, in l'Arbre des Batailles, we read of the king or prince: "Il doit estre large, saige et piteux, charitable aux poures de Jesu Christ, et les aymer en leur donnant du sien pour l'amour de Dieu":[1] and in the Mirror by Gilles de Rome it is said, that he should have almoners,

[1] Chap. CXLII.

piteous and liberal mediators for the poor, consolers and fathers of miserable people; and every morning, after the "Ite missa est," they should distribute the alms. It is sung of the Cid in an old ballad,

> Where'er he goes, much alms he throws to feeble folk and poor;
> Beside the way for him they pray, him blessings to procure.[1]

With respect to the evil which arises from the indiscriminate dispensation of alms, even some modern writers of moral philosophy are careful to warn their readers from tampering with those fine and exquisite feelings, which should be ever ready to prompt and to direct us. This is the lesson which was formerly pressed upon men. The corruption and the arts of complicated wickedness which prevail in a great capital may require that kind of provision for the necessity of the poor which is not liable to be abused. But after all, upon every occasion and in every place, men were reminded, that their own individual temper of mind was not to be neglected for the sake of any possible general result to society; and besides this, that cases of desertion and of need would exist notwithstanding the exertions of a public body; they were reminded that in the very scene of the greatest opulence, human beings might be found, from time to time, reduced to such a state of hopeless misery, that death was at once both its consequence and its termination. Whoever aspired to the praise of chivalry was aware, that it was not to become a spy upon the weakness of the poor that he was called by his order, not a mere instrument in the hands of a public body, who was to forget the culture of his own character in furthering the ends of a general institution; that he was not to be content

[1] Spanish ballad, translated by Mr. Lockhart.

with the simple dispensation of money to be converted into virtue by the piety of other men, still less to become the pedantic votary of a system and a theory, who would sacrifice the best affections of his heart, and disobey the commands of religion, in order to pursue his system and his theory, the result of cool calculation in his closet: he knew that this was not what was required of him; but that the duty was clear and simple, at once beneficial to others and to his own mind. The success and the issue rested with God, but the virtue, without prying into its possible consequences, was for him to discharge. St. Chrysostom went so far as to say that by the law of alms God gave more for the sake of the rich than of the poor.[1] However, unquestionably there was need of discretion in the discharge of every duty. Pope Innocent XII, who founded the hospital for poor invalids, evinced great zeal against the practice of lazy beggars, as Muratori testifies. Pope Pius V, in forbidding the poor to beg in churches, allowed them to ask alms at the outer door.[2]

[1] In Epist. I ad Corinth. tom. XXI.

[2] The heathens had a horror of mendicancy. Herodotus relates that Amasis, king of Egypt, punished public beggars with death. The Romans condemned them to the mines and public works, and even punished the persons who gave them money. It is the saying of Plautus in Trinummus, "De mendico male meretur qui dat ei quod edat aut bibat; nam et illud quod dat perdit et producit illi vitam ad miseriam."

"Potius expedit inertes fame perire quam in ignavia fovere," is the savage maxim of the Roman emperors. Upon the suppression of the monasteries in England, the mendicants who had formerly obtained relief at their gates wandered in want and wretchedness through the country. To abate this nuisance, a statute was enacted in the first year of Edward VI. According to which, whoever "lived idly and loiteringly for the space of three days," came under the description of a vagabond, and was liable to the following punishment:—Two justices of the peace might order the letter V to be burnt on his breast, and adjudge him to serve the informer two years as his slave. His master

It appears from all this, that the poor were assisted and relieved from a principle of religion, and not of human benevolence: "Christo in pauperibus," was the motto over hospitals. It is related of St. Francis that he never refused alms to any poor man who asked it "for the love of God." Religious men among the ancients had a notion resembling this; for when Ulysses comes up as a poor stranger, Eumæus says that he may refrain from his tales of woe and from his lies which shall not move him.

> οὐ γὰρ τοῦνεκ' ἐγώ σ' αἰδέσσομαι, οὐδὲ φιλήσω,
> ἀλλὰ Δία ξένιον δείσας, αὐτόν τ' ἐλεαίρων.[1]

St. Augustine expresses the opinion which was universal on this subject. "The good master saith not *qui susceperit prophetam* tantum, sed addidit, *in nomine prophetæ;* neque ait tantum *qui susceperit justum,* sed addidit, *in nomine justi;* nec solum ait, *qui calicem aquæ frigidæ potum dederit uni ex minimis meis,* sed addidit, *in nomine discipuli.* Et sic adjunxit, *Amen dico vobis, non perdet mercedem suam.* Datum est suscipere prophetam, suscipere justum, porrigere calicem aquæ frigidæ discipulo: fructus autem, in nomine prophetæ, in nomine justi, in

was bound to provide him with bread, water, and refuse meat; might fix an iron ring round his neck, arm, or leg; and was authorized to compel him to "labour at any work, however vile it might be, by beating, chaining, or otherwise." If the slave absented himself a fortnight, the letter S was burnt on his cheek or forehead, and he became a slave for life; and if he offended a second time in like manner, his flight subjected him to the penalties of felony. These particulars are curious, as marking the effects which followed the return from Christianity to the philosophy of the pagans, or rather to that infidel frame of mind which actuated Somerset and his associates. The milder spirit of the Gospel, while it will sanction a rational and beneficent policy, will be cautious how it prevents the alleviation or increases the misery of individual suffering.

[1] Od. XIV, 388.

nomine discipuli hoc facere."[1] Sir Thomas Brown had preserved this distinction. "If," he says, "we are directed only by our particular natures, and regulate our inclinations by no higher rule than that of our reasons, we are but moralists; Divinity will still call us heathens. Therefore this great work of charity must have other motives, ends, and impulsions: I give no alms to satisfy the hunger of my brother, but to fulfil and accomplish the will and command of my God; I draw not my purse for his sake that demands it, but His that enjoined it; I relieve no man upon the rhetoric of his miseries. 'He that giveth to the poor lendeth to the Lord'; there is more rhetoric in that one sentence than in a library of sermons. Upon this motive only I cannot behold a beggar without relieving his necessities with my purse, or his soul with my prayers. Statists that labour to contrive a commonwealth without poverty, take away the object of our charity, not only not understanding the commonwealth of a Christian, but forgetting the prophecy of Christ."

But it was when exercised towards the dead that the charity of those ages assumed that air of romantic grandeur which gives such a charm to the detail of chivalrous history. Let us examine their care of the bodies of the dead; and secondly of the souls of the departed. A feeling of respect for the poor fleshly frame of man, when deserted by the soul, has prevailed in all ages and countries of the world. It is implanted in our nature, and so strongly as to overcome all other feelings. Even the Roman authors for once were constrained to praise Hannibal, when he shewed such care at Cannæ to have the body of Paulus Æmilius buried. Menelaus, though hastening home, yet on the death

[1] Confess. XIII, 26.

of his pilot, stopped his course to pay his friend the last rites:

> ὣς ὁ μὲν ἔνθα κατέσχετ', ἐπειγόμενός περ ὁδοῖο,
> ὄφρ' ἔταρον θάπτοι, καὶ ἐπὶ κτέρεα κτερίσειεν.[1]

The old soldier lighting up a pile to burn the body of Pompey on the desert shore, is an affecting example of the ancient practice. The emblems on their tombs were also interesting. I hope it will not be interpreted as indicating a disposition to heathenism; but I should feel inclined to say like poor Elpenor in Homer, "Make me a tomb near the waters."

> ——————— πῆξαι τ' ἐπὶ τύμβῳ ἐρετμὸν,
> τῷ καὶ ζωὸς ἔρεσσον, ἐὼν μετ' ἐμοῖς ἑτάροισιν.[2]

Shakespeare, as the poet of nature, delights in expressing this feeling:

> ——————— Let us
> Find out the prettiest daisied plot we can,
> And make him with our pikes and partisans
> A grave.[3]

And again:

> Where for a monument upon thy bones,
> And aye-remaining lamps, the belching whale
> And humming water must o'erwhelm thy corpse,
> Lying with simple shells.

To secure the remains of men, and ascertain where they lay, was considered of importance. Cimon having taken the savage island of Scyrus, and being anxious to find out the place where Theseus was buried, by chance saw an eagle on a certain eminence, breaking the ground and scratch-

[1] Od. III, 284. [2] Od. XI, 77; vide Æneid, VI, 232.
[3] Cymbeline, IV, 2.

ing it up with her talons. This he considered as a divine direction, and digging there, he found the coffin of a man of extraordinary size, with a lance of brass, and a sword lying by it. The remains were conducted to Athens. A Scald once singing before a Breton prince, divined where King Arthur's body was buried, which had not then been discovered. Giraldus Cambrensis, who saw the bones of King Arthur, relates that Henry II, who twice visited Wales, had heard from an ancient British bard that Arthur was interred at Glastonbury, and that some pyramids marked the place. The king communicated this to the abbot and monks of the monastery, with the additional information, that the body had been buried very deep to keep it from the Saxons, and that it would be found, not in a stone tomb, but in a hollowed oak. There were two pyramids and pillars at that time in the cemetery of the abbey. They dug between these till they came to a leaden cross, lying under a stone, which had this inscription, "Hic jacet sepultus inclytus Rex Arthurus in insula Avallonia." Below this, at the depth of sixteen feet from the surface, a coffin of hollowed oak was found, containing bones of an unusual size. The leg-bone was three fingers longer than that of the tallest man then present. Giraldus saw it. The skull was large, and shewed the marks of ten wounds, nine of which had concreted into the bony mass, but one, apparently from the mortal blow, had a cleft in it, and the opening still remained. He says that the bones of one of Arthur's queens were also found there, at the lower end. Her yellow hair lay perfect in colour, but a monk eagerly grasping and raising it up, it fell to dust. The bones were removed into the great church of the abbey, and deposited in a magnificent shrine, which was afterwards placed by order of Edward I before

the high altar.[1] Joinville's chief consolation at Ptolemais was in finding the monument of his uncle Geoffroi, who had come very young to the Holy Land in the crusade led by Philip Augustus and Richard of England, along with Henry II, Count of Troyes, whose seneschal he was, and whom he served so faithfully, that the King of England, uncle of the count, permitted him, as a reward for his valour and fidelity, to join the arms of England to those of his family. Geoffroi died, and was buried in Ptolemais: his shield was hung over his tomb. Joinville took it down, and placed it in the church of St. Laurent at Joinville. In Froissart, there is a most affecting account of Sir Walter Manny finding his father's body at La Reole.[2] The tombs of the old kings and knights still are sure to excite the interest of every beholder:

> ——— Though mean and mighty rotting,
> Together have one dust, yet reverence
> (That angel of the world) doth make distinction
> Of place 'twixt high and low.

If the deceased died in battle, the figure on his tomb is on its knees, with helmet on and in full armour. If he died of wounds after the battle, it is on its knees, without a helmet, but in other points armed. If he died in peace on his bed, it should lie on its back in full armour, with its feet upon two dogs. Philippe d'Artois, constable of France, having been taken by the Turks in the battle of Nicopolis, in 1396, his tomb, which I have seen in the church of Notre Dame at Eu, is covered with an iron grating, to mark that he died in prison. The simple and affectionate feelings of the faithful inclined them to pay a regard to the posture of the body itself. In the early ages of Christianity men were buried with

[1] Turner's Hist. of the Anglo-Saxons, I, 280. [2] C. 110.

their feet towards the east; so that the figure on their tomb, with its head resting on a stone cushion, appeared to look towards the region where Jesus Christ was born and crucified, and whence he will come again to judgment. After the battle of Albuera, an English officer, who visited the field, which was covered with the slain, says, "I was much struck with one affecting though simple proof of the attachment of our peninsular allies: the hands of vast numbers of the British corpses had been clasped together in the attitude of prayer, and placed by the Spaniards in the manner in which they" (I must omit the word which follows) "imagine it important to lay out their dead." He was "much struck," therefore it was not altogether in vain. How solemn are those lights which you find burning at tombs in churches before break of day, or which are placed over the representation of our Lord's sepulchre! To pay respect to the body, in consideration of our Saviour having assumed the same, was invariably the practice of Christians. There was, besides, an heroic and generous feeling which dictated respect. The Norman soldier who struck Harold on the thigh after he was dead was disgraced on the field by William the Conqueror. "When King Lewis the Eleventh," says Holinshed, "by certayne undiscreete persons, was counsayled to deface the tomb of the Duke of Bedford, in the cathedral church of our Lady in Rouen, being told that it was a great dishonour both to the king and to the realm to see the enemy of his father and theyrs to have so solemn and riche memoriall: he answered, saying, What honour shall it be to us or to you to breake this monument, and to pull out of the ground the dead bones of him whom in hys lyfe tyme neyther my father nor your progenitors, wyth all theyr power, puissance, and friends, were not once able to make flee one foot backwarde, but by

his strength, wytte, and policie, kept them all out of the principal dominions of the realme of Fraunce, and out of thys noble and famous duchie of Normandie. Wherefore I say, fyrst, God have his soule, and let his bodie nowe lye in rest, which when he was alyve, wouldé have disquieted the proudest of us all; and as for the tomb, I assure you it is not so decent nor convenient as his honour and actes deserved, although it were moche rycher and more beautiful." One of the first cares of René, the young Duke of Lorraine, after his great victory at Nancy over Charles the Bold, Duke of Burgundy, was to make anxious inquiry after the duke, who had been his cruel enemy. No one knew what had become of him. The field of battle, deep in snow, covered with the slain, was diligently searched, and the bodies of many valiant knights were discovered, but not that of the duke. The prisoners were interrogated, but they could give no account of their master: some, however, said that they had heard him cry "Luxembourg"; others, that being stunned by a blow, the Sire de Cité had kept him in the saddle, and that then rushing like a lion into the press, the Sire de Cité, wounded at the same moment, had been unable to follow him, or to discover on which side he had gone. The Duke René sent messengers in all directions. Some said that he was confined in the castle of Luxembourg; others, that his servants had carried him off wounded to some secret retreat; others, that a German lord had made him prisoner, and sent him across the Rhine. At last, on Monday evening, the Count of Campo Basso led to the duke a young page, John Baptist Colonna, who said that he had seen his master fall, and could point out where he lay. The fate of the duke had been as follows: Finding it in vain to oppose the flight of his army, he wished to escape, so as, if possible,

not to fall into the hands of the Swiss; but his horse, Moreau, quite spent, slipped in crossing a frozen ditch which separates the pond of St. John from a church of the order of Rhodes, called St. John de l'Astre. It had snowed hard for days before; but on the morning of Sunday, the 5th of January, 1477, the sun broke forth as the two armies advanced to battle: and the ice was now bare of snow. In vain the poor duke endeavoured to raise him up; the weight of his armour prevented him, and he himself fell motionless by the side of his horse. At that moment a gentleman of Lorraine, chatelain of the Tour du Mont at St. Dié, named Claude de Beaumont, rode up to him, struck with the richness of his armour. Beaumont, seeing him lie motionless on the ice, turned him on his back, and ran his horse through with a spear, to secure his person. By a strange fatality, Beaumont was deaf, so as not to distinguish the words which the unfortunate Charles uttered, with the hope of moving his compassion. "Mon ami, mon ami," said he with a weak voice, "sauve le sang de Bourgogne!" Beaumont thought that he dared to cry still, "Vive Bourgogne!" and his pity changing into fury, he split his skull with a blow of his battle-axe, ran him through with his lance, and finished him, as he supposed, with blows of his mace, and then left him to continue the pursuit. Charles, however, still breathed, and he felt such terrible agony, that he rolled himself on the ice, which was now thawing with his blood, and he uttered mournful cries, which were at last heard by this young page Colonna, who had followed him from far when he watched his course; and he was about to approach him, when the aspect of a warrior expiring in such torments, and the dolorous groans which he uttered, so terrified the boy, that he fled away, and Charles breathed his

last sigh without a hand to close his eyes. This page now came up, and offered to conduct a party to the spot. In the bed of a rivulet near the chapel of St. John de l'Astre, these messengers found a dozen corpses. A poor washerwoman of the duke's household was employed to search. At the sight of a ring on the finger of one body, she ran up, turned it round, and cried out, "Ah, my prince!" There was the body, which the wolves had already been devouring. His head was frozen down to the ice, so that in lifting it up the skin was torn off. "Il estoit estendu comme le plus pauvre homme du monde," says Olivier de la Marche. The skull was cloven from the ear to the mouth; the thighs were pierced with a pike, and another wound was in the groin. His body was recognized by the scar on his neck from a wound at Montlheri, the loss of two teeth from a fall, and by his ring. The body was carried in religious pomp into Nancy, and placed on a bed of state, under a canopy of black satin, ornamented with his arms. The corpse was dressed in white satin, the head placed on a black velvet pillow, a crown, rich with precious stones, still encirled his blood-smeared forehead; his feet were in scarlet boots; around him were a silver cross, a vase of holy water, lighted tapers, and priests who chanted at intervals the dirge for the dead. The Duke of Lorraine came to sprinkle the holy water on the body of the unfortunate prince. The tears stood in his eyes; he took hold of the hand, "He dea! biau cousin," said he, "vostre ame ait Dieu; vous nous avez faict moult maux et douleurs." Tears stopped his words; he kissed the hand, kneeled down before the cross, and remained in earnest prayer for a quarter of an hour.[1]

[1] Villeneuve, Hist. de René d'Anjou, III, 134. Barante, Hist. des Ducs de Bourgogne, XI, 156.

The fact of the resurrection of Christ, and the faith of the Church respecting the resurrection of the body, rendered the early Christians most careful in their respect for the bodies of the departed. "We gathered up his bones, which are more precious than jewels and gold, and preserved them in a suitable place, where the Lord gave us power to assemble, that with joy and rapture we might keep the anniversary of his martyrdom." Thus writes the contemporary of St. Polycarp, the disciple of St. John, making mention of his death. The festivals of the martyrs were celebrated as early as the second century, in the places where their bones or relics were preserved; as the church of Smyrna writes to that of Philomel respecting St. Polycarp.[1] So says Tertullian, "On consecrated days we sacrifice in memory of their deaths."[2] St. Cyprian also requires attention to the precise day on which the martyrs suffer, in order that it may be celebrated by gifts and sacrifice.[3] The bodies of the early confessors who died in prison were given to hounds, the ashes and bones of those that were burnt were thrown into rivers, to prevent the faithful from preserving them.[4] "The Pope then does wrong," exclaimed St. Jerome, "when he offers sacrifice to the Lord, over what we account the venerable bones, but what you call the *vile dust* of the dead men, Peter and Paul, and considers their tombs as the altars of Christ?—Oh, impious assertions, to be denounced to the ends of the earth!"[5] The bones of the martyrs are placed under the altar, as St. John beheld the souls of the martyrs under the altar in the Apocalypse, XIX.[6] "But if thou askest

[1] Euseb. IV, 15.
[2] De Corona Milit. 3.
[3] Epist. XXXVII, 84.
[4] Stolberg, VIII, 165.
[5] Adv. Vigil.
[6] See the Count of Stolberg, Geschichte, VII, 1, 365.

me," says St. Ambrose,[1] "what dost thou honour in the flesh now resolved and consumed? I honour, in the flesh of the martyr, the scars received for Christ his name; I honour the memory of one who liveth by the perpetuity of his virtue; I honour the ashes consecrated by the confession of our Lord; I honour in the ashes the seeds of eternity; I honour the body which shewed me how to love our Lord; which for our Lord's sake taught me not to fear death, which honoured Christ in the sword, and which with Christ shall reign in heaven." To the like effect speaketh St. Basil,[2] St. Gregory Nazianzen,[3] St. Cyril, St. Chrysostom,[4] and St. Augustine. Such, then, is the antiquity of the holy and venerable practice of the Church, and such the respect for the bodies of the common dead which distinguished the Christian chivalry. But it was an anxious concern for the souls of the departed which chiefly affected and spiritualized the character of men. This followed immediately from the faith of the Christian chivalry. Poets have incidentally given examples of the labour and zeal of the clergy in this respect, as when the lady says to him who dreaded surprise:

> Oh, fear not the priest, who sleepeth to the east!
> For to Dryburgh the way he has ta'en;
> And there to say mass, till three days do pass,
> For the soul of a knight that is slayne.

It was for this holy purpose that many of those solemn and beautiful chapels, which astonish the traveller in the midst of forests and savage passes, were raised. The annals of the house of Coucy can furnish a mournful instance. Three young Flemish gentlemen were studying the French lan-

[1] Serm. XCIII, de SS. Narar. et Cels.
[2] In Psal. CXV, Orat. in 40 Mart.
[3] Orat. in Theod. I, in Juli.
[4] Serm. de SS. Juvent. et Max.

guage in the Abbey of St. Nicholas aux Bois, three leagues from Coucy. One day being out hunting in the woods of the abbey, without dogs, they pursued the game upon the manors of the Seigneur Enguerrand IV of Coucy, and being taken by his guards, were put in prison, and the seigneur gave orders to have them hanged, which was instantly executed. Complaints of this horrible outrage being made to the king of France by the abbot and Gilles de Brun, constable of France, the ferocious baron was condemned to death, but afterwards the sentence was thus far modified, that his life should be spared on paying 10,000 livres, founding three chapels over each of their graves for the repose of their souls, and going with a certain number of knights to the assistance of the Holy Land.[1]

Not far from Dublin is a chapel, with a village named Chapel-Izod, built by King Anguish, for the soul of his daughter, la belle Isod, or Yseult, celebrated in romantic literature, wife of King Mark of Cornwall.[2] St. Julian was a knight who retired from the world, and founded a sumptuous hospital for the accommodation of travellers, who, in return for their entertainment, were required to repeat Paternosters for the souls of his parents, whom he had ignorantly slain. It was a consoling and happy reflection, that men might in this way be instrumental in promoting the spiritual welfare of strangers whom they had never seen.

While Sir John Froissart and Sir Espaegne de Lion are riding together, the latter relates, among other histories, the account of a battle, in which two brave squires were slain, "and to thentent," he says, "that this batayle shoulde be had in re-

[1] Hist. de la Ville et des Seigneurs de Coucy, 8vo. p. 68.
[2] Hanmer's Chronicle, apud Campion.

membrance, wheras the two squyers fought ther was set a crosse of stone; beholde, yonder is the crosse; and with those words," says Sir John Froissart, "we came to the crosse, and there we sayd for their souls a Paternoster and an Avemaria." In the romance of Jehan de Saintré, upon the return of the French army after defeating the infidels in Prussia, there was a grand entertainment at Paris, and there were some, it is said, "qui apres que les tables furent ostees parlerent de dancer; laquelle chose ouye, le Roy et la royne dirent que pour l'amour des trespassés dont l'on ne devoit mye estre joyeulx ja n'y seroit chanté ne dance faicte."

Holinshed, relating the murder of King Edward II in Berkeley Castle, says, while the horrid deed was performing, "his crie did move many within the castell and towne of Berkley to compassion, plainly hearing him utter a waileful noyse, as the tormentors were about to murder him, so that dyverse being awakened therewith, as they themselves confessed, prayed heartily to God to receyve his soule, when they understood by his crie what the matter meant." In the Crusade a party was sent expressly to search for the body of Jacob de Avennis, who had killed fifteen Turks with his own hand before he fell. When found, the princes assisted at his burial, when a solemn mass was sung for his soul. The old poem on the battle of the thirty English and thirty Bretons concludes thus, praying devoutly for the souls of all who fell:

> Si pry a cellui Dieu qui nasquit de Marie
> Pour toux ceulx qui furent en celle compaignie
> Soient Bretons ou Englois, partout Dieu en deprie
> Au jour de jugement que dampnez ne soient mie
> Saint Michiel, Gabriel, ce jour leur soit en aie,
> Or en dites amen trestoux que Dieu loctroie.

A large stone cross, between Ploermel and Josselin, marked the spot where the battle had been

fought. The families De Serent, De Tinteniac, and Du Parc, are descended from knights who fought in this memorable battle. But if men were thus affectionate towards the souls of strangers, we may conclude that they were not wanting in tenderness for those who had been known and dear to them. There still exists a long prayer which used to be made by the good people of Dauphiné, in the churches of Grenoble, for the soul of Bayard. Humanity rejoiced that in consequence of this sublime faith, an orphan had still occasion to repeat the words "My father and my mother." René d'Anjou said to his weeping friends who stood round his death-bed, praying for his recovery, "C'est pour l'ame; oui, c'est pour l'ame seulement qui je vous conjure de prier." St. Thomas à Becket, being in full expectation of his martyrdom, wrote to the Pope to beg that his holiness would say for him the prayers for those in their agony. We have a sublime instance in the poem of Roderick, when Roderick and Severian come by night to the church to visit the tomb of the king's father. Roderick had thrown himself prostrate on the grave, when

> ——— An awful voice in tones
> Severe addressed them. Who are ye, it said,
> That with your passion thus, and on this night,
> Disturb my prayers? Starting they rose: there stood
> A man before them of majestic form
> And stature, clad in sackcloth, bare of foot,
> Pale, and in tears, with ashes on his head.

It was Pelayo praying for his guilty mother; for ever from that day when he heard the dreadful tale of her remorse,

> Did he for her who bore him, night and morn,
> Pour out the anguish of his soul in prayer:
> But chiefly as the night returned, which heard
> Her last expiring groans of penitence,
> Then through the long and painful hours, before
> The altar, like a penitent himself,
> He kept his vigils; and when Roderick's sword

> Subdued Witiza, and the land was free,
> Duly upon her grave he offered up
> His yearly sacrifice of agony
> And prayer. This was the night, and he it was
> Who now before Severian and the king
> Stood up in sackcloth.

Again, where the old man says of the queen—

> ——— Well we knew she thought
> Of Roderick then, although she named him not:
> For never since the fatal certainty
> Fell on us all, hath that unhappy name,
> Save in her prayers, been known to pass her lips.

When Louis IX was at Jaffa, news came of the death of his mother. "Si tot quil le sceut il commença a plorer et sagenouilla devant l'autel de sa chapelle et pria moult devotement pour l'ame de sa mere. Apres ce que le roy eut dit ses oraysons, les prelas et la clegie sassemblerent et chanterent vigiles de mors et la commandation de l'ame." St. Augustine's prayer for his mother is very affecting: "Nunc pro peccatis matris meæ deprecor te: exaudi me per medicinam vulnerum nostrorum, quæ pependit in ligno, sedens ad dexteram tuam te interpellat pro nobis. Scio, misericorditer operatam et ex corde dimisisse debita debitoribus suis: dimitte illi et tu debita sua. Si qua etiam contraxit per tot annos post aquam salutis, dimitte, Domine, dimitte, obsecro: ne intres cum ea in judicium. Superexaltet misericordia judicium, quoniam eloquia tua vera sunt, et promisisti misericordiam misericordibus."[1] This devotion recommends itself to the judgment and the heart of man. Sir Thomas Brown, though a disciple of the moderns, writes as follows: "A third opinion there is which I did never positively maintain or practise, but have often wished it had been consonant to truth and not offensive to my religion, and that is the prayer for the dead; whereunto I was inclined from some

[1] Confess. IX, 13.

charitable inducements, whereby I could scarce contain my prayers for a friend at the ringing of a bell, or behold his corpse without an orison for his soul: it was a good way, methought, to be remembered by posterity, and far more noble than a history." And he afterwards speaks more firmly, saying, "I never hear the toll of a passing bell, though in my mirth, without my prayers and best wishes for the departing spirit." Generally, however, in consequence of that close connection which subsists between opinions and practices, those who followed the new learning were remarkable for their systematic abandonment of this feeling. Relics of saints which had been venerated were burnt or thrown into rivers; the graves of the common dead were left to be trodden under by swine, and their bones cast among rubbish. Henry VIII suffered the grave of his own sister, at Bury St. Edmunds, to be thus exposed; and we owe the existence of the abbey church of Peterborough at this day to the tyrant's fear, lest Charles V would resent the profanation of his aunt's grave. Tombs were defaced, or were looked upon as mere curiosities, and shewn as such. Ctesippus, son of Chabrias, who sold the stones of his father's monument, on which the Athenians had expended 1,000 drachmæ;[1] or Cato, of whom Julius Cæsar said that he passed his brother's ashes through a sieve in search of the gold that might be melted down, would be quoted as indicating a noble contempt for superstition, and an ardour for liberal plans and scientific experiment. But while preaching innovators were still employed in explaining the superior excellence and utility of their system, the wise and calm observer was lamenting the effect of their pedantic and fallacious reasoning, and applying the complaint of the poet to the character of his own age:

[1] Athenæus, IV, 143.

φεῦ, τοῦ θανόντος ὡς ταχεῖά τις βροτοῖς
χάρις διαῤῥεῖ καὶ προδοῦσ' ἀλίσκεται.[1]

XI. The forgiveness of injuries was a duty required by the laws of chivalry, as well as by religion, though in a frivolous and corrupt age men learned to think otherwise. "I have known many men," says Brantome, in his life of Charles IX, "who never revenged their injuries. The most strict and reformed Christians praise them for this, and assert that it is right to forget offences, according to the word of God. That may well become Hermits and Franciscans, but not those who make profession of true nobility, of carrying a sword by their side, and their honour on the point. Unless, indeed, they hang a crucifix from their bed, and absolutely enter some religious order, as many have done, and have been therefore excused by this good cloak of devotion." This became the language of the modern world, and it would appear that it was the sentiment of uncorrected nature. Stoza, the African rebel, fell in a single combat before the gates of Carthage; but he smiled in the agonies of death, when he was informed that his own javelin had reached the heart of his antagonist; and Crébillon seems to express the feelings which are common to human nature, when he makes Atrée exclaim,

Un ennemi qui peut pardonner une offense,
Ou manque de courage, ou manque de puissance.[2]

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[1] Sophocles, Ajax, 1283.

[2] ——————— *ἐκ γὰρ εὐτυχοῦς*
ἥδιστον ἐχθρὸν ἄνδρα δυστυχοῦνθ' ὁρᾶν,
says the messenger in the play (Eurip. Heracl. 934). But Thucydides has expressed it in still stronger terms: *Ἀντιτιμωρήσασθαί τε τινὰ περὶ πλείονος ἦν, ἢ αὐτὸν μὴ προπαθεῖν* (III, 82). Yet this is adduced by the great historian as an evidence of the extreme corruption consequent upon civil war.

But it would not be difficult to prove that here the opinion of the vulgar class of mankind is founded upon a mistake, that the difficulty of the virtue only renders it more noble; and that "the rarer action is in virtue than in vengeance." For though it be the coat-armour pertaining to a right ancient family, to bear three dexter arms and hands conjoined and clenched, to signify a treble offer of revenge for some injury done to a former bearer, yet still, as Juvenal saith,

> ——— ——— Infirmi est animi exiguique voluptas Ultio.

This is the dictate of natural magnanimity. Ælian, though a heathen, thought that nothing was more admirable than the forgiveness of injuries shewn by Phocion.[1] The same sentiment appears in the answer of the Emperor Hadrian to the man who had given him offence before his accession: "Approach; you have nothing to fear from me: I am Emperor"; and in the argument by which Phœnix endeavours to persuade Achilles:

> ἀλλ', Ἀχιλεῦ, δάμασον θυμὸν μέγαν· οὐδέ τί σε χρὴ
> νηλεὲς ἦτορ ἔχειν· στρεπτοὶ δέ τε καὶ θεοὶ αὐτοί,
> τῶν περ καὶ μείζων ἀρετὴ, τιμή τε, βίη τε.

Philippe-le-Bel, who, to be sure, of all men in the world, had the least right to affect a noble sentiment, replied to his courtiers, who were exciting him to punish a prelate who was obnoxious, "Je sais que je puis me venger; mais il est beau de le pouvoir et de ne le pas faire." Descartes also speaks like a Stoic: "Quand on me fait une injure, je tâche d'élever mon ame si haut que l'offense ne parvienne pas jusqu'à moi." Richard of England, Cœur de Lion, was mortally wounded before the

[1] Var. Hist. XII, 49.

castle of Chalons by an arrow shot from the walls. The castle was taken by assault, and the archer who had wounded the king was conducted into his presence. "Malheureux," said the king, "que t'avois-je fait pour t'obliger à me donner la mort?" "Ce que tu m'as fait," replied the prisoner, "je vais te le dire, sans aucune crainte des horribles tourmens que tu me prépares. Je les souffrirai avec joie, puisque j'ai été assez heureux pour venger la mort de mon père et de mes frères, que tu as tués de ta propre main." Richard was of a temper so prone to fury and excitement, that when delivered from prison, the King of France wrote to King John, "Prenez garde à vous; le diable est déchainé." This lion-hearted warrior was now bleeding from the wound which in a few hours was to deprive him of his kingdom and his life, and the man who had inflicted it was before him, and in his power; but at this moment religion had an authority to which he submitted. His anger instantly passed over, and he said to the prisoner, "Mon ami, je te pardonne." He then ordered his chains to be taken off, and that he should have liberty to depart. The words of Henry IV of France, to Schomberg, on the morning of the battle of Ivri, are well known; and the last sentence of Louis XVI, upon the scaffold, is for ever memorable, "I forgive my enemies." These are the examples of a hero, and of a religious monarch; and if it be true what has been said, that "it is more easy to forgive four hundred and ninety times than once to ask pardon of an inferior," these instances will serve to shew that it was the hero, and not the saint, who made the greatest sacrifice of feeling to the duty of his religion. The anecdote of Henry IV to which I allude is so well known, that I refrain from relating it at length. It is sufficient to observe, that the king was troubled by the reflection that he had

uttered reproachful words against a brave, deserving officer, the German general Schomberg. They had been uttered in a moment of impatience and anxiety; but the remembrance was a weight upon his spirits. Immediately before the commencement of the battle, Henry rode up to the general: he stated what were his feelings, that there was a possibility of his not surviving the day, and that he should be sorry to die without making amends to a brave gentleman whose honour he had injured. He concluded with an entreaty to be forgiven: "Je vous prie de me pardonner." What words for a king to utter! "Il est vrai, sire," replied the generous and gallant soldier, "que votre majesté me blessa l'autre jour, mais aujourd'hui elle me tue; car l'honneur qu'elle me fait m'oblige de mourir en cette occasion pour son service." He was killed fighting by the side of his master. In the romance of Huon of Bordeaux, when that hero laments the malice which has banished him from France, he apostrophizes his country, and exclaims, "Je prie à Dieux que le pardon vous en face"; and when Oberon offered him the magic cup to drink from, he says, "Sire, sçachez qu'au mieux que j'ay peu, me suis je confesse de tous mes pechez, je suis repentant et dolent que tant en ay fait, et ne sçay homme vivant à qui je ne pardonne quelque injure qu'il me ait fait, ne aussi je ne sens a moy que a nul nay fait tort, et ne hay aujourd'huy homme qui vive."

Robert, king of France, was informed, at Compiègne, that twelve ruffians were resolved to assassinate him. They had been arrested, and their trial was commenced; but in the mean time the pious king, upon their confession and repentance, gave secret orders that they should receive the blessed sacrament. He then admitted them to the honour of dining at his table, when he pronounced

a solemn pardon, and then sent them back to inform the judges, "qu'il ne pouvoit se résoudre à se venger de ceux que son maitre avoit reçus à sa table." Let it be remembered also, that he was an excellent king, always alive to the interest of his people, and justly celebrated for his moderation and wisdom. In perfect conformity with this spirit, the poet makes De Wilton in Marmion say of Austin, that on his dying bed—,

> He begged of me a boon:
> If e'er my deadliest enemy
> Beneath my brand should conquered lie,
> Even then my mercy should awake,
> And spare his life for Austin's sake.

Marmion owed his life to the fulfilment of this promise. In the battle of Xeres, when the Christians gained that glorious victory over the Moors, in which they thought the apostle St. James had appeared mounted on a white horse, it was remarked, that the only knight who fell on their side was one who had refused to forgive an injury. I only adduce this as a proof of the opinion then prevalent respecting the duty of forgiveness. When Constantia of Aragon, who governed Sicily in her husband's absence, terrified by the ferocious clamours of the populace, who, on the destruction of the other French prisoners, demanded the execution also of the Prince of Salerno, sent a messenger on the Friday to her captive, bidding him prepare for death; he received the intelligence with an unmoved countenance, calmly replying, "I am well content to die, remembering that our Lord and Saviour on this day voluntarily suffered his death and passion." Constantia, recalled to a sense of her Christian duty by these words, sent immediately to tell him, "That if he for respect to that day would suffer death so contentedly, she, for the love of Him who on that day had pardoned his enemies,

would pardon him." She succeeded in having him safely conducted to Aragon.

Of bearing injuries Turenne furnished noble instances. Witness the short and noble reply which he made to the cruel letter of the Elector Palatine, rallying him on his late conversion to the Catholic faith.[1] Under inferior circumstances he exhibited the same nobleness of nature. He seldom went to the theatre. On one occasion, however, being present in a box alone, some country people entered, and not knowing him, insisted on his giving up the front seat. Upon his refusal, they had the insolence to fling his hat and gloves into the pit. Turenne quietly begged a young lord of the first quality to bring them to him; those who had insulted him, discovering who he was, were about to make many humble apologies and to withdraw, but he would not suffer them, saying, "S'ils vouloient s'arranger, il y avoit place pour tous." St. Giovanni Gualberto, a Florentine noble of the eleventh century, who, in his later years, founded the great monastery of Vallombrosa near that city, cherished a deadly vengeance against a gentleman who had murdered his only brother Hugo. It happened that, riding home to Florence on Good-Friday, he met his enemy in so narrow a passage, that it was impossible for either of them to avoid the other. John, seeing the murderer, drew his sword, and was going to despatch him; but the other alighting from his horse, fell upon his knees, and, with his arms across, besought him, by the passion of Christ, who suffered on that day, to spare his life. The remembrance of Christ, who prayed for his murderers on the cross, overcame the young nobleman, and meekly raising the suppliant from the ground, he said, "I can refuse nothing that is asked of me for the sake of Jesus Christ. I not

[1] Ramsay, tom. I, p. 515.

only give you your life, but also my friendship for ever. Pray for me, that God may pardon me the sin of my heart."

"What does a traitorous servant merit, who has dared to gain the favour of my daughter?" asked the angry Charlemagne of his assembled counsellors. All were silent as death. Then the young secretary, Eginhard, son of Ingilmer, an Austrasian lord, who had perished fighting for Charlemagne, whose widow, Alpaide, had presented her son, when five months old, to the emperor, stepped forward, weeping, and replied, "The traitor has broken his faith; away with him to the scaffold." This was the culprit, and the vengeance of the magnanimous kind-hearted emperor was disarmed. "Bold man," said he, "a tyrant would have sent you to the scaffold, zum Rabenstein; but you shall be the husband of my daughter."[1] The same spirit was evinced by his unhappy son on his sorrowful bed of death, when he had for a long time refused all food but the blessed Eucharist: "Alas!" said he, speaking of his undutiful son, "he makes my old age descend with sorrow to the grave; but for all that, I forgive him. Say to him, however, that God punishes ungrateful children."

At the siege of Sainte Suzanne, as the Normans were about to attack the enemy, a young man, who was concealed in a thicket, let fly an arrow which mortally wounded Richer de l'Aigle, son of Engenulf. His companions rushed forward, seized

[1] The story of Emma carrying Eginhard across the snow rests on the authority of the Chronicon Laureshamense, in the twelfth century. It was by making a particular kind of cake which Charlemagne loved, that Emma discovered herself to him, when he came to her cabin, where she lived in banishment; and the name of Seligenstadt was given to the place in consequence. Eginhard takes no notice of Emma in his Life of Charlemagne; but the annals of the convents of Seligenstadt and Lorsch give this account. [It is however no longer credited.]

the youth, were going to kill him, but Richer dying protected him, and cried out as loud as he was able, "For the love of God, let him go; it is in this way that I ought to die for the expiation of my sins." The murderer was allowed to escape; the knight confessed his sins to his companions, and died before they had reached the city. His body was carried to a certain convent of monks, built by his father, Engenulf, on his estates, and there, amidst the great sorrow of his relations and friends, he was buried by the venerable Gilbert, Bishop of Evreux.[1] What a contrast to witness the death of the amiable Germanicus, calling upon his friends to remember his injuries, and they swearing, "dextram morientis contingentes, spiritum antequam ultionem amissuros!"[2]

But knights were not content with forgiving their own enemies. It was their duty also to reconcile other men, and to promote peace between those who were at enmity. Thus the Emperor Otho IV reconciled Ezzelino II da Romano and Azzo VI, Marquis of Este, the chiefs of the two factions of Guelph and Ghibelline, whose mutual enmity had been lately exasperated by an unsuccessful attempt of the marquis to assassinate his rival. The emperor laboured in person to restore the ancient friendship of these two nobles, and he succeeded. King Louis IX was continually labouring to promote peace between his subjects. His personal exertion prevented a combat between Hugues Comte de la Marche and the Vicomte de Limoges. He sent the most able of his ministers into Burgundy, to reconcile the Comte de Chalons and the Comte de Bourgogne, who were at war. He had the happiness of succeeding. He also reconciled them to Thibaut V, King of Navarre. The Comte Thibaut

[1] Orderic. Vital. VIII.

[2] Tacitus, Ann. II, 71.

de Bar had taken prisoner the Comte de Luxembourg, in a combat near Pigny; Louis despatched his chamberlain Perron, in whom he chiefly confided, who contrived completely to reconcile these two enemies. A cruel division had long subsisted between the Dampierres and the Avesnes, children of Marguerite, Countess of Flanders, by her two marriages. Louis had laboured with all imaginable diligence to put an end to this, and he at length succeeded. The religious monarch had the happiness also of reconciling the Comte d'Anjou with the Countess-dowager of Provence. The ministers of the pacific king "le reprenoient aucune foiz," says Joinville, "pour ce qu'il prenoit ainsi grant paine à appaiser les estrangiers. C'étoit, à leur avis, tresmal faire que de ne pas les laisser guerroyer, parce que les appointemens s'en feroient mieux après"; but Louis, always guided by the maxims of the Gospel, replied with Jesus Christ, "Blessed are the peace-makers." King Richard I, when in Palestine, had reconciled by his personal exertions, the Genoese and the Pisans. That chivalrous king, Louis le Gros, as a religious duty, not only was reconciled to Thibaud, Count of Blois and Champagne, but he also succeeded in reconciling Thibaud with Raoul, Count of Vermandois. When the quarrel which divided all Burgundy, between Humbert, Seigneur de Rougemont, and John de Blaisy, who had imprisoned him, was left to the arbitration of Philippe le Hardi, Duc de Bourgogne, the duke decided that Jean de Blaisy should go to prison for one day in the house of the Seigneur Leray, the friend of Humbert, and that then the two knights should drink together in his presence and be friends. Richard Duke of Normandy reconciled Arnulf of Flanders with Hugh Capet. William of Jumiéges says, that whenever Richard heard of men living at variance, he re-established

peace between them, according to the words of Scripture, "Blessed are the feet of those who bring peace."[1] Louis XII, when Duke of Orleans, playing at tennis, Anne de Beaujeu decided a disputed point against him; which so enraged him, that he said "qu'elle en avoit menti." "Ha! mon cousin," said the princess to René, Duke of Lorraine, "do you suffer me to be thus insulted?" René made no reply, but gave the Duke of Orleans a blow. The other princes separated and appeased them. There is not a single example in all the records of chivalry of any instigators and exciters of combat till we reach the period when men had abandoned the faith, without being able to return to the feelings and magnanimity of nature. In 1063, William, Duke of Normandy, passing into Bretagne, reconciled two princes, brothers, Alain and Yves, who contended for the cities of Dol and Saint Malo. "Comme ils étoient près de combattre, le Duc Guillaume se trouva au lieu où les armées étoient assemblées, et séparant leurs gens, comme un pasteur ses brebis, mit en accord ses deux cousins sans effusion de sang." Géoffroy de Villehardouin, mareschal of Champagne, who wrote the History of the Conquest of Constantinople, together with Manasses de l'Isle, one of the most valiant knights of the French army, succeeded in reconciling the Marquis de Montferrat and the Emperor Baldwin, after they had proceeded to an open breach, and this with great difficulty; for Villehardouin says that he had to reprove the marquis "mult durement." Thus, again, Joinville reconciled two of his squires, declaring that he would not disembark till he had made them friends. The Duke of Burgundy ran up to the King of France just as the Sire de la Tremoille and the Sire de

[1] Lib. IV, c. 19.

Courtenay were running at each other, and by his entreaties the duel was stopped. When Canute, king of the Obotrites and Duke of Schleswig, met Magnus, Prince of Denmark, in the forest, and asked him why he was armed,—for, in embracing him, he felt the iron under his dress of a minstrel,—he replied, "To destroy the goods of a man who has injured me." It was while poor Canute was condemning such an intention, and also representing the additional crime of harbouring it at such a holy time,—for it was the feast of the Three Kings, that Magnus fell upon him, and thrust a weapon through his body. In the sixteenth century, the Marquis Fabio Albergati of Bologna wrote a treatise on the manner of appeasing private enmities, which had great reputation.[1] Let it be remembered, that even the heroes of heathen chivalry often endeavoured to reconcile enemies. Scipio did all he could to prevent the duel between Corbis and Orsua. Æneas reconciles Dares and Entellus;[2] and with what affecting eloquence does Nestor address himself for this purpose to Achilles and Agamemnon!

> Ἀτρεΐδη, σὺ δὲ παῦε τεὸν μένος· αὐτὰρ ἔγωγε
> λίσσομ' Ἀχιλλῆϊ μεθέμεν χόλον·

And how well might a Christian warrior adopt the resolution and even the very words of Patroclus, when he said

> σπεύσομαι δ' εἰς Ἀχιλλῆα,————
> τίς δ' οἶδ' εἴ κέν οἱ, σὺν δαίμονι, θυμὸν ὀρίνω
> παρειπών; ἀγαθὴ δὲ παραίφασίς ἐστιν ἑταίρου.

XII. The humble hope which chivalry reposed in divine protection, and the disposition to look upon all happiness and power as the gift of God,

[1] Trattato del Modo di ridurre a Pace le Inimicizie private. Roma, 1583; Bergamo, 1587.

[2] Æneid, V, 461.

must not be passed over. Ramon Muntaner, who was a rough and ignorant warrior of Valencia, begins his Chronicle by declaring, that, of all the men in the world, he is most bound to render solemn thanks to God, and to the whole heavenly court, for the wonderful protection he has experienced in the thirty-two battles by land and sea which he has fought, and amidst the imprisonments and labours which he has undergone. The heroes of Romance have the same sentiments. "There is no kynght lyvinge now, that ought to kenne God soo grete thanke as ye," said the friend of Sir Launcelot, "for he hath geven yow beaute, semelynes, and grete strengthe above all other knyghtes, and therfor ye are the more beholdyng unto God than any other man to love hym and drede hym; for your strength and manhode wille lytel avaylle yow, and God be ageynste yow." Thenne Sir Launcelot sayd, "Now I knowe wel ye saye me sothe"; and his usual cry was, "Jhesu, be thou my sheld and myn armour." Froissart relates of the English after the battle of Cressy, "this night they thanked God for their good adventure, and made no boast thereof; for the kynge wolde that no man shulde be proude, or make boost, but every man humbly to thanke God"; and the brave knight who writes the history, remarks upon the delivery of Ghent, "that it was by the grace of God, but that the captains were so proude thereof that God was displeased with theym, and that was well sene ere the yere passed, as ye shall her after in this storie, to gyve ensample to all people." The same lesson is inculcated in that beautiful romance of Sir Isembras, which is familiar to the reader of Ellis's Specimens of Early English Metrical Romances,—a work which would be read with unmixed pleasure, if it were not for the too sarcastic vein which pervades the commentary of the author.

Memorable are the words which Alfonso, King of Aragon and Sicily, addressed to his son, who was to march against the Florentines at the head of a great army. "The principal advice which I give you is, that you must reckon less upon your courage and the intrepidity of your soldiers, than on the assistance of Almighty God. Believe me, my son, it is not the ability of a general, nor the docility of his troops, but the will of God which gives victory." This was similar to the speech of the Black Prince before the battle of Poitiers. "Now, sirs, though we be but a small company as in regard to the puissance of our enemyes, let us not be abashed therefor; for the vyctorie lyeth not in the multitude of people, but when as God wyll send it; yf it fortune that this journey be ours, we shall be the most honoured people of all the world; and if we dye in our right quarrel, I have the king my father and bretheren, and also ye have good friends and kynsmen, these shall revenge us: therefore, sirs, for Goddesake, I requyre you to do your devoyrs this day; for, if God be pleased and Saint George, this day ye shall see me a good knyght." The Count of Foix had a custom of celebrating the feast of St. Nicholas with great solemnity, upon which occasion the earl used to "departe all afote fro his castell, and go with the clergy in processyon to the churche, where they sange a psalme of the Psalter, 'Benedictus Dominus Deus meus, qui docet manus meas ad prælium, et digitos meos ad bellum." The Dame des Belles Cousines, in the romance of Petit Jean de Saintré, who was no imaginary person, but the sister of King John of France, teaches the young page, saying to him, "Remember, that whenever you are going to set out, whether on foot or on horseback, you seriously, and with attention, make the sign of the cross, and say,

Benedicat mihi Dominus et custodiat me,
Ostendat mihi faciem suam Dominus et misereatur mei.
Convertat Dominus vultum suum ad me et det mihi pacem.

Et lors partez seurement, et faictes vertueusement ce que devez faire; car par ainsi, ne pourrez faire chose, gaigne ou perte, que tout ne soit à honneur." So we read in the romance of Gerard de Roussillon, "a knight performs everything as by the hand of God and in his name, without ever celebrating himself; for his praise out of his own mouth is an insult to others: he, on the contrary, who praises not himself, but God, adds renown to honour. The empty love of fame is a load which annihilates the merit, the plumes, and the good deeds of chivalry." Roger de Hauteville used to bear on his ensigns and shield the following device, "Dextera Domini fecit virtutem, dextera Domini exaltavit me." An interesting emblem of this reliance was displayed in the coat-armour of the high and mighty Prince Duke Albert of Lasko in Poland, which bore the hull of a ship having only a mainmast and a top without any tackling, with the motto, "Deus dabit vela," shewing that heavenly guidance is that whereby worldly affairs are governed. And Andrea Doria, who was admiral to Charles V, bore a ship with masts and canvass under full sail, with the motto, "Non dormit qui custodit." The uncertainty of all human prosperity had taught this lesson in all ages to heroic men. Our Christian chivalry was familiar with the words of Rodrigo:

Last night I was the king of Spain; to-day no king am I:
Last night fair castles held my train; to-night where shall I lie?
Last night a hundred pages did serve me on the knee;
To-night not one I call mine own, not one pertains to me.

A belief in the superintendence of Providence, accompanied by a trust in divine protection, has

been characteristic of the hero in all ages. What sentence of antiquity is more memorable than this in the Iliad?

> ὅττι μάλ' οὐ δηναιὸς, ὃς ἀθανάτοισι μάχοιτο,
> οὐδέ τί μιν παῖδες ποτὶ γούνασι παππάζουσιν,
> ἐλθόντ' ἐκ πολέμοιο καὶ αἰνῆς δηϊοτῆτος.

Thus, again, Æneas says to Achilles,

> Ζεὺς δ' ἀρετὴν ἀνδρεσσιν ὀφέλλει τε, μινύθει τε,
> ὅππως κεν ἐθέλῃσιν· ὁ γὰρ κάρτιστος ἁπάντων.

And Hector expressed it more forcibly in these affecting words:

> οἶδα δ', ὅτι σὺ μὲν ἐσθλὸς, ἐγὼ δὲ σέθεν πολὺ χείρων.
> ἀλλ' ἦτοι μὲν ταῦτα θεῶν ἐν γούνασι κεῖται,
> αἴ κέ σε χειρότερός περ ἐὼν ἀπὸ θυμὸν ἕλωμαι
> δουρὶ βαλών.

XIII. The hardy, temperate, and often abstemious life, recommended and required by religion, was in agreement with the inclination and pursuits of chivalry. Thus, among the four especial things which Hue de Tabarie prescribed to Saladin as proper for a knight, one is

> Que abstinence doit avoir,
> Et por verité le vous di,
> Qu'il doit jeûner au Vendredi
> Pour chele sainte remembranche
> Que Jhesu Cris fu de la lanche
> Ferus pour no redempcion,
> Toute sa vie en chelui jor
> Doit jeuner pour nostre Signor
> Se il nil' laist por maladie,
> Ou por aucune compaignie;
> Et s'il ne puet por chou juner
> Si se doit vers Diu accorder
> D'aumosne fere, ou d'autre cose.[1]

This duty was faithfully observed. It is recorded of the Mareschal de Boucicaut, in the old memoirs

[1] L'Ordene de Chevalerie.

of his life, that "he held Friday in great reverence: on that day he would eat nothing which had suffered death, and he would be dressed all in black, in honour of the passion of our Lord." Beaumanoir, who commanded the thirty Bretons in the famous combat against thirty English, had fasted even that day. In the heat of battle, being oppressed with thirst, he asked to drink: "Bois ton sang, Beaumanoir," replied Géoffroy du Bois, "ta soif se passera. L'honneur de cette journée nous restera; chacun y gaignera vaillante renommée, dont le souvenir ne s'effacera jamais." In the Chroniques de St. Denis, it is said of Charlemagne, that he did not love fast-days. However, he was most simple in his ordinary diet. The Monk of St. Gallen says, that on one of his journeys he stopped at a bishop's house on a Friday. The prelate had no fish, so he served him up some platter of miserable fry, and a cheese. The emperor ate the cheese, but took care to pick out the green spots with his knife. The bishop, who stood near the table, took the liberty of representing that he threw away the best part. Charles tasted, and agreed that it was. He then begged his host to send him every year two cases of such cheese to Aachen. The bishop replied, "that he would send the cases, but could not answer for the cheeses being green, because it was only on opening them that he could be sure." "Very well," said the emperor, "cut them in two, and you can then judge if they are what I like; then lay the two pieces together, and pack them up." Such was the simplicity of his table, that a good cheese was a great luxury. In general, what is said of Perceforest was true of all knights. "Nul plaisir n'avoit en manger fors pour le corps soustenir." It used to be one of the dreadful traits of character ascribed to Robert le Diable, that he never fasted on Fridays. The rules of fasting have

varied in different ages and countries, as may be seen in Socrates, Nicephorus, and other ecclesiastical writers. The example of our Saviour and his apostles, sanctioning a practice of the highest antiquity, was a law to the first Christians. In the primitive Church, prayer and fasting were prescribed to all who embraced Christianity.[1] It falls not to my province to shew the advantage respecting religion which followed from men not feasting sumptuously every day; but no man can fail to admire that discipline which contributed so greatly to the formation of temperate and knightly men, and to eradicate that swinish luxury which Tacitus calls "epularum fœda et inexplebilis libido":[2] and although some temporal men, of riches and power, in various ages, may have sought to reconcile obedience to the Church with the gratification of sensuality, nevertheless, were the distinction of days ever so slight, that distinction still was existing, to remind others of the affecting fact intended to be commemorated, and of the spirit which had originally required it. There is something in the contrary practice which has the air of ingratitude, or forgetfulness and indifference. It is a night of Holy Week. The Catholics are celebrating the death of the Saviour of the world in silence and fasting. The tower of a temple, dedicated to the new discipline, is sending out the merry music from a peal of bells, and the smoke of nocturnal banquets invades the poor stranger's garret. It is to be remembered, however, that the great object in view was the cultivation of general habits of temperance, and the rendering even scenes of conviviality subservient to the glory of God.

What a contrast between those who began their meals with that form of grace, "Oculi omnium in

[1] St. Just. Martyr. Ap. 2. [2] Hist. II, 62.

te sperant, Domine," and those who "ne'er look to heaven, but with besotted base ingratitude cram and blaspheme their feeder!" "Quant les seigneurs se lievent de la table, ils doibvent ouyr graces reverentement et paisiblement, et ne doibvent a nully parler jusques a tant quelles soient finées. Et doibvent en leurs cœurs rendre graces a Dieu, et dire auscunes devotes oraisons en lieu de graces en rendant a Dieu mercy." This is what Gilles de Rome lays down in his Mirror; and again, "Vaillant homme ne doibt menger se non une fois ou deux le jour; car menger plusieurs fois est maniere d'enfant ou de beste." The sentiments of the ancients upon the advantange of abstinence may be seen in Athenæus.[1] Cicero remarked, that the mind was strongly affected by the food of the body.[2] Lycurgus even ordained, that the Spartan youth should not be without experience of a want of food, that so, when occasion required it, they might be more able ἀσιτήσαντας ἐπιπονῆσαι.[3] Indeed, the Spartan discipline and manners came near in many points to that of our gallant ancestors, only the Christian religion ennobled their object and refined their expression. The simple, abstemious, and hardy life which Socrates led preserved him from the great plague which raged in the beginning of the Peloponnesian war;[4] and if the Romans boasted of the glories of their country, their wise men with Livy remarked, that in no city were temperance and poverty so long held in honour as in Rome.[5] The Christian Church, by teaching men to honour poverty and temperance, conferred an inestimable benefit upon the world. What Pliny says, alluding to Aristo, seems intended to apply to some Catholic knight or baron: "Quam

[1] II, 6.
[2] De Nat. Deorum, II, 16.
[3] Xen. de Repub. Laced. c. II.
[4] Aul. Gell. II, 2.
[5] Præfat.

parcus in victu! quam modicus in cultu! soleo ipsum cubiculum ejus, ipsumque lectum, ut imaginem quandam priscæ frugalitatis adspicere." We can hardly believe that Xenophon is not describing some veteran hero of our own chivalry, when he says, "If any one will not believe what I affirm of the simplicity and temperance of Agesilaus, let him only view his house, and look at the doors, for they seem to be the very same which were put up by Aristodemus, the descendant of Hercules: let him examine the furniture and the arrangement within";[1] and the words of Nepos are equally striking, "Domo eadem fuit contentus qua Eurysthenes progenitor majorum suorum fuerat usus: quam qui intraret, nullum signum libidinis, nullum luxuriæ videre poterat, contra ea plurima patientiæ atque abstinentiæ."

XIV. We have now seen the zeal with which chivalry protected religion, the respect which it evinced for the clergy, the willingness with which it discharged the ordinary religious duties of men; it remains for us to mark that profound and solemn spirit of devotion, which so often gave rise to affecting and even romantic incidents, which are presented at intervals on the page of history.

The pilgrim and hoary palmer are interesting characters in the early and middle ages of the Church. The last pilgrim that I met was an old man, who bore his staff and had his cockle hat; and who begged alms of me as I was riding up a mountain near the river Seine.

> Oh, come ye from East, or come ye from West,
> Or bring relics from over the sea;
> Or come ye from the shrine of St. James the divine,
> Or St. John of Beverly?

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[1] Agesilai Encom. 8.

He was a Pilgrim of Santiago de Compostela. It is justly right and quite in character for the amusing author of a History of Fiction to tell us of "the lying horde of pilgrims from the Holy Land"; but he who would give a history of true facts will often have occasion to admire the piety and humility of these holy men: at all events, as Socrates says, it is not proper that a man who loves the Muses should be unacquainted with them. They are often met with in poetic regions:

> Now was the hour that wakens fond desire
> In men at sea, and melts their thoughful heart,
> Who in the morn have bid sweet friends farewell;
> And pilgrim newly on his road, with love
> Thrills if he hear the vesper-bell from far,
> That seems to mourn for the expiring day.[1]

These poor pilgrims were often great princes in disguise, who were glad to suffer indignities for the love of God. Alas! when men behold God dishonoured, does it seem ridiculous that they should shrink from being honoured? Our early history is full of examples of royal pilgrims; such as Coenred, king of Mercia; Offa, king of the East Saxons; Ceolwulf, king of Northumbria. King Lucius is said to have renounced his crown and the world, and to have preached the Gospel in the Grisons; and St. Aldhelm, a holy pilgrim from the banks of the Thames, is said to have taken his station on a bridge, where, with his sweet melodious accents, he used to convert the idolaters to the Christian faith.[2] It is a memorable history which is related of a stranger returning from a pilgrimage to St. James of Compostela, and arriving at the castle of Raymond Berenger, Count of Provence, where he was so hospitably received, that he attached himself to his court, and shewed such capa-

[1] Dante, Purgatory; Carey's translation.
[2] La Gaule Poétique, II, 114.

city, that the prince confided to him the administration of his finances. His attention soon tripled the revenue: nevertheless the pilgrim did not escape the envy of the courtiers, who prevailed upon the count to call for his accounts. "My lord," replied the pilgrim, "I have served you a long time, and have put your estate into order; the malice of your barons obliges you to pay me with ingratitude. I was a poor pilgrim when I came to your court, and I have lived honestly on the wages you allowed me. Order them to give me back my mule, my staff, and my bottle, and so I depart as I came." The count was moved at his words, and endeavoured to retain him; but he persisted in his resolution, and went his way. Some say that from this pilgrim, called Romieu, from his having been to Rome, and supposed to have been of the house of Aragon, is descended the illustrious family of Villeneuve. Pilgrims were under the protection of the Church: "All pilgrims, recluses, hermits, of whatever country, are under the especial protection of our holy father at Rome," says the author of L'Arbre des Batailles, "et peuvent faire et accomplir leurs pelerinages et voyages par toute la Chrestienté la ou leur devotion sera ou au saint sepulchre, ou ailleurs ou ils auront voué a aller en pelerinage, soit en temps de guerre, de paix, ou de treves, quelque temps qu'il soit sur terre. Et en ce cas cy sont privilegiés comme gens d'Eglise": "so that if the richest citizen or merchant of London" (observe the character he takes) "should be moved to go on pilgrimage to St. Denis or to St. Antony of Vienne, he need have no safe-conduct. Et sans faulte toute personne qui met la main sur pelerin ou pelerine, va contre l'ordonnance et sauvegarde du Pape."[1] So the question is proposed: "A French

[1] Chap. C.

knight with his company riding before Bordeaux, meets on the road an old citizen coming from hearing mass in a chapel without the city, where there is a hermitage: ought the knight to take him prisoner? The answer is, that he should be let go free. The nobles of Poictou having rebelled against Earl Richard (Cœur de Lion), he defeated them, and kept one Peter Seille in very strayte prison, and would not put him to his ransome; wherefore Earl Raymond took two of the King of England's knights, Sir Robert Poer and Sir Richard Fraser, as they were returning from Compostela; but they were quickly set at liberty by the French king's commandment, for the reverence of St. James, whose pilgrims they were."[1] It was for the use of pilgrims that the famous Itinerary from Bordeaux to Jerusalem was composed. I am not willing to take any notice of the commonplace declamation which the moderns are so fond of, in ridicule and censure of these holy and venerable practices. Bad men may have concealed their wickedness under the cloak of devotion: this is no modern discovery. "Dieu seul sait qui bon pélerin est," was the saying of our old ancestors, of men who received every pilgrim for the love of God, who, like Count Raimond de St. Gilles, would name their own house Chasteau Pelerin; who were quite as sharp-sighted as their descendants, and who were not in the least behind them in horror "de la abominable simulation ou fiction de saincteté," as Gilles de Rome calls it. Sismondi, in his History of the Italian Republics, does full justice to the conduct of the millions of Christians who made a pilgrimage to Rome in 1350.[2] Büsching, too, another witness, whom even the moderns cannot suspect, leads his reader to conclude, "that amidst the excessive fatigues to

[1] Holinshed, 467.

[2] Vol. VI, 43.

which men thus exposed themselves, there could hardly have been wanting moments in which the penance inflicted on the outer man was changed into an inward and lasting return to God."[1] Among the Anglo-Saxon Penitential Canons, A.D. 960, we read as follows: "Deep amends is it, that a layman lay aside his weapons, and travel barefoot far away, and not be a second night in the same place; and fast, and watch much, and pray earnestly night and day; that he come not into a warm bath nor a soft bed, nor taste flesh nor spirits; that he come not within a church (though he zealously inquire after holy places), and declare his guilt, and earnestly beg prayers for himself, and kiss nobody, but be always vehemently bewailing his sins." Let any man read the pilgrimage of Duke William V of Aquitaine to St. James of Compostela, in 1136, when he retired from the world, and say, if he can, that here was not the sorrow and repentance unto life.[2] Bouchet, in his book Le Bouquet Sacré de la Terre Saincte, shewing the spiritual advantage to be derived from a pilgrimage, says that the Hebrews used the same word for pilgrimage and tribulation; and even Fleury admits, that a penitent travelling alone, or with another, observed a rule, fasted or lived soberly, kept hours of meditation and silence, sung psalms, or had edifying conversation. If they had committed sin, they knew what was their hope, and they now sought to ascend by their vices and their passions. "De vitiis nostris scalam nobis facimus," said St. Augustine, "si vitia ipsa calcamus."[3] The solemn and penitential spirit under the palmer's cowl, or even knightly armour, gave rise to many awful examples of mortification:—

[1] Ritterzeit und Ritterwesen, II, 159.
[2] See Jean de Bouchet, Annales d'Aquitaine, 131.
[3] Serm. III, de Ascens.

And here it soothes him to abide,
For some dark deed he will not name;
The flash of that dilating eye
Reveals too much of times gone by.
Slow sweeps he through the column'd aisle;
There will he pause till all is done,
And hear the prayer, but utter none.

When William Longue-épée, the warlike Duke of Normandy, was assassinated, they found under his clothes the inner garment of a monk; for he had made a vow to renounce the world, and was about to have put it in execution. The title of one chapter in L'Arbre des Batailles was enough to cast a shade of solemnity over the warrior's brow: "Se ung chevalier meurt en la bataille, se nous dirons que son ame soit sauvée ou se elle est dampnée?"[1] The author first concludes that it is not saved, because "mortel homme qui meurt en ire et en malle volente on croit qu'il soit mort en pechié mortel"; nathless, he draws three other conclusions. If he dies fighting for the faith, and otherwise is not in mortal sin, "il s'en va en Paradis: 2. if in a just war, for a just cause, he goes to Paradise: 3. if he dies in unjust battle for unjust cause, il est en voye de dampnacion." Among Lanfranc's Canons; A.D. 1072, we read, "This is the penance for the soldiers whom William, Duke of Normandy, had in arms. Let him who knows he killed a man in the great battle (Hastings), do penance one year for every man slain by him; for every one that he struck, if he do not know that the man died of the blow, forty days: if he know not the number of men whom he has slain or struck, let him do penance one day in every week, as long as he lives; or if he be able, let him redeem it with perpetual alms, by building or endowing a church. Let him that intended to strike any one, though he did it not,

[1] Chap. LIII.

do penance for three days." Before the siege of Orleans by the English, the inhabitants knowing that war under all circumstances gives occasion to disorder and license, proceeded to excuse themselves beforehand, and to beg the mercy of God with pious processions. In 960, those who were poor are ordered in the Anglo-Saxon canons, to "frequent churches with alms, and salute holy places with light, and give hospitality, and meat and protection to them who want it, and afford fire and bed and bath and clothing and succour to the poor; to visit the sorrowful and sick with relief, and bury the dead, in devotion to God, and kneel down often in secret, and often vehemently extend their limbs on the ground, and pray by day and night." Those who were rich in the primitive church had to benefit the world by great works. Thus Theodoret says, "I erected public porticos; I built two great bridges; I took care of the public baths; I built an aqueduct and supplied a city with water."[1] Hear an eye-witness describe the penance of an emperor: "Stravit omne quo utebatur insigne regium, deflevit in ecclesia publice peccatum suum: gemitu et lacrimis oravit veniam. Quod privati erubescunt, non erubuit imperator publice agere pœnitentiam."[2] The heroes of the old romances of chivalry are not less careful of their soul's state. When Beltenebroso was accosted by the unknown damsels, who prayed him to tell them for courtesy what place was that where they had landed and who he was; "Ladies," he replied, "they call it the Rock of the Hermitage, because of the hermit who dwells here. As for me, I am a poor man who bear him company, doing great and hard penance for the sins that I have com-

[1] Thomassin, III, iii, 37.
[2] Div. Ambrosii de Obitu Theodosii Imp. Serm.

mitted." Then said they, "Friend, is there any house here where our lady could rest for two or three days?" Beltenebroso answered, "Here is a little cabin in which I lodge: if the hermit pleases, you shall have it, and I will sleep abroad in the fields, as I often used to do."[1] Doolin of Mayence, while engaged in hunting, having caused inadvertently the death of a hermit, as a suitable penance resolves to occupy the cell of the deceased for the remainder of his days. Sir Perceval meets in a forest a procession of penitents, three of whom are knights; he is so affected at the sight, that he goes to confess his sins to a neighbouring hermit, who proves to be his uncle, the brother of King Pecheur.

The most extraordinary instance in romance is the penance of King Don Rodrigo. "When the king had escaped after the fatal battle, he rode on for days and nights, till he came to a hermitage near the sea, where there was a good man who had dwelt there, serving God, for full forty years; and the king said his prayers before the crucifix, and confessed to the old hermit, who said that he must die in three days, but that the king should abide there alone for a year, and keep a rule of penance, and take the food which should come to him: and the old man died, and the king buried him: and the devil came in disguise of an old hermit, and tempted him to break the rule, and to eat dainty fare; and the king withstood him, and continued to pray, and to eat only the black bread and water which a shepherd brought every Friday: and one day, between midnight and dawn, the false hermit came again in a younger form; and he called at the door, and the king looked who it might be, and saw that he was habited like a servant of God, and he opened the door forthwith; and the false hermit

[1] Amadis de Gaule, II, 9.

tempted the king to break his rule, and to hear him say mass; for the old man had told him he should hear none for a year; and the king withstood him: and again, one day about sun-setting, the devil came in the likeness of Count Don Julian, calling upon him to return and avenge Spain; and again in that of La Cava, the count's daughter, and he overcame the temptation; and the king abode in the hermitage a whole year and twelve days; and the last day he saw above him the cloud of which he had been told in a vision, that it should guide him to the place where he was to end his penance: and when he had ended his prayer, he saw that the cloud moved, and so he rose and followed it; and as the night closed, it came to a hermitage in which lived a good hermit, and it stopped, and then the king rested; and he was barefoot, and his feet were swollen; and an hour after night the hermit gave him a loaf, full small, which was made of rye, and there were ashes kneaded with it; and when they had eaten, they said prayers, and lay down to sleep, and rose at midnight to say their hours. And the cloud moved not, and the king stayed and confessed, and heard mass. The cloud began to move, and the king and the hermit embraced, weeping, and entreated each the other that he would remember him in his prayers; and the king pursued his way, though his feet were swollen, and he came to a convent of black monks, and the cloud stopped, and the abbot took the king to his cell, and asked him if he would eat as he was wont to do, or like the other monks; and the king said that he would do as he should direct him: and the abbot ordered a loaf and a jar of water, and on the other side he placed food such as the monks used; and the king would only eat of the panicum bread, and he drank of the water; and when he had eaten, the abbot asked of him if

he would remain that night to rest; and the king looked out on the cloud, and it moved, and he departed at the hour of vespers; and the king came to a church which was solitary, and then the cloud stopped, and he abode there that night; and in the church there was a lamp burning, and the king said his hours; and on the morrow the cloud moved, and after two days he came to a place of which, where it is, or what it is called, is not said, save that it is the place of his burial; and then the cloud stopped over a hermitage, and the hermit knew it was the king; and the cloud was seen no more, and the king knew that there he must perform his penance, and gave many thanks to God, and was full joyful, and he confessed, groaning for his sins; and the hermit was told in a vision that the king must go to a fountain below the hermitage, and lift up a smooth stone, and under it he should find three little serpents, one with two heads; and this one he must take and put it into a jar, and keep it till it was so great, that it had made three turns within the jar and put its head out; and then he must take it and put it in a tomb and lie down with it naked in the tomb; and the hermit was amazed at the penance, and the king was full joyful, for that he should now complete his penance, and save his soul; and he lifted up the stone, and he found the three serpents, and took the one with two heads and put it in a jar; and when it waxed so great as to make three turns and put its head out, he placed it in a tomb, and stripped himself naked, and lay down with it in the tomb; and the hermit covered him with a stone, and he besought him to pray God to strengthen him, and receive his soul to glory; and the hermit said mass, and with many tears besought God to have mercy upon the King Don Rodrigo; and he asked the king how he fared, and he answered, 'Well,' for the serpent had not touched

him: and the king lay there three days, and on the third day the serpent rose from his side, and with both heads began to eat him; and the hermit came to the tomb, and asked him how he fared, and he said, 'Well, thanks to God, for now the serpent has begun to eat.' And the hermit departed, and prayed and wept; and the king endured from an hour before night till it was past the middle of the day; and the serpent broke through the web of the heart, and ate no farther; and incontinently the king gave up his spirit to our Lord, who by his holy mercy took him into his glory: and at that hour when he expired, all the bells of the place rang of themselves as if men rang them, and then the hermit knew that the king was dead, and his soul saved." So ends this celebrated passage of romance, which can hardly be surpassed for wild and awful sublimity.

Nothing can mark in stronger colours the tone of deep religious feeling which was to be the foundation and essence of chivalry, than the custom of keeping vigils in a church, previous to being admitted to the order of knighthood, and afterwards upon different occasions, which the circumstances or inclinations of individuals might require. "It was the custom of the English," says Ingulphus, "that he who was to be consecrated a knight, on the eve of his consecration should confess all his sins with contrition to a bishop, or abbot, or monk, or priest; and being absolved, should devote himself to prayer, and piety, and affliction, and should spend the night in a church; the next morning, at mass, he should offer his sword on the altar, and after the Gospel, the priest should place the blessed sword on the neck of the warrior; who having communicated in the sacred mysteries of Christ at the same mass, then became a legitimate knight." The same ceremonies were observed in all Christian

states, with the exception of Normandy, where the Danish and more military form prevailed. The reader will find, upon reference to Ste. Palaye or Büsching, that nights passed in prayer and fasting, in a church, a confession of sins, the sacrament received with devotion, attention to the sermon, in which the priest explained the articles of faith and Christian morality, were generally the preliminary steps for obtaining the honour of knighthood. "The night before any one was to assume the spurs," says an old writer, "it behoved him to be armed cap-a-pee, and so armed to repair unto the church, and to stand there on his feet, or kneel in prayer, all the live-long night." The Siete Partidas, quoted by the author of Roderick, give very particular directions. "The squire shall be taken to the church, where he is to labour in watching and beseeching mercy of God, that he will forgive him his sins, and guide him, so that he may demean himself well in that order which he is about to receive; to the end that he may defend his law, and do all other things according as it behoveth him, and that he would be his defender and keeper in all danger and in all difficulties. And he ought to bear in mind how God is powerful above all things, and can shew his power in them when he listeth, and especially in affairs of arms. For in his hand are life and death, to give and to take away, and to make the weak strong, and the strong weak. And when he is making this prayer, he must be with his knees bent, and all the rest of the time on foot, as long as he can bear it. For the vigil of knights was not ordained to be a sport, nor for anything else, except that they, and those who go there, should pray to God to protect them, and direct them in the right way and support them, as men who are entering upon the way of death." But it was not merely

upon the first entrance in the profession of arms that this practice was enjoined. The King St. Louis used to spend whole nights in his private chapel in the castle of Vincennes. Theodoret relates, that the Emperor Theodosius the Great, before his second battle in Pannonia, shut himself up one night in a church to pray, and falling asleep, saw in a vision two men in white, on white horses, who promised him that they would assist him. These were St. Philip and St. John.[1] With respect to the vigils held by the primitive church before the great festivals, we may learn by looking into Eusebius. In the Anglo-Saxon church it was held a part of penance "to watch during the night in a church." In the Book of Heroes we have a fanciful instance of this discipline. Wolfdieterich, the redoubted champion, had become a monk in the monastery of Tustkal.

Strictly Sir Wolfdieterich kept his holy state,
But to cleanse him of his sins he begged a penance great:
His brethren bade him lie in the church upon a bier,
There to do his penance all the night till day appear.
When the night was come, to the church the hero sped;
Sudden all the ghosts appeared who by his sword lay dead.
Many a fearful blow they struck on the champion good;
Ne'er such pain and woe he felt when on the field he stood.
Sooner had he battle fought with thousands in the field
Striking dints with falchions keen on his glittering shield.
Half the night against the ghosts he waged the battle fierce;
But the empty air he struck when he weened their breasts to pierce.
Little recked they for his blows: with his terror and his woe,
Ere half the night was past his hair was white as snow.
And when the monks to matins sped, they found him pale and cold;
There the ghosts in deadly swoon had left the champion bold.

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[1] V, 24.

Sir Thomas More used to spend whole nights in his private chapel at Chelsea. King Alfred used to rise at the first dawn of day, and privately visit churches and their shrines, for the sake of prayer. And the biography attributed to Asser expressly states "he was accustomed to hear divine service, especially the mass, every day, and to repeat psalms and prayers, and the devotions for the hours of the day and for night; and he often frequented churches alone, without his state, in the night-time, for the sake of praying." Camoëns introduces this sublime practice into the Lusiad.[1] Vasco da Gama thus describes the eve of his expedition:

> Where foaming on the shore the tide appears,
> A sacred fane its hoary arches rears:
> Dim o'er the sea the evening shades descend,
> And at the holy shrine devout we bend:
> There, while the tapers o'er the altar blaze,
> Our prayers and earnest vows to heaven we raise.
> "Safe through the deep, where every yawning wave
> Still to the sailor's eye displays his grave;
> Through howling tempests, and through gulfs untried,
> O mighty God, be thou our watchful guide."

The prayers are finished.

> Sudden the lights extinguished, all around
> Dread silence reigns, and midnight gloom profound;
> A sacred horror pants on every breath,
> And each firm breast devotes itself to death,
> An offer'd sacrifice, sworn to obey
> My nod, and follow where I lead the way.
> Now prostrate round the hallowed shrine we lie,
> Till rosy morn bespread the eastern sky.

"This solemn scene," observes the translator, "is according to history. Aberat Olysippone prope littus quatuor passuum millia templum sane religiosum et sanctum ab Henrico in honorem S. Virginis ædificatum —— in id Gama, pridie illius diei quo

[1] Lib. IV.

erat navem conscensurus, se recepit, ut noctem cum religiosis hominibus, qui in ædibus templo conjunctis habitabant, in precibus et votis consumeret."

When the Cid arrived at Toledo, he declined the king's invitation to be lodged that night in the royal palace of Galiana, saying, "I will not cross the Tagus to-night, but will pass the night in St. Servan's on this side, and hold a vigil there." And the Cid went into the church of St. Servan, and ordered candles to be placed upon the altar, for he would keep a vigil there; and there he remained with Minaya and the other good ones, praying to our Lord, and talking in private.

No lordly look nor martial stride;
Gone was their glory, sunk their pride,
Forgotten their renown;
Silent and slow, like ghosts they glide
To the high altar's hallowed side,
And there they knelt them down.

A more interesting example occurs in the History of the Crusades, where the brave knights keep the vigil of the Nativity in the church at Bethlehem.[1] The ancients were always ready to admire this practice of chivalry, illustrating in so striking a manner the connexion between the heroic and the religious or contemplative character. It must be confessed by all lovers of wisdom that it was one which might have been conducive to important ends. An old poet relates how the blind god of riches recovered his eyes by remaining an entire night in the temple of Æsculapius;[2] and surely, without having recourse to any poetic fiction, it might have been expected that one night thus solemnly spent in the silence and awful majesty of

[1] Gesta Dei per Francos, 578. [2] Aristoph. Plutus, 727.

God's house, would restore sight to Plutus, give recovery of sight to the blind, awaken the worshipper of mammon to a sense of his own condition, compel him to feel, for some interval at least, that his choice was made in blindness, and that the wages of his lot were death. Pliny says, in a letter describing his mode of life, "Evigilo quum libet, plerumque circa horam primam, sæpe ante, tardius raro: clausæ fenestræ manent"; then he adds, "Mire enim silentio et tenebris animus alitur. Ab iis, quæ avocant, abductus, et liber, et mihi relictus, non oculos animo, sed animum oculis sequor, qui eadem, quæ mens, vident, quoties non vident alia."[1] The modern poet also has marked the purpose to which this practice may have been subservient, when he expresses his wish to associate with the serious night, and contemplation, her sedate compeer, while the drowsy world is lost in sleep. If it were objected, that it only recommended itself to the fancy, the words of a great modern writer might be urged. "We see persons of the greatest fancy, and such who are most pleased with outward fairness, are most religious. Great understandings make religion lasting and reasonable; but great fancies make it more scrupulous, strict, operative, and effectual." Setting controversy aside, it must be allowed that it was the natural result of a feeling heart, warmly interested in the truth of Christian revelation, and deriving not alone a kind of incidental sanction, but almost a positive authority from many passages in the history of our Lord. It was to shepherds keeping watch by night that the angel appeared to announce his birth. It was by seeing the star in the East, that the wise men were led to seek him in the stable of Bethlehem. They who thought themselves bound to imitate and fol-

[1] Ep. IX, 36.

low Christ, could not forget the nights which he spent alone on the mountains; how, when he had sent the multitude away, he went up into a mountain apart, and when the evening was come, he was there alone; and how, in the fourth watch of the night, at three o'clock in the morning, the disciples being in a ship, tossed with waves, Jesus went to them walking on the sea. The Church, in the institution of vigils, had regard to divers passages of Holy Scripture,—to Isaiah, who saith, "de nocte vigilat spiritus meus ad te, Deus"; to David, "media nocte surgebam ad confitendum tibi." It was at this time that the destroying angel, passing over, smote all the first-born of Egypt, "Unde et nos vigilare oportet, ne periculis Ægyptiorum admisceamur," says an old writer.[1] So also we read of the coming of the Saviour. "Beati servi illi, quos, cum venerit Dominus, invenerit vigilantes. Et si vespertina hora venerit, et si media nocte, et si galli cantu invenerit eos vigilantes, beati sunt quidem servi illi. Itaque et vos estote parati, quia nescitis quâ horâ filius hominis venturus est." There is another point of view in which this solemn practice will throw light on the character of chivalry; for it shews not only that the knights of old had learned to associate solitude with religious feeling, but also that they were ready to dare the powers of hell and darkness, from a trust in an Almighty arm that shielded them, and to prove themselves champions against spiritual as well as human foes. This may seem a small matter, but, notwithstanding, it may be doubted, with some reason, whether there are many at the present day who would cheerfully undergo this ordeal, if it were required as a preparatory step to their worldly

[1] Chrodegangi Metens Episcopi Regula Canonicorum, cap. XVI, apud Dacherii Spicil. I.

advancement. Some, I believe, would tremble to find themselves alone, and unable to hold high converse with the mighty dead. Saint Jerome says, "When I have been molested with anger or evil thoughts, I have not dared to enter the churches of the martyrs." If such were the feelings of a saint, what might not common mortals be supposed to experience! What, for instance, King Henry, when he spent the night in prayer in the cathedral of Canterbury, while the pavement was still wet with the blood of St. Thomas à Becket! He must be a very stern philosopher who will make no allowance for the influence of these feelings upon men whose warlike habits must have interfered with their cultivation of philosophy; if, indeed, philosophy would prove the utter absurdity of such notions. But whether it would have led to such conclusions or not, the voice of nature will be heard by the majority of mankind. There is something in the hour itself,

> The deep night,
> The time when screech-owls cry and ban-dogs howl,
> And spirits walk, and ghosts break up their graves;

there is something in the place, which inspires an awe that the boldest will have trouble to overcome. For "the church," as Saint Chrysostom says, and as men will occasionally feel in spite of their own levity, "is the place of angels and of archangels; the court of God, and the image or representment of heaven itself." However men may wish to ridicule it, there is an impression of mind, of which the poet truly says,

> Hearts firm as steel, as marble hard,
> 'Gainst faith, and love, and pity barr'd,
> Have quaked like aspen leaves in May
> Beneath its universal sway.

"I believe," says Sir Thomas Brown, "that the blessed spirits are not at rest in their graves, but wander solicitous of the affairs of the world; but that those phantoms appear often, and do frequent cemeteries, charnel-houses, and churches, it is because these are the dormitories of the dead, where the devil, like an insolent champion, beholds with pride the spoils and trophies of his victory in Adam." Plato argues it in a manner somewhat similar, when, speaking of the souls of wicked men, which have been intimately united to the body, he says, "The soul, loaded with the weight of flesh, sinks again towards the visible world; it goes wandering, as it is said, among the monuments and tombs, where dark phantoms are often seen, such as the shades of guilty souls ought to be, which have departed from life without being previously purified, and have retained somewhat of the visible region, and therefore the eye of man can still behold them";[1] which is copied by Milton, when he speaks of

> Those thick and gloomy shadows damp
> Oft seen in charnel vaults and sepulchres,
> Lingering and sitting by a new-made grave,
> As loath to leave the body that it loved.

Which idea seems to him so little absurd, that it inspired him with that rapture in the well-known lines which follow:

> How charming is divine philosophy!

But whatever philosophy or legendary lore may teach,

> Spotless in faith, in bosom bold,
> True son of chivalry should hold
> These midnight terrors vain;

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[1] Phædo.

For seldom have such spirits power
To harm, save in the evil hour
When guilt we meditate within,
Or harbour unrepented sin.

"I well remember," says an old man, "the first night I held a vigil. It was in a vast church, built by one of our heroic kings. They who sat round the blazing hearth of castles had different thoughts from mine, when

Nought living met the eye or ear,
But well I ween the dead were near.
The pillar'd arches were over our head,
And beneath our feet were the bones of the dead.

When each man would try to rouse his spirits, and whisper to himself, Be not dismayed

Because the dead are by:
They were as we; our little day
O'erspent, and we shall be as they.

Within these solemn walls no murmur of busy men, no light laugh of pleasure, no sound of human existence, met the ear; but, while

Full many a scutcheon and banner riven
Shook to the cold night-wind of heaven,
The midnight wind came wild and dread,
Swell'd with the voices of the dead;

you would try to think, like Sir Folker in the Nibelungen lay,

Cold grows my shirt of mail; I ween this murky night
Will soon be at an end, and the morning sun shine bright.

It is not strange that this silence seemed to the ancients somewhat divine: 'Lucos atque in iis silentia ipsa adoramus,' says Pliny. You would be glad to observe the first streaks of the dawn, though it would only present you with faint images of kneeling knights, and strange uncertain forms of

death. As you passed out of the portal again to meet the duties and the perils of life, you might have applied to yourself these lines, which would seem to be uttered from the sanctuary:

ἀλλ' ἴτον ἐξ ἀδύτοιο, κακοῖς δ' ἐπικίδνατε θυμόν." [1]

Upon the whole, the greatest enemy to romance and imagination will be compelled to confess that there was much to admire in this practice of chivalry. It had been handed down from a patriarchal age; it formed part of our Lord's religious exercise; it was sanctioned by the authority of the early church; it harmonized with philosophy, and certainly with the spirit of the Christian revelation, for it tended to awaken and confirm piety; to give men a taste of contemplation; to check that habit of sloth, and luxury, and comfort, as it is called, which enervates the soul; to keep alive the sentiment of spiritual existence and the desire of heaven; to nourish the presentiment of a mysterious side of nature, of an invisible world around us:—it accorded with all the lofty raptures of poetic genius, reviving the recollections of youth, though

> When musing on companions gone,
> We doubly feel ourselves alone;

serving in some degree to set before men the beauty of serener climates, the scenes and men of former time,

> Filling the soul with sentiments august,
> The beautiful, the brave, the holy, and the just.

It inspired courage to face terrors, which it is profane to ridicule, though proper to overcome; to cherish that general religious and lofty tone of

[1] Herod. VII, 140.

feeling which, while it shuns the epicurean and affected security of the sceptic, will lead us to confide in the protection of that Almighty Being whose care we are in this life, and to whose merciful disposal death can do nothing but consign us.

But to return from these dreams of poetry, if they must be so, to the more ordinary realities of life. How changed were the thoughts of Wolsey after his fall, when all he wanted was the hair-shirt which Sir Roger Lassels brought him to the abbey of Pomfret! Cavendish relates, that in the beginning of Lent, after his disgrace at court, the cardinal removed into the Charter-house at Richmond, and in the evenings he would sit in contemplation with one of the most ancient fathers of that house, in their cells, who converted him, and caused him to despise the vain glory of the world; and it was after his abode there, in goodly contemplation, that he rode northward, and visited his diocese of York, to the edification of the country. It must not be concluded that all penitent knights had been guilty of crimes. St. Bobo was a warrior of Provence, the father of the poor, and the protector of his country against the Saracens, whom he often defeated, when they poured into Provence by sea from Spain and Africa. He afterwards led a penitential contemplative life for many years, and being on a pilgrimage to Rome, he died at Voghera, near Pavia, in 985. Nor is it to be inferred from some examples, that men presumed generally upon the efficacy of these late conversions, after a life of crime. The fathers, the scholastic doctors, all the clergy, warned men not to trust to the repentance of old age. Certes they who had read Luis of Granada were sufficiently instructed on this point. Nieremberg quotes St. Augustine, whose words were continually from time to time pressed upon the attention of men. "Repentance in death is very dangerous;

for in the Holy Scriptures there is but one only found, to wit, the good thief, who had true repentance in his end. There is one found, that none should despair, and but one, that none should presume." But for those who still had years before them, the Church held out every encouragement. "Penitent tears," said Southwell, "are sweetened by grace, and rendered more purely beautiful by returning innocence. It is the dew of devotion, which the sun of justice draweth up, and upon what face soever it falleth, it maketh it amiable in the eye of God." What a scene must it have been to see Abelard die in the priory of St. Marcel at Chalons, in his 63rd year, and in the disposition of a true Christian![1] But on all occasions there was a depth and a solemnity in the religion of these men which produced most remarkable effects. The King of Aragon was hearing mass in the convent of St. Magdalen at Naples, early in the morning of the 27th of October, during the siege of that city, when a ball passed in and killed the Infant Don Pedro. The king, apprised of the tragical event by the cries of horror, notwithstanding his emotion, remained on his knees till the holy sacrifice was finished; and then rising up, he fell on the body of the Infant, embraced it in his arms, wept and cried out, "O my brother! O my friend! in you we have lost the flower of chivalry, and the most worthy ornament of Spain! May God grant thee eternal rest!".[2] Sir Thomas More being sent for by the king when he was at his prayers in public, returned answer, that he would attend him when he had first performed his service to the King of kings. Of the Mareschal de Boucicaut we read in the old Memoirs, "Nul n'oseroit parler à luy tandis qu'il est à ses messes, et qu'il dit son service, et moult devotement prie Dieu. Et à brief dire,

[1] Petr. Clun. Epist. IV.
[2] Hist. de René d'Anjou, par le Vicomte de Villeneuve, I, 275.

tant donne bon exemple de devotion a ceulx qui le voyent, que grands et petits s'y mirent. Tant que tous les varlets de son hostel servent Dieu en jeunes et devotions, et se contiennent à l'Eglise aussi devotieusement que feroient religieux. Et de tels y a qui ne souloient sçavoir mot de lettre, qui ont appris leurs heures et soigneusement les disent." Ebroin, mayor of the palace to Theoderic, King of France, who succeeded Chilperic II, was murdered by an injured nobleman called Hermanfrid, who lay in wait for him on Sunday before it was light, as he came out of his house to matins. Fleury takes occasion from this to remark, that even those princes who were most employed, and who had the least sense of religion (for Ebroin was a persecutor of the clergy), did not exempt themselves from attending at divine service even in the night. When the courtiers are withdrawing on the arrival of the confessor, the learned guardian of a convent of St. Francis, whom the dying empress in Tirante the White had sent for, "No," says the penitent, "let every one remain. Your presence will not prevent me from disclosing things which the presence of God, whom I adore, did not prevent me from committing." This reverential spirit was continually manifested; at the name of the Saviour of the world, every man gave signs of his love and humility. "Illud nomen quandocunque recolitur, flectant genua cordis sui, quod cum capitis inclinatione testentur." [1] At the remembrance of his cross, the strongest passions were subdued. Richier de l'Aigle found a hundred of his enemies grouped round a cross on the highway, and he left them at liberty out of respect for the emblem. Vain swearing was among the vices which Juvenel said, "doivent être en horreur au cheva-

[1] Statuta Synod. Eccles. Constantiensis, 58. Martene, Vet. Scriptor. Collect.

lier"; who must refrain, in like manner, "de toute parole vilaine ou injurieuse." "I have lived," says Joinville, speaking of St. Louis, "twenty-two years in his company, and never during that time have I heard him swear or blaspheme God, or the Virgin, or any saint, whatever might have been his passion or provocation. When he wished to affirm anything, he used to say, 'Truly it is so,' or 'truly it is not so.'" The remark which Joinville adds on this occasion is curious. "Et est une très honteuse chose au royaume de France de celui cas, et aux princes de le souffrir ne oyr nommer, car vous verrez que l'un ne dira pas trois motz à l'autre par mal, qu'il ne die; va de par le diable, ou en autres langaiges." Nor was it sufficient if the knights exercised these virtues themselves, without attending to influence their dependents. After St. Louis had published his ordinance against swearers, Joinville, to whom such characters were odious, made a regulation for the interior management of his house, "que celui de ses gens qui jureroit seulement par le diable seroit puni d'un soufflet ou d'un coup de poing." "En l'hotel de Joinville," says the Joinville MS. "qui dit telle parole, reçoit le soufflet ou la paumelle."

Bayard reproving two pages who blasphemed in his presence, it was said that he made much of a little matter. "Certes," he replied, "ce n'est pas petite chose, mauvaise coustume apprise de jeunesse." Of the Mareschal Boucicaut we read, "Jamais souffriroit jurer à nul de son hostel"; and in the camp he used to command, "que nul n'y jure vilainement Dieu. Et si aucun le faict, il est grefvement puny." It was from a devout and reverential spirit, that oaths were forbidden to chivalry, and not merely from an idea that they were contrary to good manners. The same spirit induced knights and princes to pay all devout honour to the seasons and festivals of the Church. In the Anglo-

Saxon times, a law says, "Sunday is most holily to be kept; but if it happen that a man must of necessity travel, he may ride or sail, but on condition that he hear mass."[1] Louis le Débonnaire renewed the primitive laws of the Church, which commanded the cessation of every servile work on Sunday; and he even endeavoured to prevent all public assemblies for amusement. The ancient laws of the Bavarians forbade any one to travel by land or water on Sunday, under pain of twelve shillings fine. In a council held by Cuthbert, Archbishop of Canterbury, in 747, all priests and monks are forbidden to travel on Sundays, unless on urgent necessity. The Council of Paris in 1557, decreed, that all plays, dances, drinkings, and idle discourse, be avoided on festivals; and St. Augustine even said, "they would have done better to dig the whole day, than to dance the whole day." Theodosius the Elder, in 386, forbade even pagans to be gratified on Sundays with any exhibition of gladiators, or stage-plays, or horse-racing, or fighting of wild beasts: and his grandson, Theodosius the Younger, extended the prohibition to all the other great festivals of the year; nor would he allow any exception to be made in honour of the emperor's birthday, or the anniversary of his accession, if it should fall on a festival; adding, that no greater honour can be paid to the imperial majesty on earth, than by shewing a just veneration to the majesty of Almighty God in heaven. The Greek and Latin Churches have universally condemned the violation of the Sunday and other festivals. The religious shows had been long known in Paris; but it was only in the time of Henry III that regular comedians were recognized by the State. The Church condemned both, on the festivals, in 1579

[1] Wilk. Concil. 273.

at Melun, at Bourges in 1584, at Avignon in 1594, at Rheims in 1583, at Tours in 1585. Similar decrees were passed by the councils in Spain. After divine service innocent recreation was permitted and approved of by the Church. Fénelon gently reproved a curate for blaming some poor peasants for dancing on the evening of Sunday. The knights and barons in every age made it a law never to hunt on Sunday;[1] and the German legend of the Wild Huntsman will prove what opinion often prevailed respecting the consequence of profaning this holy day. Among the ecclesiastical laws of King Ine, in 693, we read, "If a slave work on the Sunday by his lord's command, let him become a freeman, and let the lord pay thirty shillings." St. Antoninus of Florence relates of two young men who went on a party of hunting on a festival, that one being killed by lightning, it was remarked he had not heard mass to the end before he set out. In the wicked court of our Henry II the Sunday was profaned: "Homines in curia sabbatizare non vidi," says a contemporary, "unde et in ea parte melior est conditio jumentorum."[2] In the story of Tirante the White, in describing the grand fêtes given by the King of England in London, it is said that separate exercises were ordained for each day; but "Friday, a day of sorrow and of mourning, there was no joust, only after mass it was allowable to hunt." So in the famous challenge by Renaud de Roye, Boucicaut, and Saimpy, in the reign of King Charles VI, to hold a joust at St. Juquelvert, in the marshes of Calais, in 1389, they were to continue there thirty days complete, the Fridays only excepted. The rule must be ascribed to a feeling of devout reverence, though the careless part of society

[1] Ste. Palaye, Mémoires Historiques sur la Chasse.
[2] Petri Blesensis Epist. XIV.

may have only attended to the letter. At Easter, Thedosius and Justinian ordained, that all prisons should be thrown open, excepting in a few cases of particular crime: by the capitularies of Charlemagne, the same custom was observed at Christmas, Easter, and Whitsuntide. King Louis of France and the English barons, in the first year of Henry III, made a truce for the feast of the Nativity, which was to last till twenty days after Christmas. The Emperor Frederick Barbarossa, when besieging Tortona in 1155, ordered hostilities to cease the day before Easter-eve, and granted a truce for forty days to keep the festival. The approach of Christmas determined Godfrey of Bouillon to make peace with Alexius. During the siege of Rouen by the English, when a great number of poor silly creatures were driven between the wall of the city and the trenches of the enemy, King Henry V, moved with pity, "on Christmasse-day, in the honour of Christe's nativitie, refreshed all the poor people with vittaile, to their greate comfort, and his high prayse." Henry VI on one occasion kept his Christmas at the magnificent monastery of St. Edmundsbury, where he remained in a state of seclusion from the world till the following Easter.

But if the ordinary occasions of life could elicit indications of this solemn and reverential spirit, how sublime and awful must have been the scenes of imprisonment, and affliction, and death! What a spectacle to see the king, St. Louis, die, after he had twice, with a large army, passed so many seas, tempests, monsters, arms, and battles, for the glory of his Master! What a spectacle to see St. Paul the hermit die, after he had laboured 100 years under the habit of religion! Would we reverse the picture, and behold the last agony of that proud knight, who now lies so low, and listens with horror

to some holy monk who repeats to him, perhaps, the words of Luis of Granada: "'They that were ready,' says the Gospel, 'entered into the palace of the bridegroom, and presently the gate was shut.' The gate shut! O eternal shutting! O gate of all goodness, which shall never be opened again,—who can sufficiently consider thee?" What a solemn scene is this! The very minstrel's harp is tuned to the solemnity of judgment.

Or dance, amant, dance,
Tu as qui t'avance
Il te fault suyr;
Mais a l'autre dance
Le poid de balance
Ne pourras fuyr.
Veulx tu consuyr
Par ton diffuyr
Divine vengeance?
Apres circuyr
Te vient poursuyr
Rigoreuse lance.[1]

Oh, what a picture does the poet give of that proud chieftain struggling with death, in the prison of Stirling!

Old Allan-bane looked on aghast,
While grim and still his spirit pass'd.

Far be it from any son of chivalry to fancy that fear is on all occasions unworthy of a brave man. The great moralist of nature has pronounced a different sentence: Οὐ περὶ πάντα δοκεῖ ὁ ἀνδρεῖος εἶναι· ἔνια γὰρ καὶ δεῖ φοβεῖσθαι, καὶ καλόν· τὸ δὲ μή, αἰσχρὸν, οἷον ἀδοξίαν.[2] A reverential spirit was always considered as belonging to the heroic character. In the expedition of the Argonauts, at the banquet, when Idas had uttered that profane speech, calling upon his spear to bear witness, saying,

[1] Pierre Michaut, Dance aux Aveugles.
[2] Aristot. Ethic. Nicomach. III, 6.

——— οὐ δέ μ' ὀφέλλει·
Ζεὺς τόσον, ὁσσάτιόν περ ἐμὸν δόρυ,

and affirming that a god could not resist him, all the warriors cried out and trembled, and Idmon rose up and said,

δαιμόνιε, φρονέεις ὀλοφώϊα καὶ πάρος αὐτῷ,
ἠέ τοι εἰς ἄτην ζωρὸν μέθυ θαρσαλέον κῆρ
οἰδάνει ἐν στήθεσσι, θεοὺς δ' ἀνέηκεν ἀτύζειν;
ἄλλοι μῦθοι ἔασι παρήγοροι, οἷσι περ ἀνὴρ
θαρσύνει ἑταῖρον· σὺ δ' ἀτάσθαλα πάμπαν ἐείπας.[1]

Thus, again, Jason addresses the sons of Phrixus, after their escape from shipwreck,

Ζεὺς αὐτὸς τὰ ἑκὰς ἱπιδέρκεται· οὐδέ μιν ἄνδρες
λήθομεν ἔμπεδον, οἵ τε θεουδέες, οὐδὲ δίκαιοι.

For as he saved your father from murder, and gave him great wealth,

ὣς δὲ καὶ ὑμέας αὖτις ἀπήμονας ἐξεσάωσε
χείματος οὐλομένοιο.[2]

XV. In a book which is written under the favour and correction of

That gentle race and dear,
By whom alone the world is glorified,

and in an attempt to explain the religious character of the Christian chivalry, it would be unpardonable were I to pass over in silence the influence of this chivalry upon the female sex. The limits of this present book will prevent me from looking farther than the religious graces which distinguished women: hereafter we shall have occasion to behold their movements in a more brilliant sphere. "After the age of the patriarchs," says Ségur, "women were only splendid slaves, who, like victims crowned with flowers, announced by their decoration the

[1] Apollon. Rhod. I, 476. [2] Ibid. II, 1183.

sacrifice to which they were destined by those who ought to have admired, respected, and protected them." In Egypt, indeed, their slavery assumed a less cruel character; but throughout the other vast nations of the East it was unlimited. In China it continues so to this day. If we pass to more civilised nations, in ancient Greece women were held in the most complete subjection, their minds condemned to ignorance, and their persons to confinement. The sentiments of Homer, indeed, form an exception to this charge. He speaks of marriage with respect and regard:[1] and a similar testimony is extorted even from Euripides;

> *γάμοι δ' ὅσοις μὲν εὖ καθεστᾶσιν βροτῶν,*
> *μακάριος αἰών.*

In Rome their lives were at the disposal of their husbands. Thus, before Christianity, one half of the human race was condemned by the injustice and tyranny of the other to a servile subjection. But now was at length justice rendered to the most lovely of the Creator's works. Being Christians, women had now, for the first time, hope: the world being subdued to that religion, they appeared invested with an angel dignity, to which nature alone had not raised them, but which secured to them the reverence and the love of all men. To this was added an empire in the heart which was confirmed by the influence of chivalry. Hence the way was opened to exalt the glories of chivalry and to accomplish a regeneration of the human race. The Christian religion secured the purity and the elevation of the female heart; and it was the consequent influence of women, that empire which they obtained by the power of virtue, meekness, and innocence, over the wild affections of our brave

[1] Odyss. VI, 182.

ancestors, which contributed greatly to effect this marvellous revolution in the moral history of the world. For the present I am but to speak of the religious graces of women; a theme which requires a far less earthly and uncunning tongue than mine. It is here that I would repeat Chaucer's words:

> O little book,
> How darst thou put thyself in prees for drede?
> It is wonder that thou wexest not rede!

"Let the life and virginity of Mary," said St. Ambrose, "be set before you as a mirror, in which is seen the pattern of chastity and virtue: her looks were sweet, her discourse mild, her behaviour modest." The sanctity of Mary has subdued even the prejudice of modern writers; one of whom says, "The Virgin in her oratory, private and devout, receiving a grace which the greatest queens would have purchased with the quitting of their diadems, was held up as an example to all women, that they should accustom themselves often to those retirements, where none but God and his angels can have admittance, that the holy Jesus might come to them too, and dwell with them, hallowing their souls, and consigning their bodies to a participation of all his glories. The holy Virgin, arriving to her perfections by the means, not of the ostentatious and laborious exercises and violences of life, which they underwent who travelled over the world and preached to the Gentiles, but of a quiet and silent piety, the internal actions of love, devotion, and contemplation, was held up as an example, that the silent affections, the splendours of an internal devotion, the unions of love, humility, and obedience, the daily offices of prayer and praises sung to God, the acts of faith and fear, of patience and meekness, of hope and reverence, repentance and charity, and those graces which walk in a veil

and silence, make great ascents to God, and a sure progress to favour and a crown. In imitation of the Virgin Mary, who was mother and nurse to the holy Jesus, the women in the innocent and healthful days of our ancestors maintained a natural piety, an operative charity, a just and valiant policy, a sincere economy and proportionable to the dispositions and requisites of nature, not giving way to that softness, above that of Asian princes, into which these later ages of the world have declined." So far a modern writer had observed; but it is in the pages of Luis of Granada, rich with the beauties of his purified and heavenly imagination, that we should study the purpose and effect of those compositions, which contributed to build up that beautiful fabric of chivalry, which though now indeed in decay and ruin, is still an object to fix the eye of man, to captivate his fancy, and to correct his heart, while passing on, a weary traveller, through this lower valley of tears and death. It is therefore in the sublime mystery of human redemption that we shall discover the cause of that elevation of the female sex which has distinguished the nations embracing Christianity from all other people of the earth. St. Augustine in few words explains this, when he says, "Et ne quis forte sexus a suo Creatore se contemtum putaret, virum suscepit, natus ex femina."[1] St. Anselm points out the same origin. "Loquar unde jucundatur cor meum? an silebo, ne de elatione arguatur os meum? Sed quod credo amando, cur non confitebor laudando? Dicam igitur non superbiendo, sed gratias agendo. Judex noster est frater noster; Salvator mundi est frater noster; denique Deus noster est factus per Mariam frater noster." Again he breaks out, "Non est reconciliatio, nisi quam tu casta con-

[1] Lib. de Vera Religione, 30.

cepisti: non est justificatio, nisi quam tu integra in utero fovisti: non est salus, nisi quam tu virgo peperisti." Hence the words of the hymn were the natural effusions of every feeling heart:

> Non amo te, regina augusta, quando
> Non vivo in pace et in silentio fido;
> Non amo te, quando non vivo amando.

That this affection extended to all women, and that women were honoured and loved also in an especial manner from this religious consideration, appears upon sufficient evidence. Among "the poets in praise of women," who flourished in Germany under the Suabian emperors, Henry of Mainz, celebrated under the name of Doctor Frauenlob, composed a poem in praise of women, which he dedicated to the Emperor Henry VII. "In this," he says, "the motives which oblige Christians to love the blessed Virgin should bind them also to honour and love all women." So says Chaucer,

> For in reverence of the heavens queene
> We ought to worship all women that beene,
> For of all creatures that ever wer yet, and borne,
> This wote ye well, a woman was the best;
> By her was recovered the blisse that we had lorne,
> And through the woman shall we come to rest,
> And been ysaved, if that our selfe lest.
> Wherefore me thinketh, if that we had grace,
> We oughten honour women in every place.

And that this exalted sentiment was found even in the most rude and ignorant class of man, we may infer from what was sung of the famous free-booter—

> Robyn loved our dere Lady:
> For doute of dedely synne,
> Wolde he never do company harme
> That ony woman was ynne;
> For the loffe of our Ladey,
> All women wershep he.[1]

[1] Robin Hood and the Potter.

The conduct and sentiments which women adopted from the first in respect to the Christian religion contributed to confirm men in this judgment, and to secure for themselves the love and veneration of all who worshipped Christ. William of Paris points out the peculiar devotion with which women followed our blessed Saviour.[1] From his birth to his death and resurrection, they were ever pressing to adore and serve him. After his crucifixion, on the morning of the third day, when it was yet dark, the holy women were at the sepulchre. A great modern, commenting on this passage, says, "It was their zeal which was rewarded with the first-fruits of the apparition of Jesus"; and then he concludes, that "women and less knowing persons, and tender dispositions, and pliant natures, will make up a greater number in heaven than the severe, and wary, and inquiring people, who sometimes love because they believe, and believe because they can demonstrate, but never believe because they love." "Martha," says Southwell, "was unwilling that the grave of her own brother should be opened; but her sister was not afraid to embrace the dead corse of her Lord." Women, from the first moment of the visitation, were rewarded by God with even a glorious renown in this world. How many kings, though great benefactors to mankind, are now buried in oblivion! how many queens and illustrious princesses, whose names and actions are forgotten, as though they had never been! But the poor woman who poured the ointment on our Saviour's feet, is celebrated throughout the world. After his ascension, women still continued to serve him in the persons of the poor, and to honour him by fostering and extending his religion. What are churches without

[1] Serm. in die S. Paschal.

that crowd of holy women, who seem to have them as their only home in this life? What are those sublime processions without the meek angelic voices which draw tears from every hearer, and the long white veils falling to the ground, which bespeak the angel sanctity of those modest and humble suppliants, who follow the banner of the Virgin and the Holy Child? "All virtue lies in woman," says a knight, "and the health of the world. God has created nothing so good as a woman. No one can find a limit to the praise of women. He who can tell where the sunshine ends may proclaim also the end of their praise. Women are pure, and good, and fair; they impart worthiness, and make men worthy. Nothing is so like the angels as their beautiful form, and even the mind of an angel dwells in woman."[1] An infidel historian has observed, "Christianity must acknowledge important obligations to female devotion." Unquestionably. It was Prisca and Valeria, empress and daughter of Diocletian, who protected the Christians of that early time. It was Clotilda who converted Clovis King of France to the faith; it was the Princess Olga who introduced Christianity into Russia. I should never finish were I to attempt a record of their benefits. Among which must be remembered, perhaps as the most glorious, their never having founded sects or broken unity. Their character now assumed new graces, by the addition of angelic dignity, which they acquired from their conforming more or less to the spotless pattern which was set before them. "It is not in a crowd or in idle conversation that the angel finds our Lady: no; she is alone in her house with the door shut"; and as Ambrose says, "he must be an angel that gets entrance there." What a vast multitude of women

[1] Ulrich von Lichtenstein's Frauendienst, Tieck.

in all subsequent ages to whom this description would apply; who "carried their chapel in their heart, and their souls in their hands, and God in all their actions!" Their devotion was well known to chivalry, as Gilles de Rome bears witness, saying, "Et combien que elles (femmes) ne soient mye moult expertes en negoces de secularitez, en gouvernement de royaulmes, en dispositions de batailles, toutefois en choses spirituelles et qui touchent conscience elles conseillent bien souventefois, ou par industrie naturelle, ou pour ce quelles sont de Dieu enseignees ou informees des hommes, et pour ce quelles ont tendres consciences et doubtans Dieu." Women were taught even by poets to regard the blessed Virgin as a standard of female perfection:

> Par tous moyens dame doit paix chercher:
> La Vierge ou Dieu vint prendre humaine chair
> Traicta la paix.[1]

Nor must we omit to acknowledge that religion was not ungrateful for the benefits she derived from women. Not to mention the asylums which were opened for helpless innocence, in all the relations of life, religion was their grand refuge, and her ministers their only sure and efficient protectors. It was the popes who fearlessly defended their rights, and who would make any sacrifice rather than suffer them to be trampled upon. Take the example of Queen Catherine of England; of Blanche, Countess of Champagne, protected by the pope after her husband's death; or of Ingelburg, sister of Canute, King of Denmark, married to Philip Augustus, so cruelly treated and rejected by him, till the interference of Pope Innocent III obliged him to restore his innocent wife to her just rights. The history of

[1] Le Doctrinal des Princesses et Nobles Dames.

the middle ages, tombs, family portraits, records of public foundations, all are associated with the piety of our female ancestors. Their devotion and charity furnish frequently the only means of tracing genealogies. The names of persons who are not distinguished for these qualities can hardly be expected to endure like those of Elizabeth de Clare, Mary Countess of Pembroke, Margaret Countess of Richmond, and many others which are immortalized in the records of our universities. Of the latter princess, Bishop Fisher says that he has often heard her say, that if the Christian princes had again to make war with the infidels, "she wolde be glad yet to go, followe the hoost, and helpe to wash theyr clothes for the love of Jhesu."[1] Elvira of Castile, Countess of Toulouse, followed her husband to the Holy Land. The Dame de Poitiers, the Countess of Brittany, Iolande of Burgundy, Jéanne of Toulouse, Isabelle de France, Amicie of Courtenay, were in the host of St. Louis. Duke Robert, son of William the Conqueror, being wounded by a poisoned arrow in the right arm before Jerusalem, and the physicians pronouncing it incurable, the duchess, who followed her husband, loved him so dearly, that she availed herself of the intervals of his sleep to suck the wound, "et par tant de fois que le dit seigneur en fut guéri et n'en print aucun mal à ladite dame." The beautiful Countesses of Flanders and of Blois were in the crusade; Florine, daughter of the Duke of Burgundy, followed her illustrious suitor, and was slain fighting by his side; Gundeshilde, wife of Baldwin, Ida Countess of Hainault, Bathilde queen of Eric III, King of Denmark, and the Margravine of Austria, were also with the host. The Countess of Richmond used to

[1] Fisher's Funeral Sermon on the Death of Margaret Countess of Richmond.

rise "not long after five of the clock," says Bishop Fisher, "then for the poore creatures, albeit she did not receive into her house our Savyour in his own person, as the blessed Martha dyde, she nevertheless receyved them that doth represent his person, of whom he sayth himself, "quod uni ex minimis meis fecistis, mihi fecistis." Poore folkes to the nombre of twelve, she dayly and nyghtly kepte in her house, gyving them lodgyng, mete, and drynke, and clothynge, vysyting them as often as conveniently she myght; and in their sykeness, vysytynge them and comfortynge them, and mynystrynge unto them with her owne hands: and when it pleased God to call any of them out of this wretched worlde, she wolde be present, to see them departe, and to lerne to deye, and likewyse bring them unto the erthe." Chaucer's description of Custance is remarkable.

> In hire is high beaute withouten pride,
> Youth withouten grenehed or folie,
> To all hire workes vertue is hire guide;
> Humblenesse hath slaien in hire tyrannie,
> She is mirrour of alle curtesie,
> Hire herte is veray chambre of holinesse,
> Hire hond ministre of fredom for almesse.

Jean Bouchet says of Gabrielle de Bourbon, first wife of the Seigneur de la Tremoille, "En public monstroit bien elle estre du royal sang descendue, par ung port assez grant et reverencial; mais au privé, entre ses gentilzhommes, damoyselles, serviteurs et gens qu'ells avoit acoustumé veoyr, estoit la plus benigne, gracieuse, et familiere qu'on eust peu trouver; consolative, confortative, et tousjours habondante en bonnes parolles sans vouloir ouyr mal parler d'aultruy." And he says, in relating her death, that "onc dame ne mourut en plus grant foy, en plus fervente charité et humilité, ne en meilleure esperance, sur la mort et passion de nostre Seigneur

Jhesu Crist fondée." When Guy Earl of Warwick returns to England in the habit of a pilgrim, after an absence of seven years in the Holy Land, coming to his castle, he beholds the countess sitting at the gate, and distributing alms to a crowd of poor people, ordering them all to pray for the safe return of her lord from Palestine. A beautiful description is given by the German historians of Gisela, whose father was Hermann Archduke of Suabia, and whose mother Gerberge, daughter of Conrad King of Burgundy, was descended from Charlemagne. "She was unwearied in the service of God, never ceased giving alms and praying, and did all secretly, thinking on the words of the Gospel, 'Do not your alms openly before men to be seen of them.' A woman of noble spirit and of great industry, excelling in all the duties of a wife, an enemy to dissipation, but liberal in all good things; whose beauty and great qualities so overcame King Conrad, father of Henry III, that for her he dared the threats and rage of the Emperor Henry II, and would have renounced the crown rather than her hand, if the good will of the princes had not extricated him from such an alternative." In the romance of Arthur of Little Britain, after the emperor's defeat, Arthur, Brisebar, and Clemenson were sent before to the Duchesse of Britaine, to shew the coming of the fair Lady Florence and the King of Orqueney. "Soo they rode forth so farre, tyl at the last, on a Saturday at nyght, they aryved at the Porte Noyre. Then they alyghted and mounted up to the palays, and there they found the duchess and all the other ladies in the chapell hearing of even song, eche of them praying for theyr lorde, for they were in great fear of them, for they herde no manner of tydynges of them."[1] The castle of Marburg, the residence

[1] P. 522.

of the Landgrave of Hesse, was built on a steep rock, which the infirm and weak were not able to climb. The Margravine Elizabeth, therefore, built an hospital at the foot of the rock for their reception and entertainment, where she often fed them with her own hands. She fed 900 daily at the gate; not encouraging idleness, but giving employment to all who were able to work. These great princesses were exempted from that false tenderness which turns aside from the poor object, or from the representation of the martyr's suffering; they were not among

> The sluggard pity's vision-weaving tribe,
> Who sigh for wretchedness, yet shun the wretched;

nursing

> Their slothful loves and dainty sympathies,
> Who dream away the entrusted hours
> On rose-leaf beds, pampering the coward heart
> With feelings all too delicate for use.[1]

The same humbleness of mind appeared whatever might be their rank or circumstances of life. The humble Queen Maria Clotilda of Sardinia was born at Versailles. St. Hilda, who founded the abbey at Whitby, was allied to the East Anglian and Northumbrian princes. St. Clotilda desired that her body should be buried at the feet of St. Geneviève: for she was so humble, that she accounted herself happy to submit her diadem to the ashes of a poor shepherdess. The Empress Eleonora, after a life of holy virtue, would have no other inscription upon her tomb than this,

> Eleonora, a poor sinner.

Turn we now to the account which Sir John Froissart has given, "howe Quene Philip of Englande

[1] Coleridge.

trepassed out of this mortall lyfe, and of the three gyftes that she desyred of the kynge her husbande, or she dyed.

"In the meane seasone there fell in Englande a heavey case and a comon: howbeit it was righte pyteous for the kyng, his chyldren, and all his realme; for the good Quene of Englande, that so many good dedes had done in her tyme, and so many knightes soccoured, and ladyes and damosels comforted, and had so largely departed of her goodes to her people, and naturally loved alwayes the nacyon of Heynaulte, the countrey wher as she was borne, she fell sicke in the Castell of Wyndsore, the which sickenesse contynewed on her so longe, that there was no remedye but dethe; and the good lady whanne she knewe and parcyved that there was with her no remedye but dethe, she desyred to speke with the kynge her husbande; and when he was before her, she put out of her bedde her right hande, and take the kynge by his right hande, who was right sorrowful at his hert: then she said, Sir, we have in peace, joye, and great prosperyte, used all oure tyme toguyder: Sir, nowe I pray you at our departyng that ye wyll graunt me thre desyres. The kynge right sorrowfully wepyng, sayd, Madame, desyre what ye wyll, I graunt it. Sir, sayd she, I requyre you firste of all, that all maner of people, such as I have dault with all in their merchaundyse, on this syde the see or beyond, that it may please you to pay every thynge that I owe to them or to any other: and secondly, Sir, all suche ordynaunce and promys as I have made to the churches, as well of this countrey as beyonde the see, wher as I have hadde my devocyon, that it may please you to accomplysse and to fullfyll the same: thirdely, Sir, I requyre you that it may please you to take none other sepulture whensoever it shall please God to call you out of this transytorie

lyfe, but besyde me in Westmynster. The kyng al wepyng sayde, Madame, I grant all your desyre. Than the good lady and quene made on her the signe of the crosse, and commaunded the kyng her husbande to God, and her yongest son Thomas, who was there beside her; and anone after she yielded up the spiryte; the which I beleve surely the holy angels receyved with great joy up to heven, for in all her lyfe she dyd neyther in thought nor dede thyng wherby to lose her soule, as ferr as any creature coulde knowe. Thus the good Quene of Englande dyed in the yere of our Lord M.CCC.LXIX, in the vigyll of our lady, in the myddes of August."

But in a few words the old writers will often set before us the whole character of these "meek daughters of the family of Christ." Thus the widow of Antoine de Vaudemont, Marie d'Harcourt, Countess d'Aumale, Dame d'Elbeuf Brionne, Lisle-Bonne, Mayenne, &c. died in 1476, with the further title of "Mère des pauvres." Isabella of Lorraine, queen of René d'Anjou, was lamented by the Angevins and Provençaux "car c'estoit une très charitable et vertueux dame qui, par grant humilité, secrètement visitoit les pauvres et malades, et exerçoit toutes œuvres de miséricorde," says Bourdigné. Ordericus Vitalis says that Mathilda, queen of William the Conqueror, was followed to her grave by a great concourse of poor, whom, when alive, she had often assisted in the name of Christ.[1] Hence, as well as in consequence of charity being equally required for persons of rank, during the middle ages, some degree of chirurgical and medical knowledge was considered as a necessary female accomplishment. This is an instance of primitive simplicity, of which examples are not wanting at the present day. How many gentlemen have

[1] Lib. VII.

I known (not to mention my own history) who are indebted for their lives to the consolation and unwearied kindness of women; of ladies who, as in the case of Bayard at Brescia, watched and tended them in their peril, amused and strengthened them in their recovery! Nor do I allude to their mothers, albeit in one at least of the cases which I could relate, it was maternal love which inspired the tenderest, the most devoted, and the most pitiful of the Almighty's creatures; one to whom I owe more than man should owe his fellow mortal.

> Parva quidem fateor pro magnis munera reddi,
> Cum pro concessa verba salute damus:
> Sed qui, quam potuit, dat maxima, gratus abunde est,
> Et finem pietas contigit illa suum.

As far as these pages are concerned, my poor remembrance is not more frail and vain than the flowers of the poet, yet what spirit could despise the hand that strewed them?

> His saltem adcumulem donis et fungar inani
> Munere.

The very titles of books and the heads of chapters convey an image of the sanctity and charity of these women: "Le Miroir de très chrestienne Princesse Marguerite de France, Royne de Navarre, Duchesse d'Alençon et de Berry: auquel elle voit, et son neant et son tout." Such is the title of a book printed on vellum in the King's Library at Paris; and the heads of the chapters in the old life of St. Radegonde, by Jean Filleau of Poitiers, are equally expressive of the perfections of the Christian character; such as "Mirouer d'Humilité, Regina Regnorum Contemptrix, très-exacte Observatrice de la Regularité; très-soigneuse de la Nourriture des Pauvres, Liberatrice, très-pitoyable des Prisonniers," &c. Their devotion rendered their motherly care a kind of divine ministry; for what would become of the souls of youth, were it not for the prayers and

zeal of mothers! "Fieri non potest," said the good old bishop to St. Augustine's mother, who wept over the fate of her son, "ut filius istarum lachrymarum pereat."[1] "That night," says St. Augustine, "I departed secretly; but she remained praying and weeping: and what did she demand from thee, O my God, with so many tears, but that thou wouldest not suffer me to sail! But thou, consulting with depth, and granting the real object of her desire, didst not attend to what she then demanded, that thou mightest accomplish in me what she always sought for. Wouldest thou, O God, despise the contrite and humble heart of a chaste and sober widow, constant in giving alms, following and serving thy saints, suffering no day to pass without an oblation at thy altar, visiting thy church twice every day, morning and evening, without intermission, not for the sake of vain fables and a vile loquacity, but that she might hear thee in thy words, and that thou mightest hear her in her prayers."[2] And so when she came to die her wishes were all satisfied. "O my son," she said, "I have no longer any pleasnre in this life! for what I should do here, and why I should be here I know not, now that the hope of my pilgrimage is fulfilled. There was one cause why I should have remained in this world, that I might see you a Catholic Christian before I died. My God hath accomplished this abundantly, since I see you his servant, despising temporal pleasures. What should I do here any longer?" Massillon was so profoundly impressed with a sense of the holiness which had distinguished the early queens of France, that in praying for the young king he could imagine no words more suitable to express his desire than these: "Dieu de mes pères! sauvez le fils des Adélaïde, des Blanche,

[1] S. August. Confess. III, 12. [2] Ibid. lib. V, 8, 9.

et des Clotilde."[1] The devout care of these great princesses was not confined to their children; it extended to all over whom they had influence. Thus an old writer says of the Countess Delphine de Sabran, "Pour estre aux bonnes graces de Madame, il falloit estre aux bonnes graces de Dieu." The records of history abound with instances of the bounty with which women contributed to found and support the institutions of religion. The example of Anne, Countess of Dorset and Pembroke, heiress of the Cliffords, who founded two hospitals, and repaired or built seven churches, besides six castles; and that of the celebrated Countess Matilda, who governed Tuscany with such lustre, may be sufficient to adduce. But it was in days of adversity and danger that we should observe these women. What an answer Marguerite, queen of Louis IX, gave to the nurse who demanded whether they should waken her children when the ship was expected to perish in the storm off Cyprus, and all hope of safety seemed at an end! "Vous ne les esveillerez pas, mais les laisserez aller à Dieu doucement." What resignation marked the last hours of St. Margaret, Queen of Scotland, whose life had been a model of charity and meekness! Lying on her death-bed, when her son Edward came home from the army, and she learned that her husband and son were slain, lifting up her hands to heaven she praised God, saying, "I thank thee, Almighty God, that in sending me so great an affliction in the last hour of my life, thou wouldest, as I hope, mercifully purify me from my sins." The Landgrave of Hesse, from motives of religion, took the cross to accompany the Emperor Frederick Barbarossa in the holy war to Palestine. His separation from the Margravine, St. Elizabeth, was a

[1] Petit Carême.

great trial, though moderated by the heroic spirit of religion with which both were animated. The Landgrave joined the Emperor in the kingdom of Naples; but as he was going to embark, he fell ill of a malignant fever at Otranto, and having received the last sacraments at the hands of the Patriarch of Jerusalem, expired in great sentiments of piety on the 11th of September, 1227. The history goes on to relate the train of afflictions with which Elizabeth was now visited. "Her infant child, Hermann, being incompetent to govern the state, Henry, younger brother to the late Landgrave, usurped the principality. The ungrateful people joined with him, and gave him possession, and Elizabeth was turned out of the castle without furniture, provisions, or necessaries for the support of nature, and all persons in the town were forbidden to let her any lodgings. The princess bore this unjust treatment with a patience far transcending the power of nature, and rejoicing in her heart, she went down the castle-hill to the town, placing her whole confidence in God, and with her damsels and maids went into a common inn, or, as others say, a poor woman's cottage, where she remained till midnight, when the bell ringing to matins at the church of the Franciscan friars, she went thither, and desired the good fathers to sing a Te Deum with solemnity, to give God thanks for his mercies to her in visiting her with afflictions." [1] But let us reverse this picture. What pride and unpitying severity of judgment would consign to oblivion or infamy, religion taught men to regard with humility and tenderness. The world deceives, and then condemns without mercy; religion threatens, delays to strike, and on the first symptom of return, relents and receives to forgiveness. "Vera justitia

[1] Alban Butler, November 19.

compassionem habet, falsa justitia dedignationem." This is what that great Pope Gregory says.[1] The Saviour of men has declared, that the frail humble penitents shall enter the kingdom of heaven before the proud and scornful trusters in their own virtue. "O Christian soul! take Mary Magdalen for thy mirror," said the holy martyr Southwell; "follow her affection, that like effects may follow thy own. Learn, O sinful man, of this once sinful woman, that sinners may find Christ, if their sins be amended; learn that whom sin loseth, love recovereth." In the abbey of Jumiéges died Agnes Sorel: there, amidst magnificent ruins, I have seen her tomb, now covered with long grass and dismal weeds, herbs that had on them cold dew of the night, strewings fittest for graves. Her death was a tearful scene: "Elle eut moult belle contrition et repentance de ses pechez, et lui souvenait souvent de Marie Magdelaine qui fust grant pecheresse. Ayant reçu les sacrements, demanda ses heures pour dire les vers St. Bernard qu'elle avoist escripts de sa main: scachant sa maladie rengrener, elle dist que c'estoit pou de chose, orde et puante de nostre fragilité; et après qu'elle eust faict ung haut cry, en réclamant Dieu et la benoiste vierge Marie, se separa son ame d'avec le corps, le lundi 9 de Fevrier, 1449, environ 6 heures apres midy."[2] It is most consoling to remark, amid all the dark scenes of history, how the influence of women, guided and strengthened by religion, was continually and often successfully exerted in the cause of humanity. The German historians give a beautiful description of Matilda, the second wife of the Emperor Henry I, the Fowler. He first saw her in the chapel of the convent, where she was brought up in the practice of all virtue. He came in dis-

[1] Hom. 34, sup. Evang. [2] Monstrelet.

guise, and beheld her kneeling with the other sisters, her hands crossed upon her breast, and her eyes lifted up to the altar. From that hour he gave her up his heart; she became his friend, his counsellor, his minister; she accompanied him to battle, as well as presided in his court: she brought up her children to practise the virtues of nobility; and on his death-bed she received her husband's thanks. "Receive our thanks," said Henry, "for all the good you have done to me, for having so often appeased the fury of my wrath, and turned me to have compassion on the oppressed."[1] When the burgesses of Calais had delivered their petition to King Edward III, they concluded, saying, "'Sir, we beseech your grace to have mercy and pitie on us through your hygh nobles.' Then all the erles and barons, and other that were there, wept for pitie; then every man requyred the kyng for mercy. Then Sir Gaultier of Manny said, 'A noble king, for Goddes sake refrayne your courage; ye have the name of soverayne nobles, therefore now do not a thyng that shulde blemysshe your renome, nor to give cause to some to speke of you villany; every man woll say it is a great cruelty to put to deth such honest persons, who by their own wylles putte themselfe into your grace to save their company.' Then the quene, beyng great with chylde, kneeled down, and, sore wepyng, said, 'A gentyll Sir, syth I passed the sea in great parell, I have desyred nothyng of you; therefore now I humbly requyre you, in the honour of the Son of the Virgin Mary and for the love of me, that ye woll take mercy of these six burgesses.'"

Marchangy has remarked the beauty and simplicity of the feudal names, composed of the baptismal name joined to that of a fief, as Henri de

[1] Vogt, Rheinische Geschichte, I, 258.

Colombières, Pierre de Courtenay, in which the name of a modest saint announced the patron of the seigneur, while the name of his fief announced that he was protector to a multitude of vassals, both together conveying the idea of the protected and the protector, and the double bond of heaven and earth; besides, it was affecting to find the name common among the poor borne by the greatest princes, giving rise to one of the great moral harmonies of the Christian religion: but, observes this poetical writer, "it is particularly in the case of women that these feudal names had an inexpressible charm. Marie de Montmirel, Loïse de Surgère, Claire de Grammont, Agathe de Lorraine, Denyse de Montmorency, had nothing repulsive in their sound; they were in unison with religion, and simplicity and love. When Blanche and Mary are pronounced, you would think of the innocent love of some simple shepherdess, or of some woodman's daughter. Again, this woman, who goes to console the miserable in some secluded village, mounted on her hackney, and followed by a discreet page without livery, this woman, who dispenses her charity in prisons and hospitals, is only known, by those to whom her presence is a blessing, by the name of Alice, or Elizabeth, or Jane. There is nothing in such names to alarm the poor. They love the recollection of Saint Elizabeth and of the other holy women who knew and accompanied Mary; their children can easily repeat such names, and bless them; but when the lady returns under her own roof, when the dwarf sounds his horn, and the sergeants snatch up their halberds to fall into lines for her passage, the seneschal and knights of honour come to receive, amidst the flourish of trumpets, Alice of Auxerre, Elizabeth de Blois, or Jeanne de Béthune."

I shall not presume, with unhallowed steps, to

approach those holy asylums, where beings of angel purity were devoted to the worship of God, to the education of female youth, and to works of the most exalted charity. There are sublime notions and high mysteries that must be uttered to unfold the principle of their existence, to apprehend which many in the present age have neither ear nor soul. In the sixth century, it was common for nuns, without going into a monastic community, to live in their family house, where they were secluded, unless on the festivals, when they went to the churches. St. Radegonde founded at Poitiers the convent of the Holy Cross, which was the first abbey of women that was seen in France. Who has ever stood on Mont Valérien, and not thought upon Geneviève, that simple shepherdess, who used to watch her flock on the meadows below; where, on the banks of that winding river, she learned to love God in contemplating his works, and to catch that heavenly inspiration which was reflected in her eyes of azure; whence, while the daughters of Lutetia, with brows encircled with roses, were dancing in the wood, she, though young like them, would visit the dark prison, or the infected hospice, to console or to cure?[1] Who can read Froissart and not feel an interest in the character of those princesses and ladies of quality who retired to spend their remaining years in devotion and works of charity? Such as Madame Jehanne, who, he relates, "s'en vint demourer à Fontenelles sur l'Escaut, et usa vie là comme bonne et devote en ladite abbaye: et y fit moult de biens"; or Isabella, sister of Louis IX, abbess of Longchamp, whose life was written by a sister of the convent, and the simple account of whose death at midnight, and the feelings which it excited in the mind of the nun

[1] La Gaule Poétique, I.

who records it, may be compared with the most sublime passages of antiquity. At the same time, it was with tears and a mournful reverence that knights and temporal men beheld these sublime examples of devotion. Philippa of Gueldres, Queen of Sicily, widow of the magnanimous René II of Lorraine, after devoting herself to the education of her children, spent the remainder of her life in the convent of St. Claire at Pont-à-Mousson. When her last illness was announced, her children ran to the convent, and found her stretched on a poor bed, with her eyes half closed. "My mother," they cried, weeping, "my mother, do you recognize us?" "Yes, my dear children," replied the holy princess, "yes, I do recognize you all; but why come thus to see a poor sinner die, a poor nun of St. Claire?" Raising herself with difficulty, she blessed them, and rendered up her spirit a few hours after the exertion, on the day which she had foretold would be her last. She was in her 84th year; but having preserved the majesty of her person, it was easy to discover in her the traces of the most beautiful, as well as the most accomplished, princess of her age.

XVI. In the preceding pages I have endeavoured to represent the religion of the Christian chivalry in action, as it was practised by the knightly and exalted class of mankind. But the actions and lives of men do not always furnish a sufficient explanation of the opinions which they hold, or of the system of belief which governs them. There are besides a multitude of minor details relative to prevailing sentiments of great importance in forming an estimate of the character of men, but which historians are obliged to pass over in silence. A further examination is therefore requisite to enable us to accomplish fully the object which has directed us in the preceding inquiry. The first reflection which the preceding examples will suggest, must

be respecting the happiness of that unity of religion which prevailed in these ages of Christian chivalry. There were causes sufficient in the world to separate and set men at variance: it would have been truly deplorable if religion had been added to the number. This unity was the unavoidable result of religion being identified with the spirit of love and charity, of which we have seen so many instances: for, as St. Clement says in his first epistle, ἀγαπὴ σχίσμα οὐκ ἔχει. The Christian Church had nothing to do with any but those who loved peace, who sought to bear each other's burdens, to bear patiently what was repulsive to pride, who were lovers and makers of peace, and the sons of God. This Christian peace, which Christ left and gave to his disciples, was offered, as St. Bernard says,[1] by holy preachers to the whole human race; but some rejected it, while others received it. "Nos vero," he continues, "excutientes pulverem pedum nostrorum super odientes pacem, ad dilectorem ejusdem pacis nos conferamus." In patience these men possess their souls; they not only preserve their own peace, but they impart peace to others. Those who are weak are troubled at scandals, and they lose the peace which they had received, and they found or follow sects; but the patient retain peace, nor can any scandal or injury cause them to forsake it. They remain in the Church, for they love peace and holiness, "sine qua nemo videt Deum." But it pleased divine Providence that there should be an external ministry for the preservation of this religious union. "Inter duodecim unus eligitur, ut, capite constituto, schismatis tollatur occasio." This is what St. Jerome said, and this was the opinion of all Christian antiquity respecting the government of the Church. So when the Pelagian heresy was

[1] Sermo de divers. 98.

condemned at Rome, St. Augustine had nothing further to say, but "The answer of Rome is come; the cause is ended."[1] This was a great mystery: hence St. Cyprian, speaking of it, says, "hoc unitatis sacramentum." Archbishop Theodore, in the seventh century, ends his canons always thus: "May the divine grace preserve you safe in the unity of his Church." St. Cyprian refutes all objections, and concludes, "Episcopatus unus est, cujus a singulis in solidum pars tenetur."[2] St. Augustine speaks the same language: "Clama, disertus sum, doctus sum: et tamen si linguis angelorum loquereris, caritatem non habens, audirem æra sonantia — nullo modo autem possunt dicere se habere caritatem qui dividunt unitatem: redeant ad arcam. Sed inquies, habeo sacramentum; et ego confiteor: sed quid dicit Apostolus? Si sciero omnia sacramenta, et habuero omnem fidem!—Noli de fide gloriari; veni, cognosce pacem; redi ad arcam. Sed quid ais? Ecce nos multa mala patimur. Vide quomodo patiaris: nam si pro Donato pateris, pro superbo pateris, non pro Christo." This is what St. Augustine said to those who protested against unity in his time.[3] St. Cyril of Jerusalem goes further still in his Catecheses, where he says to the catechumens, "You must hate all conventicles of transgressing heretics, and fortify your minds by fasting, and prayer, and alms, and reading of the divine oracles."[4] This was the law of the Church, "omnia concilia per Romanæ ecclesiæ auctoritatem et facta sunt et robur acceperunt."[5] No circumstances of the world, no wars or devastations, could affect this principle. The 28th of December, 1797, beheld the pontifical throne overthrown; not so the Holy See. Ubi Papa, ibi Roma. To have believed in such a crime as

[1] Serm. 3, de Verb. Apost. [2] De Unitate Ecclesiæ.
[3] S. August. Tract. in Johan. VI, 7.
[4] Cat. IV, de decem Dogm. [5] Concil. XII, 971.

schism, that is, to have received the Scriptures as divine, and not to have admitted this sovereign and infallible authority, would have been impossible; for no power would then have had a right to determine between the opinions of different men and different societies; as Cicero says of some such inconsistent system, "it would be better to believe in Cerberus than adopt it." Men would have had to recur to the question in the heathen schools, "Sed ubi est veritas?" and, according to the differences in men's dispositions, and in the government of princes, and in national characters, would be the reply. The more men observed of the world, the more they were convinced of the evil to which this liberty would have given rise. They saw enough even then to prove that no one could predict where would be the end to the diversity ensuing. These national churches, besides that they would quickly begin Φιλιππίζειν, would also soon bear marks of the avarice and pride and Sybaritic sloth of one country, of the frivolity and vanity and indifference of another, of the tendency to mystical speculation which belongs to another, of the barbarism and grossness of another. The Gallican would disfigure Christianity, investing it with a Parisian air, and proving easily from the cocks on church spires, and from Pontius Pilate having been banished to Vienne, that it was a system essentially French; the English would adulterate it, by connecting it with their civil constitutions, their party feuds, and their commercial and political schemes of dubious morality; the Germans would dissolve it in the mist of metaphysical abstraction. In one country the poor would suffer, in another the devout, in another the lovers of beauty and order. Notwithstanding the insinuations of Fleury,[1] this danger might have been inferred even from a re-

[1] Quatrième Discours sur l'Hist. Ecclés.

view of the decrees made by the legates of the Holy See in various countries, and also from marking the difficulties which national vanity, or indifference, or political jealousy, or barbarism, or infidelity had already offered to an order like that of the Jesuits, which pursued the correction of abuses following from national character, and the upholding of the graces and beauties of religion, when they were endangered by its influence. Johnson, a disciple of the moderns, in his collection of Anglo-Saxon canons, is forced to say on one occasion, "There is a provision in the Pope's bull which deserves to be made a law in every church in the world"; but he adds immediately, "by some better authority than that of the Pope."[1] "Hoc est non considerare, sed quasi sortiri quid loquare."[2] Still this was not designed to interfere with any opinions but the essential articles of faith: Roger Bacon shews how the saints even have erred in some points. "St. Paul resisted St. Peter in a question of discipline. St. Augustine censures St. Jerome, and Catholic doctors of his time changed many things approved of by their predecessors: even in the bosom of the Church, wise and good men in various ages have suffered contradiction": [3] but these did not marshal Christians into opposite contending parties; these did not raise armies or impair the moral evidence of religion. Hence such divisions were not inconsistent with the object of the Christian faith, or with the influence of the Church in its temporal state of warfare; not but that there were attempts repeatedly made to create divisions; and as Roger Bacon says, this was the grand object of the enemies of Christians, that they might raise discords and wars between Christians; and these are excited by the

[1] Vol. I.

[2] Cicero de Natura Deorum, 35.

[3] Opus Majus, I 9.

common enemy, "licet multitudo stulta," he says, "non consideret unde accidant."[1] Nothing was more likely to convince men of the truth and excellence of religion than this agreement and unity.

"What can be conceived more sweet, happy, and admirable," said St. Basil, "than to see men from different nations and regions so completely joined together in one by similarity of manners and discipline, that it appears to be one soul animating many bodies, and many bodies serving as the instruments of one soul."[2] The mere exercise of obedience was regarded as an act of religion. St. Bernard even said, "parum est esse subjectum Deo, nisi sis et omni humanæ creaturæ propter Deum."[3] "Sole obedience," said St. Anselm, "would have retained men in Paradise; and no one can enter the kingdom of heaven but by obedience."[4] To promote peace was the great object of the influence of the Holy See. "Let there be concord and unanimity everywhere between kings and bishops, ecclesiastics and laymen, and all Christian people, that the Churches of God may be at unity in all places, and there be peace in the one Church, continuing in one faith, hope, and charity, having one head, which is Christ, whose members ought to help each other, and to love with a mutual charity." So said the legatine canons at Cealchythe, A.D. 785. It was with justice that St. Augustine said, addressing the Church, "Doces reges prospicere populis, mones populos se subdere regibus."[5] "If a bishop or priest consent to the death of a king," says the Pope's legate when in England, "let him be thrust out as Judas was from the apostolical degree; and whoever approves of such sacrilege, shall perish in the eternal bond of an anathema, and being a

[1] Opus Majus, I, 4.
[2] St. Basil. c. XIX, Const. Monast.
[3] In Cantica Serm. 42.
[4] Epist. III, 49.
[5] De Moribus Ecclesiæ Catholicæ, 63.

comrade of Judas, shall burn in everlasting fire." Marchangy supposes a traveller in the 14th century to have been offended at the corruption which then prevailed in Avignon, and to have been addressed in some such words as these by an intelligent companion: "You have met with the vices of the age at the Pontifical court, and you have said the Church is corrupt; but the court of the Pope is no more religion and the Church than the court of Charles V is monarchy and France. Wherever there are honours and dignities, there are intrigues, meanness, and congregations of hypocrites, making God serve them, rather than serving God:—that is seen at the court of the wisest monarchs; and how should the court of the Pope, which happens to be also the court of a temporal sovereign, be exempt from human infirmities? yet what has not been done to destroy these abuses which you lay to the charge of these sovereign Pontiffs? What other legislators would have been able to enlighten nations with the torch of science and arts, without letting fall sparks that would kindle into a conflagration? What other sages could have taught at the same time knowledge and virtue, glory and piety? What philosophers could have laboured as they have done for centuries to extirpate superstition, without endangering the faith; censure kings, and diminish not the respect which their people owe to them? Further, the Pontifical court, which presents these disorders to your notice, is only a point of Christendom; but the benefits of the Church, preserved in unity by the influence of the Holy See, extend from that centre to the extremities of the earth. It is not in the galleries of the palace of Avignon that you should contemplate the miraculous and sublime effects of the religion of Jesus Christ. It is in the cloister, where prayer and solitude assist the erring soul to advance towards its true country. It

is at the hearth of the father of a family, where this religion dispenses peace and happiness: it is in hospitals, where it teaches men to bear adversity; it is in rich domains, where it inculcates a harder lesson, to enjoy the good of fortune:—the sun, which is to enlighten and warm the world, imparts its blessings from a distance; if you would behold the benefits resulting from the Holy See, you must visit the various nations of Christendom, where you will find religion preserved in unity." But the centre and metropolis of the Christian world excited in general no such anxiety for farther search. "The spirit of the Apostles yet resides there," said St. Chrysostom; "from their tombs and inanimate ashes sparkles of fire yet proceed, to inflame the world." "I entered St. Peter's," says the poet Gray, "and was struck dumb with wonder." "Suppose," says Petrarch, "that I, an Italian, am not to be moved by the aspect of ancient Rome; still how sweet must it be to a Christian mind to behold that city, like heaven upon earth, filled with the holy sinews and bones of the martyrs, and sprinkled with the precious blood of the witnesses of truth; to walk amid the tombs of the saints, to visit the threshold of the apostles!"[1] These thoughts render him disdainful of all the mouuments of heathen antiquity, and the Scipios and Cæsars are forgotten.[2] It is with the same feelings that the gentle knight Camoens beheld Rome and Italy. If

> ——— Now no more her hostile spirit burns:
> There now the saint in humble vespers mourns;
> To heaven more grateful than the pride of war
> And all the triumphs of the victor's car.

It did not, however, follow that the civil governments of every state were to be moulded after the model of that which was deemed necessary for the

[1] Epist. II, 9.

[2] Varior. Epist. 33.

Church. Montesquieu concluded that the ancient religion agreed better with a monarchy, and that the modern was more adapted to a republic; but M. de Haller, in the sixth volume of his work on the Restoration of Political Science, has shewn the fallacy of this sophistical decision. "The principle of the moderns," he argues, "is absolutely destructive of a republic; and if fully developed,—for it is often counteracted by the ancient spirit—would prove so in every instance. The spirit of the moderns is manifestly not a spirit of union, but much rather of dividing asunder and of separation; by virtue of this spirit, every individual knows all things, understands all things, even what he does not know, and places no faith in the authority of older or wiser men. With such a disposition no union is possible, or it could be established only by unjust compulsion; it can have neither strength nor continuance, and a republic in which every man may create and explain separate constitutions, laws, and usages, after his own judgment, could no more stand than a church in which every member would be authorized to define, according to his own private views, the faith, morals, and the ceremonial of worship. On the other hand, the relationship of a republic or civil community, which binds men together through common principles and wants, requires, much more than a monarchy, a constant sacrifice of the individual, a resignation to the community, reverence for antiquity and custom and ancestral tradition. Nowhere would the private interpretation and the selfish will be more frequently humbled; nowhere must it be more submissive to the common faith and the common will; and it cannot be denied that the ancient religion, inasmuch as it is founded on the same principle, more than the modern, is peculiarly adapted to develop and inspire that virtue. Experience also shews that the ancient religion

unites itself with all common relations, and particularly with a republic. Venice endured with the same 1,400 years, and the other Italian states have not ascribed the loss of their freedom to their religion. The Swiss republics were founded and strengthened when all hearts were still united through the old and general faith. No one has thought of writing their history since the divisions of the Church, as if from a melancholy conviction that they had nothing more great and renowned which was worthy to be handed down to posterity. In the free democratic mountain-valleys of Switzerland was internal peace preserved almost without interruption, and only by means of the Catholic religion, under many various and complicated relations. It is still the only rein, the only garrison, and it preserves real freedom, while the republics of Geneva and Holland, and many others, were so often torn by internal divisions."

XVII. Passing from this view of ecclesiastical government, the preceding examples will suggest a reflection on the profound wisdom and spirituality which belonged to religion in our heroic age. And, first, it is wonderful to contemplate the exaltation of the cross, and the simplicity with which its doctrine was received by chivalry. Hear what Cicero says, "Nomen ipsum crucis absit non modo à corpore civium Romanorum, set etiam a cogitatione, oculis, auribus." "Of this," he continues, "not only the event, the suffering, but even the expectation, the very mention, of the cross is unworthy of a Roman and a free man."[1] What more admirable than to see this most infamous sign become the most glorious? "Kings and emperors," as Luis of Granada says, "place the cross upon their purple, on their armour, on their crowns: the cross is

[1] Pro C. Rabirio.

at the entrance of temples, it is on the altars; it is used in the consecration of priests; we behold it on the sterns of ships, in public squares, in the most deep solitudes, on the roads, on the mountains; it appears in battle on standards; it is on everything: and no one is ashamed to bear the mark of this cursed punishment; the great and the low have recourse to it in all their necessities. Before the cross, the prince of the apostles trembled at the threat of a simple girl, and all his companions fled and abandoned their Master; after the cross, they defied the world."[1] But it was not alone the image and the sign of the cross which became exalted: it was the doctrine of the cross which inspired chivalry. "Spes prima et ultima Christus est," was the expression of Petrarch.[2]

"He only can pray with hope," said Luis of Granada, "who takes refuge in the merits of his Saviour, who, by his testament, confirmed by his death, has made us heirs of all his merits and of all his pains, so that all his sufferings have been for us. It is on this that depend the faith and confidence which are requisite in prayer."[3] "All the prayers of the Church are offered up in the name of our Saviour; for the everlasting Father has never vouchsafed, neither ever will vouchsafe, a single grace to man, unless for the merit of the passion of his only Son."[4] "All grace and salvation are through Him."[5] St. Bernard says, "Si scribas, non sapit mihi nisi legero ibi Jesum. Si disputes aut conferas, non sapit mihi nisi sonuerit ibi Jesus."[6] He maintained this great doctrine even in his dreams.[7] "Hæc est autem vita æterna, ut cognoscant te solum Deum verum, et quem misisti Jesum Christum."[8] "This

[1] Catechism, II, 29.
[2] Famil. Epist. X, 12.
[3] Catech. part III, c. 22.
[4] Catechism, II, 9, 11.
[5] Rodriguez, Christian Perfection, II, VII, 1.
[6] In Cantica Serm. 15.
[7] In Vita S. Bernardi.
[8] St. John XVII.

sentence," says Luis of Granada, "is a summary of the whole Christian philosophy."[1] And thus Gilles de Rome ends the fourth part of his Miroir, saying that the just Judge will give "ceste coronne de vie perpetuelle, coronne de beaulte passant mesure, coronne de gloire, de haultesse, et d'honeur à nous qui sommes indignes suppliants. Et ce non mye par le merite des œuvres de justice que nous avons faictes, mais par l'immensite de la bonte et misericorde benigne il nous vueille estre loyer et merite, le Dieu misericors qui en la trinite parfaicte vit et regne par les infinits siecles des siecles. Amen." We read in the Chronicles of the Minorites, that a novice of the order of St. Francis, being now almost out of himself, struggling with death, cried out with a terrible voice, saying, "Woe is me! Oh, that I had never been born!" A little after he said, "I am heartily sorry"; and not long after he added, "but the merits of the passion of our Lord and Saviour Jesus Christ." Then he said, "Now 'tis well," and gave up the ghost. Certainly that invisible and strict inquisition was fearful and horrible to those who were present.[2] So then an eloquent modern has well expressed the sentiments of men in those ages, when he says, "This miraculous name of Jesus, which God hath exalted above every name, is above all the powers of magical enchantments, the nightly rites of sorcerers, the secrets of Memphis, the drugs of Thessaly, the silent and mysterious murmurs of the wise Chaldees, and the spells of Zoroastres. This is the name at which the devils did tremble, and pay their enforced and involuntary adoration, by confessing the divinity, and quitting their possessions and usurped habitations. If our prayers

[1] Catechism, II, 1; vide etiam Holden, Divinæ Fidei Analys. II, 5.

[2] Chron. S. Franc. 2, p. lib. 4, c. 35.

be made in this name, God opens the windows of heaven, and rains down benediction: at the mention of this name, the blessed apostles, and Hermione the daughter of St. Philip, and Philotheus the son of Theophila, and St. Hilarion, and St. Paul the Eremite, and innumerable other lights who followed hard after the Sun of righteousness, wrought great and prodigious miracles, 'signs and wonders and healings were done by the name of the holy child Jesus.' This is the name which we should engrave on our hearts, and write upon our foreheads, and pronounce with our most harmonious accents, and rest our faith upon, and place our hopes in, and love with the overflowings of charity, and joy, and adoration."

But then, on the other hand, as Luis of Granada says, and as indeed the preceding examples will serve to shew, men did not think they could be saved continuing in their vices, remaining, as it were, with arms crossed, solely by confidence in the Passion of Christ. This horrible error, so contrary to the Scriptures, to the goodness of God, to the light of reason, to the common consent of all nations, to all the examples of the saints, to all divine and human laws, had been formally condemned by the Church. Let us pause, then, and contemplate this humanized mind, which accompanied so much elevation, and such spirituality in divine things; preventing the rise of that crafty and insidious enemy, fanaticism, who attacks the noblest as well as the most vulgar minds, and whose final triumph is in destroying the vital principles of virtue and veracity; "of which," as a modern says, "it behoveth wisdom to fear the sequels even beyond all apparent cause of fear." St. Anselm, quoting the great maxim, "Non debemus facere mala, ut veniant bona," begins with "quoniam," implying, that this is the well-known

recognized law of religion.[1] The saints and theologians weighing every word they utter, declare, as a learned Jesuit says, "That it is not lawful to lie; no! not for the salvation of the whole world."[2] The great rule was, "never to leave the works of justice for those of grace."[3] Essential domestic duties were not to be neglected under pretence of devotion.[4] "The good doctrine," says the same holy friar, "requires always that men prefer things of obligation to those of devotion, those of precept to those of counsel, necessary things to what are voluntary, and those which God commands to those which man prescribes to himself through piety. The contrary practice is owing to the deceit of the devil, who thus takes men on their weak side, and prompts them to follow their own will rather than their duty."[5] Hence the sublime expression in the prayer of the Church, "Deus, quem diligere et amare justitia est";[6] "implying," as Clemens Alexandrinus said, that "from the true and only wisdom virtue is never separated";[7] and that "piety is action, following God." So that the Duke of Guise made a true and sublime answer to the Protestant who had attempted to assassinate him, and who declared he was actuated solely by a view to the interest of his religion. "Now then," said the duke, "I wish to shew you how my religion is more gentle than that which you profess. Yours has advised you to kill me, without hearing me, without my having ever offended you; and mine commands me to pardon you." Here, then, we arrive at a most remarkable feature in the religion

[1] Epist. III, 90.
[2] Rodriguez, de la Perfection Chrét. II, II, 11.
[3] Luis Granad. Mirror of Christ. Life, 220.
[4] Luis Granad. Sinner's Guide, II, 8.
[5] Catechism, III, 17. [6] For Palm Sunday.
[7] Stromat. II, 10.

of chivalry. Every offence against true honour is irreconcilable with it. However anxious men may be in a religious cause, a soldier who betrays his friend, a general who forsakes his king, a daughter who turns her own father out of doors, a legislator who establishes a premium to reward traitorous relations and undutiful children; all these persons are expressly condemned by the Catholic religion, besides being for ever the proper objects of contempt and detestation and horror among all men who possess the sentiments of chivalry. A man of honour cannot express any other opinion, though he should be condemned to the quarries the next minute for uttering it. The same judgment awaits such persons as John Knox, who praised the murderer of Cardinal Beaton; and Beza, who extolled Poltrot, who assassinated the Duke of Guise, and the people who compared him to David, and who made the engravings which we still see, representing him raised in glory to heaven for this base murder; and Sir Edward Coke, who argued in praise of O'Donnell's innocent children being shut up all their lives in the Tower, saying, "periissent nisi periissent," meaning that they would have been brought up Catholics, if set free. This lesson might indeed be drawn from the unperverted conscience and light of that ancient tradition which is ascribed to nature. The ancients knew it, although there was the policy of Numa and Sertorius, of Pisistratus and Lycurgus, who were said to have tampered with truth for a good end.[1] There is a beautiful example in the first book of Herodotus. Pactyas, the Persian rebel, had fled as a supplicant to the Cymeans, who received and sheltered him, as they were bound to do, by their law of conscience. Upon receiving orders from the Persian monarch

[1] Val. Max. I, 2.

to deliver this person to his resentment, they were thrown into dismay. They dreaded the power of the tyrant, and while they were necessarily conscious of their duty, they obeyed the dictate of their fear by affecting to doubt it, and so they sent to consult the Oracle of Branchidæ, to learn the will of God, although they already knew what that required. The answer was instantly given, "to deliver up Pactyas." The messengers returned, and the Cymeans, thus *confirmed* (the very word of the moderns on such occasions), prepared to deliver up the victim. Aristodicus, a just and prudent man, entreated that nothing might be concluded until he should be sent with other messengers to the same oracle. His request was granted, and the new embassy departed for the oracle. They propose the former question, and the same answer is as quickly returned. But Aristodicus, being now convinced of some mistake, proceeded to explore the temple, and to disturb the birds, to whom religion afforded that asylum: whereupon a voice cried out, "O most unholy man, why do you dare to commit such deeds? Do you venture to disturb my suppliants?" Aristodicus replied, "O King, are you resolved to protect your suppliants, and do you command the Cymeans to deliver up theirs?" Upon which the celebrated answer was returned, "Yea, I do command you this, seeking your destruction as impious men, that you may never again consult the oracle, and inquire whether you should abandon your suppliants." These words conveyed memorable instruction; they taught lessons of prudence and moderation to men, lessons of fidelity and truth in the sacrifice of inclination to duty, of hasty passion to the unalterable laws of virtue and justice; they taught them to be just before they were generous, to obey before they sacrificed. A dramatic poet of Greece inculcated the same. When Strepsiades

complains of the clouds for deceiving a silly clown like him, they reply:

> ἡμεῖς ποιοῦμεν ταῦθ' ἑκάστοθ', ὁντιν' ἂν
> γνῶμεν πονηρῶν ὄντ' ἐραστὴν πραγμάτων,
> ἕως ἂν αὐτὸν ἐμβάλωμεν εἰς κακόν,
> ὅπως ἂν εἰδῇ τοὺς θεοὺς δεδοικέναι.[1]

So far were the ancients from holding the immoral sophism of the moderns, that sincerity is an excuse which will always avail. A modern metaphysical writer of celebrity has shewn "how it comes to pass that a man may justly incur punishment, though it be certain that in all the particular actions that he wills, he does, and necessarily does, will that which he then judges to be good; for, though his will be always determined by that which is judged good by his understanding, yet it excuses him not; because, by a too hasty choice of his own making, he has imposed on himself wrong measures of good and evil; which, however false and fallacious, have the same influence on all his future conduct as if they were true and right. He then vitiated his own palate, and must be answerable to himself for the sickness and death that follows from it. The eternal law and nature of things must not be altered to comply with his ill-ordered choice. If the neglect or abuse of the liberty he had to examine what would really and truly make for his happiness misleads him, the miscarriages that follow on it must be imputed to his own election. He had a power to suspend his determination; it was given him that he might examine, and take care of his own happiness, and look that he were not deceived: and he could never judge that it was better to be deceived than not, in a matter of so great and near concernment."

[1] Aristoph. Nubes, 1456.

All this is little more than what Aristotle lays down in his Ethics.[1] But from all this it follows that the ancients were sensible, like the Christian chivalry, of the insurmountable obligations which they lay under to follow the natural dictates of true honour and morality. So that when the poet makes persons advise Cato to consult the oracle, he replies, that his course is already plainly pointed out by the voice of conscience and honour, and, albeit with some foolish sophisms, he rejects their proposal.

> Scimus, et hoc nobis non altius inseret Ammon.
> Hæremus cunctis superis, temploque tacente
> Nil facimus non sponte Dei: nec vocibus ullis
> Numen eget; dixitque semel nascentibus auctor
> Quicquid scire licet; sterilesne legit arenas
> Ut caneret paucis, mersitque hoc pulvere verum?
> Estne Dei sedes nisi terra et pontus et aer,
> Et cœlum et virtus? Superos quid quærimus ultra.[2]

XVIII. Who has not been struck, in the preceding instances, with the humanity which accompanied the spiritual elevation of men in the ages of chivalry? The sublime piety of the saints is not more eminent than the tenderness and humanity which they have evinced in the relations of life. I have already alluded to a remarkable sermon by St. Bernard on the death of his brother Girard, who had held a minor office in the monastery of Clairvaux. The saint had been preaching a series of sermons on one book of the Holy Scriptures, and the first part of the discourse, in which he alludes to his brother's death, is a continuation of the subject which had employed him on the preceding day. At length he breaks out, "How long shall I dissemble and conceal the interior fire which consumes my sad breast? What is this canticle to me who am in bitterness?

[1] III, 5. [2] Lucan, IX, 572.

Quid mihi et cantico huic, qui in amaritudine sum? The power of grief has defeated my intention, and the indignation of the Lord hath wasted my spirit. I have done violence to my soul, and I have hitherto dissembled, lest affection should seem to have conquered faith. While others wept, I, as you can testify, followed the sorrowful train with dry eyes; with dry eyes I stood at the grave, until all the solemn rites were fulfilled. Clad in the sacerdotal habits, I recited with my own tongue the accustomed prayers for him; with my hands I threw, as usual, the earth upon his beloved body, which was soon to be earth. They who beheld me wept, and wondered that I did not weep, and they rather lamented me who had lost him; but I only struggled against affection with the strength of faith. Nor had I the same command over my grief as over my tears, but, as it is written, turbatus sum et non sum locutus. But grief suppressed sinks more deeply, and is more intense from not being suffered to have vent. Fateor, victus sum. Exeat necesse est foras quod intus patior; it must come out to the eyes of sons who, knowing the loss, will hear my complaint with more humanity, and will console me with greater gentleness. You know, my sons, how just is my grief. You observe what a faithful companion hath deserted me on my road, one so awake to care, so active in affairs, so sweet in conversation. Who so necessary to me? by whom was I so loved? Frater erat genere, sed religione germanior. I was weak in body, and he bore me; I was faint in heart, and he comforted me; negligent, and he excited me; forgetful, and he reminded me. Whither art thou torn from my hands, man after my own heart? We have loved each other in life, how shall we be separated in death? Hard condition; but it is my fortune, not his, which is tearful. For you, dear brother, if you have lost those dear

to you, it was that you might find those who were still dearer: but what consolation is left to me? I have lost the delights of friendship; you have but changed them. How I desire to know what you, who are in the choir of angels, now think of me in the midst of trouble and sorrow! if thou canst think of the miserable, who hast entered that abyss of light, and art absorbed in the ocean of eternal felicity: for perhaps, although thou hast known me according to the flesh, now thou no longer knowest me, being entered into the power of the Lord, mindful only of his justice, forgetful of us; but qui adhæret Deo, unus spiritus est, and is changed into divine affection; neither can he perceive or understand aught except God, and what God perceives and understands; but God is charity, and by how much any one is more near to God, by so much is he more filled with charity. Moreover, God is passionless, but not without compassion, whose property is always to have mercy and to forgive. Therefore, of necessity, thou must be merciful who art joined with mercy, although thou mayest not be in the least unhappy; and thou who art without suffering, must nevertheless have compassion. Thy affection is not diminished, but unchanged; nor since thou hast put on God hast thou thrown off the care of us; for he hath care of us. What is weak thou hast thrown off, but not that which is pious: for charity never faileth; and thou wilt not forget me for ever. Methinks I hear my brother saying, Numquid mater oblivisci poterit filii uteri sui? Etsi illa oblita fuerit, ego tamen non obliviscar tui. Thou knowest where I lie, where thou hast left me. There is no one to stretch out a hand to me. On every occasion I am looking to Girard as I was accustomed, and he is not. Alas, then, I lament as one without assistance. Who will carry my burdens? who will shield me

from danger? No one would come to me who had not first sought Girard; for he would meet them coming, offering himself, lest they should suddenly incur my anger. O industrious man, faithful friend! Who ever departed from him empty? If rich, he had advice; if poor, he had alms. Thanks to you, brother, if there be any fruit of my studies in the Lord; to you I owe it, if I have made any advance. Thou wert occupied, and I kept holiday and gave myself to study; for why should I not feel secure within, while I knew that you were abroad, my right hand, the light of my eyes, my breast and my tongue? But what do I say of his occupation without, as if Girard was destitute of spiritual gifts? They who are spiritual who knew him, knew how spiritual were his words. How often when conversing with him, have I learned things which I knew not before, and I, who came to teach, went back more learned! He had no learning, but he had the sense, the creator of learning; he had likewise the spirit which giveth light. Nor was he only great in great things, but also in the least. What escaped the skill of Girard in building, in tillage, in gardening, in irrigation, in all rural arts? He was master of hewing stone, of building, of husbandry, of making shoes, and weaving. When in the judgment of all he was wiser than all, alone in his own eyes he was not wise. I could say more of him, but I forbear, because he is my flesh, and my brother; but this I confidently add, that to me he was useful in all things, and above all; he was useful in small and great things, in private and public, abroad and within. Justly I depended on him, who bore the labour, and left me to gain the honour. I was called abbat, but he was the first in solicitude. Justly did my spirit rest in him, by whom I was enabled to have delight in the Lord, to preach with

more freedom, to pray with more security. Alas! thou art taken away, and all these things are gone! for with thee I have lost my delights and my joy. The hand of the Lord hath touched me. Let him who is holy condescend to me, and him who is spiritual, in the spirit of gentleness, let him bear with my grief. We daily see the dead bewailing their dead—much tears and no fruit: we do not blame the affection, unless when it exceeds moderation. This is of nature, that is vanity and sin; for these bewail the loss of fleshly glory and the sorrow of the present life; and they are to be mourned over who thus mourn; but my sorrow is not of this world; for I mourn things which are of God, a faithful helper, a wise adviser; I mourn for Girard, my brother in the flesh, but one most near to me in spirit. I confess I am not insensible to punishment; I shudder at my death, and at the death of my friends: he was my Girard, mine altogether. Pardon me, my sons; nay, if sons, share with me in grief. Have pity on me, have pity on me, at least you, my friends; but I condemn not the sentence which hath obtained the crown for him, and the punishment for me. Thou art gone before; thou art gone to those whom, about the middle of thy last night, thou didst invite to praise, when suddenly with a countenance and voice of exultation, thou didst break forth, to the astonishment of those who were present, with the words, Laudate Dominum de cœlis, laudate eum in excelsis. And now, my brother, the day was beginning to dawn to you at the dead of night, and the night did shine as the day: I am sent for to behold that miracle, to behold a man exulting in death, and insulting death. Death, where is thy victory, where is thy sting? There is no sting, but there is jubilation. The man dies singing, and sings in dying. When I arrived, I heard him finishing the psalm with a clear voice:

he looked up to heaven, and said, Pater, in manus tuas commendo spiritum meum; and repeating these words, and frequently sighing, Pater, Pater, turning towards me with a joyful face, he said, What condescension in God, to be the father of men; what glory for men, to be the sons and heirs of God! For if sons, then heirs. Thus did he sing, and thus did he almost turn my sorrow into songs of gladness. Justus es, Domine, et rectum judicium tuum. Thou gavest Girard, thou hast taken him away; and if we mourn for his departure, we do not forget that he was given. I remember, O Lord, my agreement and thy mercy, that thou mayest be the more justified in thy sayings, and that thou mayest conquer when thou art judged. When we were at Viterbo last year for the affairs of the church, he fell sick; and when he seemed near death, I bitterly lamenting that I should have to leave the companion of my journey in a strange land, and that I should not be able to return him to those who had entrusted him to me, since he was loved by all, and was most worthy of love, I betook myself to prayer, with tears and sighs, and I said, 'Wait, O Lord, till we return.' Thou didst hear me, O Lord; he recovered; we fulfilled our object; we returned with joy, and brought back the sheaves of peace. I almost forgot my agreement; but thou didst not forget it. I am ashamed of these sobs, which convict me of prevarication. What remains? Thou hast sought thine own. Tears shall make an end of words. Do thou only, O Lord, prescribe limits and an end to them."[1]

Now, if men like St. Bernard, exalted so far above the level of humanity, and almost absorbed in divine light, were thus sensible to the feelings of nature, we may be sure that knights and temporal men were

[1] S. Bernardi in Cantica Sermo XXVI.

ignorant of any piety which was not joined with generous and natural affections: men would have learned the duty of cherishing them, from attending even to the prayers of the Church. The Church prayed to God, the Father Almighty, "that he would cure diseases, drive away famine, open prisons, break chains, grant a safe return to travellers, health to the sick, and a secure haven to such as are at sea." And were knights and temporal men to affect a spirituality above all such considerations? No, truly. Nothing was too small or trifling not to be decided by the maxims of religion. As its ceremonies formed part of the happiness, so its precepts were applied to all the details and ordinary transactions of life. All the graces and virtues which we shall have occasion to witness hereafter, as illustrating the chivalrous character, proceeded from this principle. It was religion which induced many of the feudal lords to give liberty to their vassals. From the fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, a vast number of acts remain in Rymer, beginning, "as from the first God made all men free, we believe that it will be an act of piety, and meritorious before God, to deliver such persons as are subject to us, from villanage. Know, then, that we have set free these persons, and their children, to all posterity." Thus Charlemagne wrote to Æthelhard, Archbishop of Canterbury, in behalf of some exiles, entreating him to intercede with King Offa; and he concludes his letter saying, "But I trust to the goodness of my brother, if you strongly intercede for them, that he will receive them kindly for love of us, or rather for the love of Christ."[1] "They loved men as in God—men, not as sons, or fathers, or brethren, but as men."[2] Honour, in all its fulness, was contained in their religion. Turenne, before his conversion, would not accept the office of

[1] Turner's Hist. of Anglo-Saxons, I, 404.
[2] S. August. de vera Religione.

constable of France, from conscience. After his conversion, he refused it from a principle of honour. Petrarch speaks of being a Catholic as binding him to evince every virtue.[1] "Quid enim prodest si quis catholice credat et gentiliter vivat?" said a father. Ereticus, a youth, remained for a long time in the school of Zeno. On his return, his father asked him what wisdom he had learned? The boy replied, that he would shew him by the thing itself. The father, in a rage, inflicted stripes, which he bore patiently and with gentleness, and then said, "This is what I have learned, to bear the anger of my father."[2] So it was with the youth of Christian chivalry. They did not learn gestures and words, but how to bear and suffer. "Quid tam indecorum," said St. Bernard, "maxime adolescenti quam ostentatio sanctitatis!"[3] St. Francis Borgia, happening to leave Valladolid very late one night, in the midst of a great fall of snow, attended by a bitter wind, to go to Simancas, where was the house of the noviciate, he arrived there at a time when the novices were asleep; and as the gate was at a great distance from the main building, he had to remain in the deep snow and wind, knocking in vain for a long time, till at length being heard, and the novices opening the gates, and expressing their grief at having kept him in such suffering, the saint assured them that it was all well. The occasion was not too trifling for his religion to be in action. What sublime piety and humanity were evinced in the three secret prayers which King Charles VII of France made in the chapel of Loches on All-Saints' day, of which the Maid of Orleans reminded him.[4] What pure and effective morality,

[1] Famil. Epist. II, 1; IV, 6.
[2] Ælian. Var. Hist. IX, 33.
[3] In Cantica Serm. 86.
[4] Chronique de la Pucelle d'Orléans, 9.

accompanying sublime devotion, was taught in the Paradise of the Soul, by Albert the Great, Bishop of Ratisbon (Regensburg), A.D. 1260! The profound piety of Stanislaus I, King of Poland, operated in making him forgive the treacherous assassins who attempted to murder him in the forest as he went to perform his devotions in the abbey of Græventhal. So poor Crillon declared that he pardoned the Huguenot soldier who had tried to assassinate him, out of obedience to the commands of his religion, "Rends grace à ma religion qui m'ordonne de pardonner." Mark what is said in l'Arbre des Batailles: "If I take a mad Englishman prisoner, I must use him gently as a good Christian, and take care of his health." "Car non obstant qu'il soit Anglois, toutesfois il est nostre frere en Jesu Christ, comme saint Pol le dit et recite en lune de ses epistres."[1] Again, suppose an English scholar at Paris falls sick, and writes to his father in England, to say that he is sick to death: "Adonc quant le pere voit les lettres, il nest pas bien aise, il fait tant par ses journees quil arrive en la cite de Paris, pour venir visiter et veoir son fils, ainsi comme nature de pere le requiert." A knight at Paris knows him, and takes him prisoner. Ought he so to do? No, he decides. "Et la raison est telle, car statut ne guerre raisonnablement ne peut tollir les drois de nature ne les contredire. Et le pere, comme vous savez assez, est tenu de visiter son fils en telle necessite de maladie ——celui ne seroit pas homme naturel ne vray humain qui le yroit prendre et arrester prisonnier." Again, ought a clerk to kill a robber that would take away his goods? Surely not. "Car lescripture dit: Myeulx vault apres la cotte laisser la chappe et les biens vils et transitoires que mettre la main sur la creature de Dieu." What will our

[1] Chap. LXXXII.

humane enlightened setters of spring-guns in the nineteenth century to preserve their apples, say to this? It was in the dark ages; but we have changed all that. Mark the humanity of Louis IX, when returning from Asia, and in danger of shipwreck off the island of Cyprus. The vessel had struck upon a sand-bank, and the pilots were persuading the king to leave it with the royal family; but the heroic charity, the Christian spirit, of the king refused to countenance a measure which would dishearten and endanger the other passengers. "Il n'y a personne céans," said he, "qui n'aime autant son cors comme je fais le mien; si une fois je descends, ils descendront aussi, et de long-temps ne reverront leur pays; j'aime mieux mettre moi, la reine et mes enfants en la main de Dieu, que de faire tel dommage à un si grand peuple comme il y a céans."

The discipline and ceremonial of the Church tended to sweeten the temper, and to accustom men to the beauties of humanity: they taught men condescension to inferiors, and even respectful and courteous manners. In processions, boys of the first nobility walked with the other youth, and the daughters of princely houses were not distinguished from the children of the poor. The excellent and religious King Louis XVI shewed his son the parish register of his baptism, and desired him to remark how his name was inserted among the names of the poor, in the same line, and without distinction, as he would have to appear in person before the throne of God. The Church directed her ministers to shew great reverence to each other as they attended at the altar. Hence, no doubt, Dante represents such expressions as not unworthy of the courts of Heaven, when after addressing the spirit of his ancestor, Cacciaguida, with great ceremony, he says,

O slight respect of man's nobility!
I never shall account it marvellous
That our infirm affection here below
Thou mov'st to boasting; when I could not choose
E'en in that region of unwarp'd desire,
In heaven itself, but make my vaunt in thee.[1]

Which Milton seems to have remembered when Satan to Uriel

——————— Bowing low,
As to superior spirits is wont in heaven,
Where honour due and reverence none neglects,
Took leave.[2]

The imitative disposition of youth would consequently be modelled to a gracious and respectful carriage towards all persons. Thus young Bignon, while at college, is said to have lived with his companions as if they had been sons of kings. In general it may be affirmed, that men in those ages adhered much more closely to nature than they who, in after-time, adopted a new philosophy. If Giordano Bruno had written nothing more contrary to the religion of the Church than these lines,

Si cum naturâ sapio et sub numine,
Id vere plusquam satis est,

he would never have been ranked by her in the list of those who erred. This opens a path for curious inquiry, which, after one suggestion, I shall leave the reader to follow at his leisure. It is well known that a distinguishing characteristic of everything belonging to the early and middle ages of Christianity, is the picturesque. Those who now struggle to cultivate the fine arts are obliged to have recourse to the despised, and almost forgotten, houses, towns, and dresses of that period. As soon as men renounced the philosophy of the Church, it

[1] Paradise, XVI.

[2] Paradise Lost, III.

was inevitable that their taste, that the form of objects under their control, should change with their religion; for architects had no longer to provide for the love of solitude, of meditation between sombre pillars, of modesty in apartments with the lancet-casement. They were not to study duration and solidity in an age when men were taught to regard the present as their only concern. When nothing but exact knowledge was sought, the undefined sombre arches were to be removed to make way for lines which would proclaim their brevity, and for a blaze of light which might correspond with the mind of those who rejected every proposition that led beyond the reach of the senses, and who wished to believe that there was nothing in the world but what they saw and touched. When money was to be the recognized object of even poetic ambition, no marvel that merchants required a quicker communication by more artificial roads, that citizens were eager to pull down gates, and impending studies of Friar Bacon's, and crosses, and whatever might impede the operation of commerce; as men no longer made vows of poverty, or rather as poverty became a disgrace, every object was to affect that neat glaring varnished surface of wealth which is so intractable to the pencil. The revival of the epicurean philosophy, which Cicero thought so unfavourable to eloquence,[1] must quickly appear in the furniture, in the whole plan and form of life; that of the cynic in the shew of outward hideousness in dress, which purposely sets grace and gentleness at defiance, in the very gait and countenance of men. This was all natural and unavoidable; and so completely is it beyond the skill of the painter or the poet to render bearable the productions of the moderns, after all their pains; for the moderns take

[1] Brutus, 35.

great pains to embody their conceptions, such as they are, and they spare no money in the cause; and so fast are the poor neglected works of Christian antiquity falling to ruin, that it is hard to conceive how the fine arts can be cultivated after another century has elapsed; men will lose the sense as well as objects to attract it; for when children are taught in infant schools to love accounts from their cradle, and to study political economy before they have heard of the Red-cross Knight or the Wild Hunter, the manner and taste of such an age will smother the sparks of nature, "et opinioni confirmatæ natura ipsa cedat."[1] Yet, notwithstanding, we might be led, from a forgetfulness of the oneness of wisdom and of beauty, and from an unwillingness to cling to the mere bones of antiquity, and from hearing the incessant praises which the moderns pass on their own productions and tastes, to concede at last that a love for the picturesque might be a false, or only an artificial passion; but when we find that it is invited by every work of nature,—for no one competent to judge of beauty will deny that it is,—we are rather induced to adopt a different conclusion; and, albeit with astonishment, we find ourselves arrived at a fresh perception of the wisdom of our ancestors from having followed this path, which seemed at first so unlikely to terminate anywhere but in a fanciful and fruitless theory. In concluding these remarks on the humanity and moral graces of this religion, it is essential that we observe how, while men were thus humane and moral, morality was not their religion. The clergy did not preach upon keeping accounts and the way to succeed in life, upon attention to business, and the comfort of having lived decently, and of having a good character; but they preached on

[1] Cicero, Tuscul. III, 2.

the four ends of man, on the delay of conversion, on the sacraments, on the commands of the decalogue, on the laws of the Church, on the mysteries of faith, on deadly sin.

This naturally leads to a reflection on the spirituality and wisdom which produced such fruits; nor let it be thought foreign from the design and nature of these wanderings, to dwell upon this object; for, as a famous knight says, "knights were to know all things: there have been such in former ages who have delivered as ingenious and learned a sermon or oration at the head of an army, as if they had taken their degrees at the University of Paris": from which he infers, "that the lance never dulled the pen, nor the pen the lance": and Madame la Baronne de Staël has admitted that the knights were often excellent Christians.[1] At least, there is enough in the examples we have lately seen to suggest some reflections respecting this divine study.

In the first place, then, what is the inference to be derived from our late inquiries respecting the chief and distinguishing characteristic of the religion of the Christian chivalry? "If a Christian," said St. Augustine, "doth not aim at perfection, he is in danger to lose himself eternally. Si dixeris sufficit, periisti." "But then," says a religious man to the nobility of France, "God hath, as it were, engrafted perfection with his own hands upon the sweetest stock in the world. Ask, I pray, of all divines, Wherein lies perfection? Ask of religious men where they place it. In sackcloth, or hair shirts? They will answer you, No. In the vows of poverty, chastity, obedience? No. These are most undoubted ways to perfection; but they are not properly perfection. In what then? In

[1] De l'Allemagne, I, c. 4.

the love of God, which St. Irenæus calleth the most eminent of all the gifts of God."[1] So said St. Augustine. "Nihil omnino esse virtutem affirmaverim nisi summum amorem Dei."[2] So, many saintly writers place love as the basis of virtue. The Count of Stolberg quotes St. Paul, "Charitas Dei diffusa est in cordibus nostris per Spiritum sanctum, qui datus est nobis"; and then says, "This love is that for which man was created. It is the element of the soul. Without a restoration of nature through grace it is not in man, although its shadow in the hearts and intercourse of men with each other moves in various forms. They are shades of the dead. The kind of love in natural men, which pursues after the objects of passion, or which is reflected in the enthusiasm of self-enjoyment, at our pretended inward beauty and perfection, seeks only itself. In course of time, that vision totally vanishes, and leaves us in the darkness of horrible night, in chaotic confusion, or else it gently fades away like a morning dream before the beaming Sun of righteousness, and we find ourselves in perfect harmony, in our element, in love."[3] Hence St. Augustine shews mankind divided into two grand divisions or cities, determined by the nature of their love. "Two loves made two cities. Civitatem mundi quæ et Babylonia dicitur, amor sui usque ad contemptum Dei. Civitatem Dei quæ et Jerusalem dicitur, amor Dei usque ad contemptum sui."[4] That chivalry had nothing in common with the former, the examples already shewn have abundantly demonstrated. This love was the end as well as the beginning of its religion. "Noli ad

[1] Holy Court, I, 1.
[2] De Moribus Ecclesiæ Catholicæ, I, 2.
[3] Geschichte der Religion, VI, 694.
[4] De Civitat. Dei, LXIV, 28.

præmium diligere Deum, ipse sit præmium tuum," was its motto.[1] All men were loved "propter Jesum, Jesus autem propter se ipsum."[2] It was esteemed "a greater happiness to love others than to be loved by them."[3] "In loving their enemies, they did not love evil, neither impiety, nor adultery, nor theft, but they loved a thief and an adulterer, and an impious man, not in that he sinned, but in that he was a man, and the work of God."[4] This was the chivalrous, as well as the religious charity. All graces flowed from the pure and perfect love with which the Saviour of mankind was loved. This divine love is thus expressed by St. Anselm: "O quam bonus et suavis es, Domine Jesu, animæ quærenti te: O mi Domine—nihil quæro nisi teipsum, quamvis nulla merces repromitteretur; licet infernus, et paradisus non essent, tamen propter dulcem bonitatem tuam, propter te ipsum adhærere vellem tibi."[5] But this flight is not for my wing! O how have we dared to mount to these serene regions, which, like Olympus, ever without a cloud in the dark blue vault of heaven, shadow forth the sublime and untroubled condition of the Christian soul!

> Χρύσιαι δή μοι πτέρυγες περὶ νώτῳ,
> καὶ τὰ Σειρήνων ἱρόεντα πέδιλα
> ἁρμόζεται· βάσομαι τ' ἐς αἰθέρα πολὺν
> ἀερθείς, Ζανὶ προσμίξων.[6]

Let us draw near, then, and listen to the heavenly accents of divine men, dwelling in brightness clearer than light, and clothed with majesty beyond all terrestrial honour.

It is an ancient opinion, come down to us from

[1] S. August. in Tract. in Johan. Evang.
[2] De Imitat. Christ. II, 8.
[3] Eadmerus in Vit. S. Anselmi.
[4] Clemens Alexand. Stromat. IV, 13.
[5] S. Anselmi Meditationes, X.
[6] Eurip. Fragment. in Clem. Alexand. Stromat. IV.

the heroic times, and sanctioned by the judgment of the most sublime philosophers, that they are the sins which proceed from the heart or will, rather than those which emanate principally from the mind, which will fix the eternal destiny of man. The same conclusion was drawn by the doctors of the Church, and proposed to Christian chivalry. Bishop Doyle supports the opinion by a reference to the catalogue of vices, which the apostle enumerates as excluding from the kingdom of heaven, and to the sentence to be pronounced, by our Lord himself, upon the just and the reprobate on the last day. But the teachers of religion went farther than this. "Christianus per fidem debet ad intellectum proficere, non per intellectum ad fidem accedere." It is St. Anselm who says this.[1] He alludes to that which Luis of Granada calls the living faith, that which is joined with love, in opposition to the informal or dead faith which is without love;[2] according to the doctrine of St. Paul, that in Christ Jesus nothing availed but faith, "quæ per charitatem operatur":[3] a distinction which was completely passed over by the innovators from the sixteenth to the nineteenth centuries. "The grace of faith," says Roger Bacon, "and the divine inspirations, illuminate not only in spiritual things, but even in the study of physics and philosophy": and here mark what an incidental evidence occurs of the purity of some men's lives in those ages. "Virtue," continues the monk of Oxford, "illuminates the mind so as to make a man comprehend more easily, not only moral, but scientific questions; and this I have diligently proved in the case of many young men who made a progress in learning beyond what can be told, on account of the

[1] Epist. II, 41. [2] Catechism, II, 2.
[3] Ad Galat. V, 6.

innocence of their lives. One sufficiently young, about twenty years of age, very poor and unable to have masters, learned great things in less than a year; yet he is not particularly clever, nor endowed with much memory: so that there can be no other cause but the grace of God, which, on account of the purity of his soul, bestowed on him such gifts, as are denied to almost all students; for he was of spotless manners, nor could I discover in him any kind of mortal sin, although I examined diligently; and therefore he has so clear a mind, and so quick in perceiving, that with very moderate instruction he learned more than can be said."[1] "To be religious," says the great scholastic doctor William of Paris, "is the perfection for which we were born, which can only be approached in this life, but must be expected in the future to be fully accomplished: totum enim Deo vivere religionis consummatio est, et beatitudinis et gloriæ finalis plenitudo."[2] "The soul is not created for any sensible good; it naturally even loves spiritual and insensible good."[3] It falls within our limits to observe the wisdom and piety which were exercised in the interpretation of different passages of Holy Scripture; inasmuch as these interpretations passed generally, and were received and acted upon by temporal men. "To heap coals of fire on the head of our enemies," was to repay evil with good, says Father Luis of Granada, inflaming them with the desire of wishing us well."[4] "To hate the enemies of God with a perfect hate," as said by David, "is to hate their sin, and love their nature," according to St. Augustine and St. Gregory—a distinction which St. Charles Borromeo directed his clergy to be careful in explaining to the people. St. Jerome

[1] Opus Majus, VI, 1.
[2] De Fide, I.
[3] De Anima.
[4] Catechism, II, 5.

interpreted the verse of the psalm, "Beatus qui tenebit et allidet parvulos tuos ad petram," to mean, "who stifles his evil passions in their first attacks." The Church interpreted the Psalms according to St. Augustine's rule, who found in them the whole of Christian morality. Without love in the heart, they cannot be understood as the ancients received them. Further, they held that it was unworthy of a theologian and a philosopher to expect that the vague, poetical, and often figurative expressions of the Bible, should determine questions of pure natural philosophy, which were totally foreign from the object of the sacred writers.[1] On the other hand, where religious mysteries were concerned, they received the divine words with humble submission, and refrained from attempting to give them any other meaning but that which was the first and obvious sense of the words. Thus St. Cyril of Jerusalem, quoting the words of our Lord: *Τοῦτό ἐστι τὸ σῶμά μου·* adds, *τίς τολμήσει ἀμφιβάλλειν λοιπόν; καὶ αὐτοῦ βεβαιωσαμένου καὶ εἰρηκότος, Τοῦτό μού ἐστι τὸ αἷμα· τίς ἐνδοιάσει ποτὲ, λέγων μὴ εἶναι αὐτοῦ τὸ αἷμα;*[2] Above all, they were careful not to require the testimony of the senses for the truth of these mysteries. "Quod loquitur," says St. Bernard, "spiritus et vita est; quod apparet, mortale et mors. Aliud cernitur, et aliud creditur. 'Truly this man was the Son of God,' said the centurion, being, perhaps, one of those of whom Jesus said, 'Oves meæ vocem meam audiunt'; while his eyes beheld a miserable object hanging from a cross between two thieves. We must first learn to hear and obey Christ, before we can behold him and say, 'Sicut audivimus, sic vidimus.' Isaac was a wise man, yet, with the

[1] Holden, Divinæ Fidei Analysis, I, 5.
[2] Catechesis, XXII; Mystag. IV, 2.

exception of hearing, he was deceived by his senses. Heaven and earth, and all that is subjected to the eye of man, shall pass away, before one jot or one tittle of what God hath spoken shall fail. 'Noli me tangere,' said our Lord. Escape from the power of the senses; take refuge in faith. Faith cannot err; faith comprehends what is invisible. Ask not the eye concerning what surpasses its reach; and let not the hand seek to explore what is above it. 'Noli me tangere, nondum enim ascendi ad Patrem meum.' As if, when he shall have ascended, he may be touched; but while in this time of mortality, it is only by faith that we can apprehend him. 'Noli me tangere': Why do you wish to touch me in this humble habit, in this servile form, in this abject condition? Touch me when clad with celestial beauty, with glory and honour."[1]

Nor should we overlook the exceeding wisdom with which they drew beautiful and awful lessons from various facts and passages in the holy Scripture. "As evils are cured by their contraries," says St. Augustine, "so God deals with men. Quia ergo per superbiam homo lapsus est, humilitatem adhibuit ad sanandum. Serpentis sapientia decepti sumus, Dei stultitia liberamur: and because deceived by a woman, so by a man born of a woman are we redeemed." "Requirebant Jesum inter cognatos et notos, et non invenerunt." On these words St. Bernard comments: "Quomodo te, bone Jesu, inter cognatos meos inveniam, qui inter tuos minime es inventus?" Hear William of Paris: "Death need not be painful, else would not Jesus have waited for Lazarus, whom he loved, to die. Yet it is awful; for Jesus wept when he heard that he was dead." Luis of Granada considers our Lord's silence before the judges as an evidence of

[1] In Cantica, Serm. 28.

his divinity. St. Paul appealed to Cæsar; and he thinks a good man would have been bound to answer. Such an example as that of our Saviour's silence has been never witnessed since the creation of the world. "It was a divine patience; not a human patience."[1] "Remark," says this holy friar, "the immense goodness of God, who compares himself to an unjust judge, who neither feared God nor man, to conquer our doubts as to the efficacy of prayer."[2] Again, "All the attributes of God being equal, since such has been his mercy (he has given an eloquent account of the mystery of redemption), O what will be his justice!" Every line of this Dominican shews that, like Socrates, he had learned to analyze carefully the meaning of all the terms and opinions which he admitted, that he was a thinker, and not a mere speaker or writer. Treating on the redemption, he is not content with commonly received phrases and conventional words, but he clearly convinces the reader that it has been the subject of his deep meditation. "It is much to be reflected on," says Eusebius Nieremberg, "that those who enjoyed not that great supper were not deprived of it by doing anything which was a sin in itself; to have bought a farm, to be trying oxen, to have married a wife, none of these were sins; but for the preferring them to the kingdom of heaven." "Ut comprehendamus cum omnibus sanctis. Sancti igitur comprehendunt," adds St. Bernard. "Quæris quomodo? Si sanctus es, comprehendisti, et nosti; si non, esto, et tuo experimento scies."[3] So that men who sought after divine wisdom were to pursue their object not by hearing sermons or reading the holy Scriptures, but by keeping a watch over their own hearts; by

[1] Catechism, III, 18. [2] Ibid. II, 5.
[3] De Consideratione, lib. V. 14.

visiting the sick, comforting the poor; by being humble, generous, charitable, and condescending to others, fulfilling the commandments of Jesus Christ; so that becoming holy in their works and affections, they might understand what was preached and read. "Quoniam ipsorum est regna cœlorum."[1] "Magna quædam penna est paupertatis, qua tam cito volatur in regnum cœlorum." This is the remark of St. Bernard upon that verse.[2] "Of other virtues," he says, "the reward is indicated by a promise in the future time: hereditabunt, consolabuntur; but here it is actually given"; an important application to be remarked by the moderns, who defend the form of the happy life of Epicurus in the words of Zeno. To shew respect to poverty was one of the distinguishing features of the religion which guided chivalry. A poor man was treated with respect; knights and princes would visit him in his cabin, and would salute him with kindness on his way; learned theologians would conceal their wisdom from him, lest he should be intimidated; bishops would ask his prayers, and emperors would wash his feet.

This must be sufficient to exemplify the manner in which these men interpreted the Holy Scriptures: let us now observe the deep sense which they entertained of their value. "The word of God in his holy Scriptures," says Father Luis of Granada, "can accomplish all things. It can raise the dead, regenerate the living, cure the sick, preserve the sound, give sight to the blind, warm the indifferent, feed the hungry, strengthen the weak, and give resolution to the despairing. This is that heavenly manna which had the taste of all kinds of meat, there being no taste or sweetness that the soul can desire which is not found in the word of

[1] Matt. V, 3. [2] De Adventu Domini, IV.

God. It is by means of it that the sad are consoled, and the irreligious converted to piety."[1] "Let sleep overcome the priest," says St. Jerome, "as he holds the book, and let the holy page receive his declining face"; meaning to teach the duty of constant study of the holy Scriptures.[2] St. Ambrose says, that "the reading of the holy Scriptures is the life of the soul."[3] "Having exposed the four causes of human ignorance in general," says Roger Bacon, "I wish in this part to shew wisdom to be one and perfect, and that this is contained in the sacred writings, from the roots of which all truth arises, and in which is all wisdom, since from one God all wisdom is given, and to one world, and on account of one end." He then collects various passages out of the holy Fathers, to express the importance of holy Scripture.[4] If St. Cyprian would recommend prayer, with fasting and alms, he quotes holy Scripture:[5] and the Count of Stolberg reminds the moderns that the great and holy St. Cyprian in that early age receives as the word of God the books which they have thought proper to strike out of the canon; viz., Tobias as in this place, the books of the Maccabees, and the 14th chapter of Daniel, together with the other Deutero-canonical books:[6] also the book of Wisdom, and that of the son of Sirach.[7] But it will be said, that knights and temporal men were both unacquainted with holy Scriptures, and ignorant of all this divine and spiritual wisdom. The former examples might have taught us that this was by no means the case. It must be remembered that monasteries furnished schools for the laity, who afterwards went into the world. The

[1] Catechism, II, preface.
[2] St. Hier. Ep. ad Eust.
[3] Serm. 35; Joan. VI, 64.
[4] Opus Majus, II, 1.
[5] De Oratione Dominica.
[6] S. Cyprian. Epist. LVI.
[7] Ib. Epist. ad Fortunat. de Exhort. Martyr. et de Mortalitate.

young French princes used to be brought up in the abbey of St. Denis. "There," says Marchangy, "between the tombs which never flatter, and the altar where the wretched would come to implore divine assistance, they learned early to follow the narrow way of justice. It often happened that they were so struck with the rapidity of life, with the nothingness and danger of greatness, and of that sceptre which passes from hand to hand, and remains with no one, that they grew disgusted with the throne before mounting it, and were unwilling to leave their innocent and peaceful joys for those honours and pleasures to which they felt no attraction. It was in these sanctuaries that the son of King Philip I knew the orphan Suger; and notwithstanding the difference of their rank, a lively friendship soon united their hearts. The heroic Louis VI, on becoming king, did not forget the friend of his childhood. Suger was called to his council, and made minister. Neither did he forget the religious lessons of his youth."[1] The knights and barons were seldom able to lose the salutary impressions which they had acquired in those schools. Once familiar with the holy sacrifice, and the evening chant, and the lessons of Scripture, how could they ever forget the words of eternal life? It is true, in the first age of the Church the holy Scriptures of the New Testament not having been written or arranged, the faithful in general had no such resource; and it is true also, that in the ages following after their composition, the Church practised great caution in giving copies of the holy Scriptures.[2] St. Cyril, the holy Archbishop of Jerusalem, says "Since all men cannot read the Scriptures, but some by ignorance, and

[1] La Gaule Poétique, IV.
[2] Stolberg, Geschichte, IX, 522.

others by occupation, are prevented from becoming acquainted with them, we have a creed in a few verses, which I wish you to recite with all care, not writing it down on paper, but engraving it in your heart: and take heed lest any one teach you contrary to it; for if an angel should preach any other gospel to you but this which *you have received*, let him be anathema. Watch, therefore, brethren, and hold fast the traditions which you now receive, and write them on the tables of your heart."[1] Before printing was invented, which was not for above 1400 years after Christ, there were but few able to read, and still fewer able to purchase books. Grecie, Countess of Anjou, had to give 200 sheep for a collection of homilies; so that the bulk of mankind must have perished during that period if the written Word had been their only rule. But the wisdom and mercy of God had sent apostles and successors to preach his Word, and to instruct men in all holiness; and so far was the study of the written Word from being a more secure mode of acquiring a knowledge of his will, that we know many who made use of it wrested it to their own destruction. The notorious heretic or heathen, Hierokles, who lived in the close of the third century, knew the whole Bible by heart. But where there was humility and love, the holy Scriptures in the hands of temporal men were studied by them with diligence and with fruits of holiness. Long before Wickliff's time there was a complete translation of the Bible in the English language. In the council of Clovesho, in the year 747, the seventh canon enjoined the frequent reading of the Bible in monasteries, where temporal men received their education. About the reign of our Henry II, a hermit called Richard translated from Latin into English all the Collects,

[1] Catechesis, V, de Fide et Symbolo, 12.

Epistles, and Gospels for the whole year, as also the Psalms of David.[1] Selden also records, that a metrical translation of the Psalms was made into English about the time of King Edward II.[2] Pope St. Gregory relates in his Dialogues, that there was a poor man at Rome, named Servulus, living under a gateway, who could not read, but yet he had procured some books of the holy Scripture; and when any monks came by, he would pray them to read to him; and in this way he became very learned in the holy Scriptures. St. Marcella in retreat had acquired such a knowledge of the holy Scriptures, that St. Jerome thought it almost incredible; and women remaining in the world, of the highest rank, were often assiduous in this sacred study. A Book of the Gospels, which yet exists a specimen of the perfection of the art of painting in miniature, had been sent by Adela, sister of Charlemagne, to the Abbot of St. Maximin, at Trier. In a later age we find a king, Stanislaus of Poland, employing part of his time during twenty years in translating portions of the holy Scripture into Polish. We read in the White King how young Maximilian was taught to read the holy Scriptures. I have seen a quotation from the Partidas, where Alfonso the Wise says in his law, "a king should learn to read, that he may be the better able to understand the Scriptures, and read the great feats which have been wrought in the world, from which he may learn many good customs. And the wise men of old not only held it advisable that kings should be taught to read, but also that they should learn all the sciences, which was the opinion of King David and King Solomon, and of Boethius, who was a wise knight." But if we are called upon to bring proof

[1] Weever's Funeral Monuments, 152.
[2] Titles of Honour, c. III.

that this divine wisdom was found in temporal chivalry, there are instances in abundance to satisfy such an inquirer. Boethius has been cited by King Alfonso, and with justice; for it was in the excellence of God that he took final refuge. He saw the whole universe in the immensity of God; in his bosom he saw all glory, all dignities, all riches, all treasures, all pleasures, all consolation, all joy, all beatitude. Mark how a brave cross-knight can argue respecting one of the deepest questions of divinity. "Ad ce propoux des Beduns," says Joinville, "je dy que j'ay veu depuis mon retour d'oultre mer aucuns portans le nom de Chrestien qui tiennent la loy des Beduns. Car sont aucuns qui disent, que nul ne peut mourir que à ung jour determiné, sans aucune faille, qui est une chose faulce. Car autant je estime telle creance, comme s'ilz vouloient dire, que Dieu n'eust point de puissance de nous mal faire ou aider, et de nous eslonger ou abregier les vies, qui est une chose heretique. Mais au contraire, je dy que en lui devons nous croire, et qu'il est tout puissant et a povoir de toutes choses faire: et ainsi de nous envoier la mort toust ou tard à son bon plaisir. Qui est le contraire de la creance des Beduns, qui disent leur jour de mort estre determiné sans faille et sans qu'il soit possible qu'il puisse estré eslongné ne abregé."

The awful questions on this subject were set at rest to our ancestors by the masterly reasoning of St. Augustine in his book De Civitate Dei,[1] which was so familiar to them; and besides the good sense and simple faith of plain men of honour, or that which De Maistre terms "le bon sens militaire," was an excellent preservative against the heresies and mistakes of such a speculative doctor as Jansenius; for it is most true, "Nunquam aliud natura,

[1] V, 9.

aliud sapientia docet." The very ceremonies of the Church tended strongly to keep all the great mysteries of faith impressed upon the minds of men. The silence and the kneeling down in the Credo at the words "Et incarnatus est," were more effectual in preserving the great foundation of the faith among men, than all the sermons that ever were or ever could be preached. What must have been the faith of King Louis IX, who "would not stir one foot to behold a miracle in confirmation of his belief!" What wisdom is in this sentence of Alain Chartier in his Curial! "Dieu souffre et veut être prié d'homme selon l'affection temporelle et humaine, mais il exauce selon sa raison éternelle et divine!" What but deep meditation induced Montaigne, in an age of introducing new religions, to say, "Je suis desgousté de la nouvelleté quelque visage qu'elle porte, et ay raison: le meilleur titre de nouvelleté est tres-dangereux"? Mark how spiritual and wise were the sentiments of a poor peasant-girl who had no instructor but the curate of her rustic parish. The Maid of Orleans was asked by her unfortunate judges, whether or not she was in the grace of God? Her answer was, "Si je n'y suis, Dieu m'y veuille mettre; et si je y suis, Dieu m'y veuille tenir." Was it for the sage reverend modern doctors of the 18th century to condemn the ignorance and grossness of the middle ages? "We are told without ceasing," says the Count De Maistre, "of the grossness of our ancestors: there is nothing so gross as the philosophy of our age; the good sense of the 12th century would have laughed at it."[1] But generous and heroic souls were sure to imbibe the intellectual dew of heaven. "Credo ego generosum animum," says Petrarch, "præter Deum ubi finis est noster,

[1] Soirées de St. Pétersbourg.

nusquam acquiescere."[1] What an example in the heroic Calderon! "This favoured mortal," says Schlegel, "had escaped from the obscure labyrinth of doubt, and had found a refuge in the lofty asylum of the faith. It was from thence, in the bosom of an unalterable peace, that he contemplated and portrayed the stormy course of life. Guided by religious light, he penetrated through all the mysteries of human destiny; even the end of misery is no longer an enigma to him; and each tear of the unhappy appears to him like the dew upon the flowers, every drop of which reflects heaven."

In attempting thus to give a general idea of the profound wisdom and spirituality of the religion which guided chivalry, there are other reflections which will be suggested by an acquaintance with its character. For instance; it is certain that when once the articles of faith were laid down, there was no attempt to teach or require any general system of philosophy. "Men were left," as an eloquent modern writer says, "to consider and contemplate what comes in sight, as it were, and disappears again"; as St. Bernard applies the words of our Lord, "Vado et venio ad vos. Modicum et non videbitis me, et iterum modicum et videbitis me." Cicero, after shewing that Socrates never taught a regular system of philosophy, like those who came after him and founded the Academic and Peripatetic schools, adds, "Ita facta est, quod minime Socrates probabat, ars quædam philosophiæ."[2] Socrates, speaking of his own philosophy, says ironically to the conceited sophist who knew all about everything, like almost every one of the moderns, ἡ μὲν γὰρ ἐμὴ φαύλη τις ἂν εἴη καὶ ἀμφισβητήσιμος ὥσπερ ὄναρ οὖσα, ἡ δὲ σὴ λαμπρά τε καὶ πολλὴν ἐπίδοσιν ἔχουσα.[3] Now where God had not expressly spoken,

[1] De Vita Solitaria. [2] Acad. I, 4. [3] Plato, Conviv.

it was the spirit of the Church to lead men to confess that their own philosophy was not more exact and clear than that of the ancient sage. Nay, in those very articles of faith there was no system or theory adopted by the Church; for this reason, that God had not been pleased to give an entire view of the plans of his mercy. The men who left the Church, and founded sects in different ages, have invariably raised a system, and distorted and mangled and cut off the words of holy Scripture to support it: one would have predestination and no free-will; another, faith and no reward for works: it was in vain that they were confronted with the plain and express precepts of the Scripture; these men, whose religion was the Bible, were too deeply in love with their theory to heed what it advanced against them. The extravagance of that natural philosopher, who, maintaining his theory, that all great chains of mountains are in the direction of east and west, and being reminded of the Andes, which lie north and south for upwards of four thousand miles, replied, that the fact objected to his theory was a mere trifle,—is nothing in comparison with the reckless ardour with which these biblical expositors pursued their favourite system. But the wisdom of the Church was not misled by this impetuous zeal. The Church had listened humbly to the written and to the unwritten revelation of God; she had heard at one time grace magnified so as almost to exclude justice; at another, justice so as almost to exclude grace. In one place nothing was proclaimed but the foreknowledge of God; in another, nothing but the freedom of man. She dispensed this revelation as she received it, and imparted a philosophy which was exact and perfect only in its character of not pretending to have exact and perfect knowledge. The Church, indeed, positively forbade men to say

that it is not the body and blood of Christ, that men are not justified by faith, that there will be no reward for works; but she was so far positive only for this reason, that Christ had said it was his body and his blood; that St. Paul had said that men are justified by faith; that our Lord had said he who giveth a cup of cold water "shall in no wise lose his reward"; and that St. James had said, "faith without works is dead." It was not for the holy and faithful guardian to whom were confided the souls of men, to promise them a less ambiguous and limited view of the scheme of God's mercy; it was for men in the pride of their hearts to call this a delivery and a retraction of the Gospel, to be dissatisfied with the articles of faith thus separated and disjointed, till they had connected them together by a chain of their own invention, and had moulded them into a complete theory; that is, till they had framed a new Gospel, and had founded a new Church, bearing the name either of a man or of a nation. The doctors of the Church encouraged learning and research, thinking with Plato, that he alone deserves the name of man who contemplates what he sees.[1] They who served the Church, quæ domus est semper habita doctrinæ, were required to promote the diffusion of the knowledge of God; and hence the persecution raised by Julian in that early age, and revived by the disciples of the modern philosophy in Ireland since the separation, depriving the faithful of the means of instruction, has been always regarded by them as the most destructive of all systems which have been employed against her. They lamented, indeed, the fatality which seems to accompany the study of the sciences, observing that even Pliny, in the

[1] Plato, Cratylus: ἄνθρωπος, from ἀναθρῶν ἃ ὄπωπεν: a fanciful but suggestive etymology.

beginning of his Natural History, does away with Providence and the immortality of the soul; but they were directed to encourage all sound learning, though it was chiefly with a view to lead men to prepare for that day, when the soul shall find itself equally possessed of knowledge and love, and when the one will be no impediment to the other; arriving, as Socrates said, at that circle where it clearly beholds justice, temperance, and knowledge; not such as are generated, nor such as may be possessed, by one man or another, but that which is the essence of knowledge.[1] Meanwhile, there was no curiosity, as Tertullian said, after Jesus Christ, nor inquiry after the Gospel. "Let men seek one end, than which there was nothing more simple," said St. Augustine, "and let us seek it in simplicity of heart." "Be still, and know that I am God"; not after the stillness of indolence, but after the stillness of thought, that we may escape from place and time, for these phantasms prevent our beholding that constant unity. "Loca offerunt quid amemus, tempora subripiunt quod amamus, et relinquunt in anima turbas phantasmatum, quibus in aliud atque aliud cupiditas incitetur. Ita fit inquietus et ærumnosus animus. Vocatur ergo ad otium":[2] as St. Bernard says, "peace and not glory is to be our object; to be at peace with God, at peace with men, at peace with ourselves."[3] But those souls being turned aside from human pleasures to divine, in their enthusiasm escaped the notice of the world; for after having once had a glimpse, though but for a moment, of the essence of beauty and all perfection, recalling to mind that reality, they acquired wings; and having acquired them, they endeavoured to fly upwards; but not being able to do so, like a bird looking upwards and

[1] Phædrus. [2] De Vera Relig. 65.
[3] In festo Omnium Sanctor. V.

despising the things below, they seemed to be mad: but of all enthusiasms, this was the best, and from the best source.

These reflections should lead men of wisdom and candour among the moderns to confess that their previous jealousy of the authority of the Church was unfounded. You are for maintaining the freedom of inquiry, and the right of private judgment. But as you pursue these delusive objects, "urbem philosophiæ, mihi crede, proditis, dum castella defenditis"; for while you argue in favour of a freedom and a right which God has denied to your present condition, you betray that true religion which alone can enable you in this life to approach to the attainment of that right and freedom. As philosophers, men should be among the first to admit the advantage; as Christians, they will perceive the necessity of imposing a restraint on the rash curiosity of those subtle minds which would never rest, destroying their own conceptions, and distracting the faith of others, in attempting to bring down the mysteries of the Deity to the sphere of finite comprehension. Out of this one path, where were the bounds imposed to the natural freedom of the human mind? For let not the precautions of an injudicious police, in an age of simplicity, be identified with the philosophy of the Christian Church. And was not the act of submission to faith the surest safeguard which men could possess of their own freedom? Look at the writings of those who have renounced that submission. Are their minds free? Do they exercise that much-prized right of judgment? Are there no passions, no interests, no mean party-views, to which their reasoning is enslaved? Watch their course from their statement of historical events, even to their translation of the text of the holy Scriptures. Was it in exercising this freedom, and even the

right of private judgment, if words are to bear their meaning, which made men translate the ἢ of the 27th verse of the 11th chapter of the First Epistle to the Corinthians, by "and"? No; God alone is free. Therefore is it well said by St. Augustine, "Hæc voluntas libera tanto erit liberior quanto sanior, tanto autem sanior, quanto divinæ misericordiæ gratiæque subjectior."[1] In answering the objections of men who opposed themselves, the Church instructed her ministers to make use, like St. Paul, of the weapons of philosophy. Those who were for simplifying the scheme and form of religion, were referred to the book of nature, where a most complicated machinery is made subservient to that life which we can conceive might have cost but a bare fiat. Both in nature and in revelation the problem seems to have been, first to lay down general laws, and then to pursue the solution in strict obedience to those laws. Difficulties in religion there were undoubtedly, but it was not for man to condemn his Creator for placing him in a state where he could not see all things. "This is a hard saying," said the shallow Jews; and God was not pleased to make it plainer. Perhaps, in this life, a more clear knowledge would be incompatible with that degree of love and piety which God vouchsafes to men on earth; so then astonishment was the beginning and end of religion, as well as of the philosophy of the sage. God was born in the flesh, had a virgin for his mother, hung upon a cross, and is present in veiled majesty on every altar of the Church. No one professing the religion of chivalry felt any necessity for his being able to comprehend these facts; no one thought that the difficulties which surround men would be removed by his undertaking, like some profane

[1] Epist. 157, 8.

modern Germans, to account for everything in the Christian history by natural principles: no one felt at a loss when "the difficulties" of his religion were objected to him. To state such an objection was to refute it. God and the book of nature, and the heart, had taught men in those ages that ignorance and reverence belong to their present condition; that astonishment was to be the end of all their wisdom; that astonishment is still the criterion of true philosophy, *μάλα γὰρ φιλοσόφου τοῦτο τὸ πάθος, τὸ θαυμάζειν· οὐ γὰρ ἄλλη ἀρχὴ φιλοσοφίας ἢ αὕτη.*[1]

In the very beginning of this research, we said that the religion of chivalry was a religion of motives. "Tout cela n'est compté pour rien sans la foi," said one of the accusers of Jacques Molay, when the latter had concluded an eloquent statement of the heroic virtues of the order of the Temple. The reply of the grand-master shewed a deeper wisdom. "Sans la foi," he answered, "rien de tout cela ne peut se supporter." Even Socrates recognized this principle of the Church, saying, "Some one will ask what we mean by affirming that they who do justice must also be just, and they who act wisely must be wise. The mistake of the objector lies in supposing that it is with virtue and wisdom as with arts, in the execution of which all consists; but it is not so here. In these things it is not the same in whatever way they are done, but things are done justly and wisely, first, if he who does them knows what he does; 2ndly, if he does it from choice; 3rdly, if with firmness and perseverance." So in religion, chivalry was taught that actions were only worthy if done for the love of God. Again, with respect to the good or evil of all these practices, religion conveyed its lesson

[1] Plato, Theætetus.

almost in the very words of the same philosopher, saying, "the question is not, whether this or that action, this or that opinion, be holy, but what is that holiness through which all holy actions and opinions are holy;[1] learn what that is, and then looking upon it and using it as a standard, whatever you or any person may do in accordance with it, I may pronounce holy, and whatever is contrary to it must be unholy." Chivalry was taught that this standard was charity. The sophists of this age hold that nothing is of such importance as the interests of society and the affairs of human life, and at the same time they ridicule the opinion that God condescends to be watchful over them. Here we have a striking contrast with the ancient philosophy, and with the religion of chivalry. "Who," says Socrates, "that enjoys any sublimity of thought, and can contemplate all time and all substance, can possibly fancy that there is anything great in human life?"[2] And yet, "it is not possible that a just man, striving as far as possible to be virtuous, should ever be neglected by the gods."[3] I need not add that this expresses what was taught by religion. Again, "human virtue is not of the body, but of the soul."[4] Could the modern sophists say that? What do they care about the soul, so that a man acts honestly? We may conclude of these men, who are the loudest in reviling chivalry and its religion, *οὐδέν ἐστι τῶν καλουμένων φιλοσόφων ἀφιλοσοφώτερον.* And here let us mark the wisdom and the tenderness of the religion of chivalry, in not disdaining to derive aid from the philosophy of the ancients, and in cherishing hopes respecting their eternal destiny. St. Augustine, we know, ascribed his first love of

[1] Plato, Euthyphron.
[2] Plato de Repub. VI.
[3] Ibid. X.
[4] Aristotle, Ethics, I, 13.

wisdom to having read the Hortensius of Cicero, which made Petrarch exclaim, "O virum ineffabilem dignumque quem Cicero ipse pro rostris laudet, cuique publice grates agat, quod inter tam multos ingratos unus velit esse gratissimus." [1] "I love Cicero," cries Petrarch, and "Cicerones pueri amant inter se: neque enim vereor ne parum Christianus sim si Ciceronianus fuero. Nihil enim contra Christum Cicero loquitur. Et si quid forte contra Christi doctrinam loqueretur, id unum est quod nec Ciceroni, nec Aristoteli crederem nec Platoni." [2] So said Clemens Alexandrinus, "As boys fear hobgoblins, many fear the Greek philosophy, as if it would lead them astray; but if they have faith, that is, truth, they may never fear." "In æternum non commovebitur justus," cried David.[3] "The Greek philosophy," he says, prepares "the mind to receive the faith, and upon it truth builds up wisdom." [4] St. Augustine says, "that Plato and his followers, could they now live, paucis mutatis verbis atque sententiis Christiani fierent," as most of the Platonicians have become.[5] "Before Christ," says Clemens, "philosophy was necessary to the Greeks for justice, but now it is useful to piety, for God is the author of all good." [6] "As for the heathen sages," says Roger Bacon, "since God has enlightened their minds in perceiving the truths of philosophy, it is manifest that their labour is not foreign from divine wisdom." [7] The Count of Stolberg pursues the same line of argument. Men of all orders had this feeling. Even the writers of the chivalrous romances are so charitable, that they always conduct their heathen hero to the waters of baptism; and it is curious to

[1] Famil. Epist. II, 9.
[2] Epist. XII, 10.
[3] Stromat. VI, 10.
[4] Ibid. VII, 3.
[5] De Vera Relig. 7.
[6] Stromat. I, 5.
[7] Opus Majus, II, 5.

mark the same solicitude dictating various arguments, according to the character of different men. Thus Clemens supposes that our Lord descended into hell to announce the Gospel to the heathen sages, for God could give salvation to all either here or elsewhere; for his power is everywhere, and always worketh:[1] and, in the ninth century, a priest of Mayntz advanced boldly that Cicero and Virgil would not perish eternally, which gave rise to much discussion. The Church, while it inspires the most enlarged ideas of the divine goodness, warns the faithful from publicly agitating questions beyond the reach of human reason, and on which God has not been pleased to satisfy the curiosity of men. So far, however, one reflection may be suggested, that if men will not embrace the religion of chivalry, it is of infinite importance that they should form their minds from the heathen classics (I do not say philosophy, for this would almost conduct them to the sanctuary), rather than from the infidel writers of the present age, whose principles are opposed to the happiness and good order of the world. Is there anything more to add? only this once, the objector will return, and ask how is it possible that those ignorant knights, those iron men always in action, should have arrived at the wisdom and spirituality which you have ascribed to them? Alas, learned reader, the facts and examples are before you. God had mercy on those honest, warm, and generous hearts, while the proudly learned were left alone with their learning. "Surgunt indocti et rapiunt cœlos, et nos cum scientia nostra mergimur in infernum."

XIX. Having marked the wisdom and humanity, and spiritual elevation of these men, I would now humbly advance with my reader to contemplate

[1] Stromat. VI, 6.

some affecting and sublime features in the religion itself which formed their character.

> And is there love in heaven? And is there love
> In heavenly spirits to these creatures base,
> That may compassion of their evils move?
> There is: else much more wretched were the case
> Of men than beasts. But, oh, th' exceeding grace
> Of highest God! that loves his creatures so,
> And all his works with mercy doth embrace,
> That blessed angels he sends to and fro,
> To serve to wicked man, to serve his wicked foe.
>
> How oft do they their silver bowers leave
> To come to succour us, that succour want!
> How oft do they with golden pinions cleave
> The flitting skies, like flying pursuivant,
> Against foul fiends to aid us militant!
> They for us fight, they watch and duly ward,
> And their bright squadrons round about us plant,
> And all for love, and nothing for reward:
> Oh, why should heavenly God to men have such regard?[1]

This agrees with what is recorded of St. Michael and the angels, of an angel visiting the apostle in prison, of another troubling the pool of Siloam, of another quenching the flames which were to have devoured three martyrs, of another opposing the lion who was to destroy the prophet, of another consoling Agar, of another conducting the servant of Abraham, of another protecting Jacob on his journey, of another delivering Lot from Sodom, "that the angels are spirits destined to serve those who are the heirs of salvation, that they tarry round about them that fear God, and bear them in their hands"; and with what is sung by the Church, "Sancte Michael Archangele, defende nos in prælio: ut non pereamus in tremendo judicio." Athenagoras, the early apologist of the Christians, after describing the faith of the Church concerning God and the Trinity, proceeds thus: "Neither is this the end of

[1] Spenser's Fairy Queen, II, 8.

what we profess concerning the divine essence, but we also believe that there exist a great number of angels and ministers of God, whom God the Maker of all things, by his word, has ordained in ranks, and hath marshalled, that these should govern and moderate the elements, the heavens, the world, and all that it contains."[1] "Agit autem multa etiam per Angelos," says St. Augustine.[2]

> What Daniel of their thousands hath revealed
> With finite number, infinite conceals.[3]

Our Saxon ancestors paid a particular reverence to St. Michael, as may be seen by referring to the ecclesiastical laws of King Ethelred, and to Sir Henry Spelman's Councils. Sozomen records that Constantine the Great built a church in his honour called Michaelion. The 29th of September has been dedicated to St. Michael and all angels ever since the fifth century. Abraham prostrated himself before the angel whom he received in his tent. Daniel did the same before one whom he saw on the banks of the Tigris. God commanded the Israelites to fear and respect the angel whom he sent to be their conductor to the promised Land. St. Michael was the defender of the Jewish synagogue. The holy archangel has ever been honoured in the Christian Church as her guardian under God, and as the protector of the faithful. It was believed, that in the persecution of Antichrist he was to stand up in her defence, according to the prophecy of Daniel: "At that time shall Michael rise up, the great prince, who standeth for the children of thy people"; and that he was not only the protector of the Church, but also of every faithful soul. The learned and the

[1] Legatio pro Christianis.
[2] De Civ. Dei, VII, 30; vide etiam Holden. Divinæ Fidei Analys. lib. II, c. VIII, p. 49.
[3] Dante, Parad. XXIX.

simple had views equally sublime respecting the angels. St. Augustine could say, "quisquis angelorum Deum diligit, certus sum quod me diligit." And when the Maid of Orleans was asked whether St. Catherine and St. Marguerite hated the English, she replied, "Elles aiment ce que nostre Seigneur aime, et hayent ce que Dieu hait." It was in this manner also that the devotion to the blessed Virgin was directed; her words at the marriage-feast in Cana being the rule: "quæcunque præceperit vobis, servate et facite." The faithful on earth were thus joined in fellowship with the angels. Hence Dante says, "As man is endowed with a triple soul, vegetable, animal, and rational, so he walks in a triple path. Inasmuch as he is vegetable, he seeks utility, in quo cum plantis communicat; inasmuch as he is animal, he seeks pleasure, in which he participates with brutes; inasmuch as he is rational, he seeks for honour, in which he is either alone, or is associated with the angels, vel angelicæ naturæ sociatur";[1] according as he pursues either the false honour of the world, or the true honour of chivalry, which comes from God. But to understand fully the harmony, the union and proportion of all the parts, and the exceeding felicity which resulted from it, as evinced in the religion of those ages, it is necessary to approach still nearer towards the sanctuary, and attend to the lessons of its ministers. "Universal causes," saith Luis of Granada, "produce their effects only by the means and ministry of particulars; for instance, the sun, which is the creator of all things here, would not of itself produce the corn unless the labourer had sown it. Now the passion of our Redeemer, being the universal cause of all spiritual good, it was necessary that there should be sacraments, which are, as it were,

[1] De Vulg. Eloquent. II, 2.

particular causes, by the means of which the universal cause operates divers effects in the souls which receive them worthily."[1] This refers to the great distinguishing principles of the religion of Jesus Christ, wherein it differed from all systems of human philosophy. It is only by keeping these in view that men can understand the religion, the institutions, the manners, or even the architecture of the middle ages. Johnson, a learned modern writer, in his Canons Ecclesiastical, says, that "there can be no doubt among men of knowledge that Christian churches were built principally for the celebration of the blessed Eucharist";[2] which accounts for their form and various peculiarities. It was a feeling of veneration for Jesus Christ in the blessed Eucharist, descending into respect for all men who were or might be partakers of his body and blood, which gave rise to the reverential and exceedingly courteous manners of Christendom, according to which the monk would prostrate himself before a guest, and the knight would salute the stranger with all reverence. It was from this cause that institutions arose which were designed for men whose happiness and whose treasures were independent of the world. Hear St. Bernard. "Sometimes, O Lord, thou dost infuse into my heart, which sighs for thee, what it is not lawful for me to know. I feel indeed its sweetness, which is so great, that, if it were to last always, I should have nothing more to wish for." It is recorded of this wonderful man, that, in the beginning of his noviciate, he had lost the use of all his senses, his soul was so fixed on God. St. Clare is said to have been so transported on the festival of the Epiphany, that for many days after she could hardly observe anything. Brother Gilles, of the order of St. Francis, used sometimes to fall into an ecstasy

[1] Catechism, III, 12. [2] Vol. II.

at the very name of Paradise; for "persons of this holiness," says Luis of Granada, "after the habit of love has taken deep root in their souls, are like very dry powder, which takes fire at the least spark which falls on it." These were the delights which God had hidden for those who feared him.[1] "O admirabilis et abscondita gratia sacramenti! quam norunt tantum Christi fideles: infideles autem et peccatis servientes experiri non possunt."[2] Hence arose the monastery in the deep wood, or the hermitage in the rocky desert, for men who wished to pass their days in solitude and meditation, having no desire to know, or to be known, of the world: hence, too, the exact and scrupulous attention to many moral duties, the neglect of which would have deprived men of these sources of happiness. King Richard Cœur de Lion had not approached the blessed sacrament for seven years, on account of the hatred which he bore to the King of France. But, above all, it is necessary to bear these principles in mind if we would understand the religion which prevailed in these ages.

"Independence," says a profound modern writer, "is a kind of synonym for irreligion. When applied to man, it directly contradicts the first and supreme laws of our nature, the very essence of which is universal dependence upon God, and universal interdependence on one another"; whereas "the essence of independence is hatred and jealousy."[3] "The great law of nature," says M. de Haller, "is a law of love. Each is to assist the other; the strong, the weak; the rich, the poor; the learned, the ignorant; and, reversing the order, those who have least, are no less to assist those who have most. All theories to counteract this scheme, and to substitute other motives of conduct, will fail. This holds in the

[1] Ps. XXX. [2] De Imit. Christ. IV, 1.
[3] Guesses at Truth.

spiritual as well as in the material world. All depend on higher degrees of power; as neither children make their father, nor servants their masters, so neither do disciples make their teacher, nor the ignorant and the helpless those who are to instruct and assist them."[1] Thus in the revealed sources of grace, a bond of union was imparted which became stronger than all former ties between men. By the sacramental bond, the faithful became united in one mystical body, which extended from earth, and even the regions of the departed, to heaven and the very throne of God. The ignorant participated in the wisdom of the learned; the weak in the power of the strong; the less perfect in the graces and reward of the most holy. Men were to be delivered not merely by their own faith, but by that of others.[2] The paralytic of Capernaum believed not; but those who bore him believed; and Jesus, beholding their faith, said to the sick man, "Surge." Lazarus had been dead three days, and his nerves were dissolved, and his body was corrupted. How was he to believe? but his sisters supplied what was wanting to him; and our Lord said to them, "Si credideris, videbis gloriam Dei." The Church, without deciding positively whither the efficacy of the divine sacrifice of the mass would reach, taught men to believe that in the way of suffrage no limits to its power could be laid down. The Amen of the most simple heart, directed with a view thus to the prayers of Christ's Catholic Church, became an adequate petition for all that God bestows on the children of men. No more was there need of long prayers, and that distinct and perfect knowledge after which the heathen vainly sighed. In the assemblies of the faithful a language was spoken

[1] See the introduction to the fourth volume of his Restoration of Political Science.

[2] S. Cyrilli Catachesis, V, 8.

which none but the faithful could understand; for, says St. Bernard, as a man "without knowledge of Greek cannot understand him who speaketh in Greek, or one who is ignorant of Latin, him who speaketh in Latin; so to him who is without love, the language of love will be as sounding brass, or a tinkling cymbal": [1] and it was in the language of love that the Church spoke: moreover, it was in the language of desire. The Psalms formed her offices of devotion; and it was from their terms being often involved in such veiled and undefined majesty, that they furnished the best expression for the desires of the Christian soul. Great hearts cannot direct a tongue to inform men of their present wants; and how much less can they find utterance when moved by grace to approach God! "Ecclesia columba est," said St. Bernard; "columba quia innocens, quia gemens." [2] Hence he chose the most obscure part of the Sacred Scriptures to serve as the text for his spiritual instruction. "To seek God," he says, "is the great good. It forms an accession to no virtue; it yields to no virtue. To what should it form an accession, when nothing can precede it? To what should it yield, which is the consummation of all? For what virtue belongs to him who seeks not God? or what end can be prescribed to him who seeks God? 'Quærite faciem ejus semper': justly, evermore; because even when found, there will be no end of seeking. God is to be sought by desires, and a happy finding does not make an end of a holy desire, but extends it. Thus the consummation of joy is not the destruction of desire; but it is rather like oil for the flame. So it is: joy shall be full, but of desire and of seeking there shall be no end." Men still saw through a glass darkly; but the being a

[1] In Cantica Serm. 78. [2] Ibid. 62.

man of desires drew down an angel to Daniel: and to love and hope and believe was substituted for the disputation and fears and suspicions, which had harassed men before the dawn of this glorious light. Religion was now love and pardon, and the indulgence of Heaven[1] was imparted in jubilees through the ministry of the servant of the servants of God, and to the end of sanctification and peace. It was a pilgrimage to Rome during the jubilee which delivered Petrarch, as he himself declared, from the tyranny of licentious habits; and it was to the jubilee, through the grace of God, that he ascribes his conversion from the world.[2] Even the ideas which men had entertained of virtue were to be submitted to the influence of this divine dispensation. They who opposed the Catholic Church fixed their standard of perfection upon any ground but that of the beatitudes, though so solemnly pronounced by the Saviour, in whom they professed to believe; while on the other hand, those who remained faithful were indifferent to the charges of their enemies, as long as they felt hope of being included in the number of those who he had said were blessed: "the poor in spirit, the meek, those who mourn, those who hunger and thirst after justice, the merciful, the clean in heart, the peace-makers, those who suffer persecution and reviling for the sake of justice." Yet, how sublime were these views, even according to the weak conceptions of man! If they excluded the pugnacious spirit of the Academy, they united the depth of Plato with the sweetness of Xenophon; and well might the Christian orator exclaim, "Quisquam est, qui alias omnes, si in unum conferantur, scientias cum hac, qua ista tam pulcra, tam admirabilia, tam divina traduntur, ullo modo comparandas putet? Hæc una est non tam liberalis vocanda,

[1] Vide Holden. Divinæ Fidei Analys. II, c. VI, § 3.
[2] Petrarch. Senil. VIII, 1.

quam liberatrix. Hæc aurea illa catena est, qua cum cœlestibus terrestria copulantur. Hæc scala illa est, quam olim per quietem sanctissimus Patriarcha vidit, cujus gradibus in cœlum scandere liceat, atque illic Deum intueri, admirari, adorare, demittentem semet ipsum ex augustissimo illo majestatis suæ fastigio, seseque accommodantem ad humanæ conditionis humilitatem."[1] Would you observe the humanized, and, as it were, sensible harmony which followed from this union? Hear the young and philosophic Solger, though outwardly at least a disciple of the moderns: "With what feelings of peaceful joy, with what open hearts, do we travel through these happy countries of the Swiss Catholics! We fancy ourselves in the fabulous age of the world, when the earth gave all things in spontaneous profusion; when no one had separate property; every one could take freely from the common abundance, and all were united in love."[2] Or have you a wish to contemplate that sublime elevation of soul raised to an unalterable unimpassioned region of eternal peace, which enabled St. Thomas Aquinas to view with equal eye the different fate of mortals? Hark the anthem which comes upon us like the voice of an angel, or the trump of judgment:

Sumunt boni, sumunt mali, sorte tamen inæquali
Vitæ vel interitus.
Mors est malis, vita bonis, vide paris sumptionis
Quam sit dispar exitus.

No longer was wisdom confined within the groves of Academus, or peace to the learned disciples of philosophy. What the deputies of Ghent said in their address to Charles the Bold, when they entreated pardon, was true in a greater or less degree of every Catholic city: "Gand n'est pas comme

[1] Antonii Mureti Orat. I.
[2] Solger's Nachgelassene Schriften, I, xxxvii.

Sodome et Gomorre, que pour dix justes, qui les y eust peu trouver, Dieu eust épargné de son jugement horrible. En Gand a par nombre de milliers dévotes et saintes créatures, espoir, et qui ont divines revélacions maintes par bonté de vie et divines communications en solitude."[1] Hence Father Luis of Granada concludes, when speaking of the multitudes who have gone astray from the path of God, "After all, St. John teaches us that the company of the blessed will be so great, that no man is able to count them; and we are assured that those who have kept their innocence, or who shall have done worthy penance for their sins, will be received into that company."[2] Not only did religion impart to men the true needful wisdom, but it also inspired those in the humbler ranks with the gentleness and even the honourable feelings and lofty sentiments of chivalry, while it protected men of learning and science from giving credit to those extravagant absurdities, from the admission of which we find not unfrequently in the present day that no learning or science can preserve them.

XX. We have seen long since with what zeal and attention knights and temporal men assisted at the divine offices. Many dark scenes of history give evidence of this religious observance. Thus it was at the foot of the altar in a church at Viterbo, that Henry, son of Richard, Earl of Cornwall and King of the Romans, was murdered in the year 1271, by Gui, Comte de Montfort, son of Simon de Montfort, Earl of Leicester, belonging to the two kingdoms of England and France, who thus revenged the death of his father slain in battle against Henry III, King of England. It was while praying before the altar at vigils, in the church of

[1] Chronique des Ducs de Bourgogne, par Georges Chastellain, tom. I, chap. CCLX.

[2] Catechism, II, 30.

St. Laurence, that Drogo, Count of Apulia, son of Tancred de Hauteville, was assassinated by Wazo, Count of Naples. It was one evening while travelling, during his bitter misfortunes, that the brave young Prince René II of Lorraine, having entered an old church, and being in prayer, a woman covered with a long veil approached him in silence, made a low reverence, and passed into his hand a purse of gold, and disappeared. Castiglione relates, that at Rome a young and beautiful Roman lady, though for a long time followed by one who professed love, never favoured him with so much as a look. At last he found means to bribe her woman, who, one day which was not a festival, persuaded her mistress to visit St. Sebastian's church, and she led her into one of those dark grottos which are commonly visited in that church. There the man was concealed; and finding that all his prayers were vain, fearing the consequence, with the assistance of the woman, he strangled the unhappy lady, and there left her, and fled, and was never heard of; but the woman, being apprehended, confessed.[1]

On the steeple of St. Hilaire, at Poitiers, a lantern used to be placed, on certain festivals, to direct the pilgrims and others who sought to assist at matins; and in the steeple of All Saints' church, at York, a large lamp used formerly to be suspended for the same purpose, as a mark for those who were passing the immense forest of Galtres. King Alfred, when he was riding, used to dismount and go into the churches, and make his offering, and hear the office. Many of the old knights chose for their motto "Dilexi decorem domus tuæ." St. Louis made his children every day hear matins, vespers, and complin, haultement en note, et vouloit

[1] Lib. III, 313.

qu'ils fussent au sermon pour entendre la parolle de Dieu. They were also to say the office of our Lady, and to study "pour entendre les escriptures." In Gerard de Roussillon, when Peter de Monrabey arrives at the castle of Roussillon, he passes over the first bridge into the court, rides under the arch of the portcullis, gives his sword to his page, and then goes into the chapel to perform his devotions. In the regulations of Henry Percy, the fifth Earl of Northumberland, in 1512, mass is ordered to be said at six o'clock every morning, that all my lord's servants may rise early. There were seven priests in the house, besides seventeen chanters and other persons belonging to the chapel. The Duke of Burgundy's chapel was served by forty persons, monks and priests, chaplains and organist. The alms often exceeded 20,000 livres a year.[1] St. Chrysostom advised rich men to build little chapels and oratories on their estates. So Gilles de Rome says in his Mirror, "the prince should have an oratory in the upper part of his house, where he might withdraw privately, and remain in silence." Justinian forbade mass to be celebrated in private chapels; but his decrée was either never, or for a very short time, observed.[2] In the 13th century it was usual with German nobles to give freedom to some of their vassals, who, being ordained, might recite the canonical hours in a private chapel. When Louis IX was taken prisoner by the Saracens, the first day, when the hour of vespers came, he asked for his book to say vespers as he was accustomed; but no one could give it to him, for it was lost with the harness; and as the king thought of it and was sad, some one brought it to him, at which the men wondered.[3] Many

[1] Olivier de la Marche, L'Estat de la Maison du Duc Charles.
[2] Thomassin, I, 2, 93.
[3] Chronique de St. Denis, II, 71.

knights and temporal men were in the habit of saying the regular office for each day. In palaces and in dungeons they loved to hear these holy words, like St. Peter of Murrone (Celestine V), who expired in the cell of his prison in the citadel of Fumona, as he finished the last psalm of lauds, with the words, "Omnis spiritus laudet Dominum." Some pretended philosophers at Venice thought proper to deliberate gravely about Petrarch's literary attainments, and to determine that he was a good man; but virum sine litteris. "I passed for learned in my youth," replied Petrarch, "and now in my old age I am, it seems, ignorant; yet they say I am a good man. Well, I care little for what they take from me, as long as I really possess what they leave to me. Gladly would I make the exchange with my judges: let them be learned, and let me be virtuous. It is enough learning for me if I am able to repeat my breviary."[1] The beautiful German ballad of Fridolin by Schiller, has revived the memory of that virtuous page of St. Isabella of Portugal, who, by stopping on his way to hear the entire mass, was preserved from the cruel fate which his envious companions had prepared for him. There was a beauty and a sublime solemnity in the offices of the Church, which could attract even men of rude and desperate lives. Among the free companies which overran France in the 14th century, it was not uncommon to meet with priests who had been forcibly carried off to celebrate mass before these adventurers, who, in a distracted state of society, might have been insensible to the disorder of their own lives. Even Robin Hood, so merry and free, is represented as taking delight in the offices of the Church. "De quo quædam commendabilia recitantur—missam

[1] De Ignorantia sui ipsius.

devotissime audiret, nec aliqua necessitate volebat interrumpere officium."[1] Thus in the old ballad: "It was on Whitsunday, a lovely morning in May, as the sun rose so beautiful, and the small fowl sung so sweet."

"This is a merry morning," said little John,
"By Him that dyed on tree;
And more merry man than I am on
Was not in Christente."

"Pluck up thy heart, my dear maistre, and consider there is not in the year a more lovely season than a May morning."

"The on thing greves me," said Robin,
"And doth my hert mych woe."

This was that he could not hear mass or matins. It was fifteen days and more since he had entered a church, and now, through our Lady's grace, he would go to Nottingham. Little John remains in the forest of Sherwood, while Robin Hood goes into St. Mary's Church at Nottingham.[2]

For men of all conditions, the public offices of the Church, those sacred hymns and psalms, which St. Augustine calls the voice of the whole Church, "totius ecclesiæ vox una,"[3] had a powerful charm. Charlemagne, who loved them, had spread the observance of the Gregorian chant throughout his empire; but it was not till the time of René d'Anjou that music of rich harmony was introduced into the solemnities of the Church. A mass in music composed by this excellent prince is still occasionally performed at Aix. Christine de Pisan says of King Charles V, "il moult amoit le service d'esglise, et se delictoit a l'oyr celebrer en chant solemnel." So, again, the old minstrel, in his romance called the Squyr of Low Degre, makes a king enumerate

[1] Forduni Hist. p. 774.
[2] Jamieson's Popular Songs, II.
[3] Prol. in Psalm.

the gratifications which he intends to procure for his daughter, and to say, after her hawking,

> Then shall ye go to your even song,
> With tenours and trebles among;
> Three score of copes of damask bright,
> Full of pearls they shall be pyght.
>
> * * * * *
>
> Your censers shall be of gold,
> Indent with azure many a fold;
> Your choir nor organ-song shall want,
> With counter-note and descant,
> The other half on organs playing,
> With young children full fair singing.[1]

They could not dispense with the remembrance of this resource, even in their festive hours. At the great banquet in Lille, in the year 1433, described by Olivier de la Marche, in the middle of the table there was a great church, with windows and a tower, and bells tolling, and four singers and choristers singing une très doulce chanson; and during dinner the organ in the church was heard playing. Hence arose a danger which the clergy were careful to guard men against, saying that "among those who take God's name in vain, are ceux qui chantent les pseaumes, hymnes, et les cantiques pour le plaisir qu'il y a en la musique et pour passer le temps, et non pour rendre louanges à Dieu."[2] At the Council of Trent it was even debated whether any music but the Gregorian chant should be permitted. But there is a strong evidence to justify the belief, that in general these fears were ungrounded, and that it was really a devout feeling which attached men to these solemnities. Speaking of these holy exercises, Luis of Granada goes so far as to say, "Shew me a single person who, in practising them and using

[1] Ellis's Specimens, I, 342.

[2] Recueil sur les Dix Commandemens de Dieu, par Monluc, Evesque de Valence, Paris, 1555.

these means, has departed from the way of spiritual life, and your objection may have some weight; but we see by experience, that all those who make use of them advance from day to day in the love of God, in all kinds of virtue, and in the hatred and horror of sin."[1] This was the great end in all these spiritual exercises.[2] Pope Pius II relates, that a gentleman of the province of Istria having fallen into a state of despondency, so as to be tempted to hang himself, disclosed the state of his soul to a holy monk. The servant of God, after consoling him and strengthening him to the best of his power, advised him to have a priest in his house, who should say mass every day.[3] St. Bernard expressed the feelings which influenced men: "Come, my thoughts, intentions, wills, affections, all my interior, come, and let us ascend to the altar of God, where the Lord sees and is seen: and you, my cares, anxieties, solicitudes, troubles, wait here below at the door, whilst I, with my reason and understanding, hasten thither. When we have adored, we may return to you; for we shall return. Alas! how quickly shall we return!"[4] To many persons of devout and contemplative minds, the Church has yielded a foretaste of heaven. It is related in the history of Thebais,[5] that a certain woman of quality, having an only son, consecrated him to God in the monastery of St. Maurice, that his childhood might be trained to piety and learning. This child was accordingly brought up in the monastery with tender care, and already he had begun to chant the psalms in the choir with the monks, when he was attacked by a fever, which

[1] Catechism, II, xi.

[2] S. Bonaventure de Processu Relig. 20; Rodriguez de la Perfection Chrét. I, v. 5; St. Thomas, I, 2, 9, 3, art. 2.

[3] Pius II, in sua Cosmog. in Descr. Europæ.

[4] S. Bernard. de Amore Dei.

[5] Lib. II, c. x.

carried him off in a few days. The afflicted mother came to the church, and with a flood of tears accompanied the body of her son to the tomb, on which she afterwards would weep day after day, while the divine service was singing, and she would think within herself how she was never more to hear the sweet voice of her child. During this season of unceasing affliction, it happened one night, that, being overpowered by sleep, she saw in a dream the glorious martyr St. Maurice, for whom she had a particular devotion. "Woman," said the saint, "mourn not, and weep no longer for your son, as if he were dead; he is now with us, and enjoys everlasting life. And to prove this, rise at the hour of matins, and go into the church, and there you shall hear the voice of your son, who sings with the monks; and you shall enjoy this satisfaction, not only to-morrow, but as often as you assist at the divine office." The afflicted mother wakening, not feeling assured whether this apparition was more than a dream, waited with impatience for the hour of matins. It struck one, and she hastened to the church. Hardly had she crossed the threshold, when the loud chant of the opening service ceasing, lo, she hears in the distance the sweet voice of her child, entoning the anthem of the day! And so this poor mother, falling into a rapture, poured forth a flood of tears, and gave thanks aloud to God, who had granted her such a consolation.

The Church, in summoning to the ministry of religion what was calculated to refresh and gratify the mind of men, gave proof of that wisdom which she was directed to exercise in the management of human infirmities. "Passions I allow," says Father Southwell, "and loves I approve: for passions being sequels of our nature, and allotted unto us as the handmaids of reason, there can be no doubt

but, as their author is good, and their end godly, so their use, tempered in the mean, implieth no offence." In this the Catholic religion was opposed to the Manichæan notions of the Paulicians, Albigenses, Lollards, and even later teachers. St. Augustine condemned the Manichæans, because on solemn occasions their churches were not adorned, "nullo festiviore apparatu." The practice of the early Christians may be known from what St. Leo the Great said: "If it seems reasonable and religious to demonstrate on a festival the joy of our minds by a more handsome dress on the body: if we also adorn as much as we can, with care and a more full ceremonial, the house of prayer, ought not Christians to adorn equally their souls, the true and living temples?"[1] It was alluding to this antimanichæan principle that St. Gregory Nazianzen said of splendid churches, and monuments, and votive gifts, *καὶ φιλόσοφον καὶ φιλόχριστον ἐμήνυον.*[2] All things beautiful in nature and art were received with thankfulness. "Beauty of body,"[3] says St. Augustine, "is a benign gift of God; not to reconcile it or any other excellence with the service of God, were to apostatize from Christianity, and to rank oneself among the Manichæans." Flowers bloomed on the altars; men could behold the blue heaven through those tall narrow-pointed eastern windows of the Gothic choir as they sat at vespers, where the richness and beauty of every part seemed still more perfect, from the constrast which perhaps was offered by the dreary fens and the watery waste which extended without far on all sides. The cloud of incense breathed a sweet perfume; the voice of youth was tuned to angelic hymns; and the golden sun of the morning shining through the coloured pane, cast its purple or its verdant beam on the embroidered

[1] Serm. III, de Quadrag. [2] Orat. III.

vestments and marble pavement. To be seated on some crag in the upper regions of the Alps, and to behold the rising sun lighting up the eternal snows and ice of the surrounding heights, is enough to realize some of the brightest dreams of early youth; and there too, as on St. Bernard's Mount, religion had her solemn temple and her early sacrifice, in harmony with all around. In cities, in forests, on islands in the green ocean, or washed by the wave of some placid lake, the Church was zealous to meet the loveliness of nature with all her peaceful charms. Amadis and his companions set out by daybreak, that they may hear mass from the good hermit at the chapel of the Three Fountains. Even in cities the churches, always open, offered a beautiful and quiet spot, like a paradise, removed from the noise and vanities of the crowd. It is told at Winchester how William of Wykeham was influenced in selecting the precise spot where stands his tomb. When a student in his youth, he had been accustomed every morning to attend the mass that was celebrated at a very early hour of the morning by a devout monk of the monastery, named Pekes, at a certain altar dedicated to God, under the patronage of the blessed Virgin Mary, in that very spot of the ancient cathedral; hence he chose it for his burial. To be insensible to this spiritual harmony was regarded as an evil indication. Georges de Chastellain says, in speaking of the faults of Philip the Good, "Alloit tard à la messe, et hors l'heure: fit célébrer deux heures après midy, voire trois souvent, et en ceste manière de faire il excéda toute observance Chrestienne." When Petrarch first saw Laura, it was at six o'clock in the morning at mass, in the church of the convent of St. Claire, near Avignon. It was great wisdom in the Church to invite the faithful to approach her altars at these sweet hours of prime, when nature seemed to

announce her mysteries; for it was at such an hour that the poet sang,

> Methinks it should have been impossible
> Not to love all things in a world like this,
> Where even the breezes and the common air
> Contain the power and spirit of harmony.[1]

How devout was Dante when he walked through the forest,

> ——— O'er the ground, that on all sides
> Delicious odour breathed. A pleasant air
> That intermitted never, never veer'd,
> Smote on my temples, gently as a wind
> Of softest influence; at which the sprays,
> Obedient all, lean'd trembling to that part
> Where first the holy mountain cast his shade;
> Yet were not so disorder'd but that still
> Upon their top the feather'd quiristers
> Applied their wonted art, and with full joy
> Welcomed those hours of prime, and warbled shrill
> Amid the leaves, that to their jocund lays
> Kept tenor.[2]

Nor did Religion err in accepting the innocent service of children to precede her solemn processions, and to wait upon her priests. It was shewn by devout writers[3] how the Son of God testified his love for the young; calling them to him, blessing them, working the most remarkable cures in favour of them; such as the ruler's son, he that was tormented by the devil, the centurion's servant, and the daughter of the Cananean, the daughter of Jairus, and the son of the widow of Nain. The purity and innocence of such a soul as that of the young Aloysius Gonzaga seemed to account for this distinction. The very heathens had a conception that piety in youth was peculiarly graceful. The Io of Euripides possesses a great charm, from the portrait which it gives of candour and sacerdotal innocence united in a child, who, leading a pure

[1] Coleridge.
[2] Purgatory, cant. XXVIII.
[3] Gobinet, Instructions of Youth, p. 11.

life, is seen coming out, as the morning sun gilds the inaccessible summits of Parnassus, to sweep the marble steps of the temple with branches of laurel, and to drive away the little birds, without killing them, which perch on the walls, singing his simple song of gratitude for being employed to serve Heaven and not mortals, and for his daily food which he receives from Apollo. The Church taught her ministers to treat youth with great tenderness, and to forgive the sallies and levity of childhood. It would have been an evil day for children if her discipline had been abolished to make way for that of the Manichæans or Calvinists, who saw an evil principle in the most innocent features, and in whose breast a dark fanaticism had killed all sweetness and mercy.

The poet Wordsworth can discern in youth the evidence of our celestial origin; for in being born we come from God, who is our home:

> Heaven lies about us in our infancy!
> Shades of the prison-house begin to close
> Upon the growing boy;
> But he beholds the light, and whence it flows—
> He sees it in his joy!
> The youth who daily further from the east
> Must travel, still is Nature's priest,
> And by the vision splendid
> Is on his way attended.
> At length the man perceives it die away,
> And fade into the light of common day.

As says St. Augustine of himself: "Audivi vocem tuam post me, ut redirem, et vix audivi, propter tumultus peccatorum." But this sad picture does not resemble those who bore their palm, which had been blessed with a prayer that they might imitate the innocence of the youths who bore them before our Lord; who knew not the haughtiness of pride nor its self-sufficient stiffness; who could admire beauty and grace everywhere, and who, like Sopho-

cles, would not have disdained to act a part among the companions of Nausicaa; whose infancy had not been schooled to the maxims of avarice, but who had been suffered to exalt their imagination, and to warm their hearts with the love of nature and of God; who did not seek, like the sophist, "intelligere carnalia et videre spiritualia, quod fieri non potest,"[1] to make the eye discharge the office of the mind, and the mind that of the eye; to have a sensual philosophy and an abstract imagination; to be enslaved by the senses in things belonging to heaven, and to effect spiritual abstraction in matters which pertain only to this present life. Michel scorned David for dancing before the ark; but he replied, "Ante Dominum et ludam et vilior fiam plus quam factus sum, et ero humilis in oculis meis."[2] This was the language of genius as well as piety. "Bonus ludus," cried St. Bernard, "quo Michel irascitur, et Deus delectatur."[3]

When the Bishop of Rheims conducted the King of the Franks to be baptized at Rheims, the streets being adorned with tapestry, the pavement strewed with flowers, the air sweet with frankincense, the question of the Frank, "Est hoc regnum Dei?"[4] need not have scandalized the moderns; for, in one sense, the sweet delights of the assembly and ceremonies of the faithful did constitute the kingdom of God; and after a faithful hearing, did impart somewhat of the beatific vision, according to the thought of St. Bernard: "Auditus ad meritum, visus ad præmium"; and even the charity of the faithful is that vision, as St. Bernard says, "Caritas illa visio est."[5]

[1] St. Augustin. de Vera Relig. 62.
[2] I Regum, VI. [3] Ep. LXXXVII.
[4] Vita Remigii, apud Script. Rer. Franc. III.
[5] In Cantica Serm. LXXXIII.

I shall never forget one evening when I beheld the procession of the blessed sacrament from a college of the Jesuits at St. Acheul, near Amiens. It was a lovely summer's evening, and there must have been twenty thousand people in the fields to accompany it. Each of the students carried a little banner surmounted with a cross. There you saw the Labarum and its motto, "In hoc signo vinces." Fifty acolytes at short intervals cast up their silver censers, and scattered roses and other flowers. The priests were in their richest vestments, which shone with double splendour as gilded with the setting sun. On passing through a little village, the poor people had cut down branches from the trees, and strewed them in the way. After going through fields of corn, they descended upon a little green pasture, one side bounded by the blue waters of the Somme, and the other by the side of a gentle flowering hill. Near the edge of the river an altar was erected. But what no painter could represent, was the effect produced at the final benediction from a high altar, which being placed at the western extremity of a rising ground, appeared to be raised into the golden sky. Then, as the eye was directed to that quarter of the heavens which the sun, though already set below the earth, still lighted up, the priests and acolytes ascending the steps of the altar, seemed to be going up into the regions of the blessed, whose dwelling was in that light; and the solemn benediction to descend from that heaven resplendent with all beauty and joy upon this innocent assembly, the flower of the youth of France. To many it will always seem barbarous and unnatural to wish that youth should be kept in ignorance of the divine philosophy which produced these beautiful fruits. The calm of evening has its charms; but do we not lament the fate of that prisoner who is prevented from beholding and

feeling the golden rays of the morning sun, and who is permitted for the first time each day to look upon the face of nature when the sun has set, and the blossoms of the garden are closed, and the woods and the rivers and the mountains are already lost in deep shade? Alas, he can only guess, by the aid of imagination, how lovely was the scene! Such is their fate, who are first brought out to the light of faith when the spring of their years is past, and their days are in the sear and yellow leaf. They secure, indeed, their future and eternal felicity; but they have wandered in trouble and darkness during that sweet hour of their life's prime which God had given them to be spent in peace and brightness! So I have heard of one who was converted to the faith, young indeed, but when consumption had brought him to the verge of an early grave. He was ignorant of his danger till the priest took him affectionately by the hand, and said with that tone and look of truth which belong to his blessed order, "My dear friend, you are going fast; you have but a short time; you ought to employ it to a good use." His whole soul was enlightened by the heavenly rays of that holy man's wisdom: he had but one wish, that he might be able to hear mass on the approaching Sunday, the festival of Pentecost. He grew better; he was able to rise from his bed; he entered the church; he beheld the lighted altar and the assembled multitude of the faithful; he heard mass; his heart felt like St. Augustine's, "Sero te amavi, pulchritudo tam antiqua et tam nova, sero te amavi." The following day he departed to our Lord.

Religion, in adopting this philosophy, was guided by prudence as well as by truth; for let men beware how they argue and dogmatize against the laws of the Creator. "Sine delectatione anima non potest

esse: aut infimis delectatur, aut summis";[1] a truth which did not escape Lord Bacon, when he shewed how we ought to set affection against affection, and to master one by another; even as we used to hunt beast with beast, and fly bird with bird. The ceremonial of religion was not only the result of observing the connection which subsists between the external and inward man, between the habits and manners of the body and the disposition of the soul, and of remarking, as Petrarch says, "vivacius in anima est, quod per oculos, quam quod per aures introiit";[2] but it followed almost of necessity, from attending to the whole scheme of human redemption, which proceeded on the principle of this union, and of this law of our nature. The heathen philosophers had sublime notions of God; they had very exalted sentiments respecting his nature, respecting the soul and its future destiny, respecting the duties of mankind; but in the Christian religion, truth was to be manifested in a more substantial manner. Our Lord took human form, appealed to the senses of men, walked among them as a brother, died on a cross in sight of the sun; the Holy Ghost descended in visible form like cloven tongues; the sacraments were instituted, the priesthood appointed; so that the discipline and ceremonies, as well as the doctrines, of the Church followed naturally from a series of facts, and from the history of its foundation; and to remove these, by reducing Christianity to a mere system of opinions, would be in reality to abandon the very distinguishing features of the whole religion of Jesus Christ: they were not instituted

[1] St. Greg. Moral. XVIII.

[2] Epist. XIII, 4.—A paraphrase of the maxim of Horace (Ars Poet. 180):

> Segniùs irritant animos demissa per aurem,
> Quàm quæ sunt oculis subjecta fidelibus.

"superstitiose atque aniliter, sed physica constantique ratione." Indeed, the most inattentive observer must have been often struck with the tone which marks the language of the men who maligned the discipline and ceremonies of the Church. Is it not a strange saying of Lord Bacon, when, exposing the evil of superstition, he says, "Atheism leaves a man to philosophy, to natural piety"[1]? Among the causes of superstition he ranks the "laying an over-great importance on good intentions, and the taking an aim at divine matters by human." These, and many others sentences which seem directed against the philosophy of the Church, will remind an attentive reader, that to the learned Chancellor of England, the king, who had renounced that philosophy, was "a mortal God on earth." It may be unimportant to point out the vanity of Petrarch, when, after a pedantic declamation against the employment of gold and silver in churches, he concludes, "Respondete tot senes uni juveni";[2] but his expressions in the next letter are examples to the present purpose. "Nunc Peripateticus, nunc Stoicus sum." These heathen philosophers were content that the whole world should lie in ignorance and brutish insensibility to truth, provided there were a few men of extraordinary acuteness to rank themselves as their disciples, and consequently they were careless of the means which even human wisdom might point out as calculated to direct well the imagination, to inform the minds, and to preserve the innocence of the ordinary class of mankind; but the Christian Church, while it contained all the treasures of wisdom which the philosophers had ever conceived,[3] had an especial commission to

[1] Essay on Superstition. [2] Epist. VI, 1.

[3] See the admirable remarks of M. de Haller, in the introduction to his Theorie der geistlichen Staaten, in the fourth volume of his Restoration of Political Science.

condescend to all capacities, and to be equally careful of the weak as of the strong; and as St. Bernard says, this is "the wonderful and lamentable condition of human souls, that although they can perceive so many external things with clearness, egeant omnino figuris et ænigmatibus quibusdam corporearum similitudinum, ut ex visibilibus et exterioribus possint vel aliquatenus invisibilia atque interna conjicere."[1] Now, besides that these beautiful accidents followed naturally and necessarily from the whole scheme of its harmonious philosophy, which was opposed to that of the Stoics, who pretended to eradicate the passions of men, and to that of the Epicureans, who were for supplying gross sensual pleasures, it is not to be forgotten, that what certain narrow-minded and shallow objectors sometimes condemned as outward show and pageantry, moving the feelings and vague sentiment of men, was, in fact, the wise provision for maintaining unchanged the doctrines of religion, and for reminding the understanding of truth. As time elapsed, an additional source of intellectual benefit was found in every detail of this "outward show and pageantry"; inasmuch as it became associated with the memory of important facts and of illustrious men. It was not by their feelings that men knew that these rites, and consequently that these doctrines, were as old as the first Christians; it was not by their feelings that they knew the sacrifice of the mass to be celebrated almost throughout in the same words as were in use at Jerusalem in the time of St. Cyril;[2] that such a usage had been instrumental to such an event; that such words were the solace and rapture of such and such a saint or hero: the ceremonial was essentially intellectual, and for

[1] Serm. VI. de Divers. 1.
[2] S. Cyrilli Catechesis, XXIII, Mystag. V.

intellectual persons it had the greatest charm. "This mode of symbolical interpretation," said Clemens of Alexandria, "is used to many ends; it conduces to divine knowledge, to piety, to the exercise of the mind, to the habit of brevity, and to the manifestation of wisdom." These ceremonies recalled the idea of the first language, which spoke to the imagination by emblems. There was perhaps a natural cause also, which, though more secretly, yet not less necessarily gave rise to this union of spiritual doctrine with visible forms and ceremonies which were partly addressed to the senses. Behold that long procession which slowly moves along these solemn aisles! hark, what a deep awful tone is this! The bell of the monastery of Camaldoli, in the Apennines near Florence, is said to utter a sound in the forest which reminds those who hear it of the last trumpet of judgment. And now follows music in lengthened peals, and then in peaceful sweetness hardly endurable from its sublimity, such as might almost be instrumental in creating a world. From what mysterious source does all this proceed in such harmony with religion? "It seems to have arisen from some kind of instinctive consciousness," says a profound modern, "that admiration, and reverence, and love, and all our higher and purer feelings delight to dwell and repose on their objects, and to linger about them, thereby intimating their original and ultimate union with eternity and infinity and peace; while hatred and arrogance, and every base and malignant passion, are abrupt and concise,—that is, literally, break themselves off and cut themselves short,—and thus bear witness of the nothingness from which they are struggling to escape, and into which at the same time they appear impatient to return."[2] Thus

[1] Stromat. V, 8.

[2] Guesses at Truth.

there were objectors who condemned the repetitions and the tones and the pauses, and the whole ceremonial in the offices of the Church. Again, it was not a small advantage arising from this ceremonial and discipline, that the poor stranger in every climate found a home in the Church. There he heard the tones and the language which formed his youth to piety; there he beheld the same solemn and beautiful forms with which he had been so familiar in his happy early days. But further, the Church by its institutions and discipline afforded a source of inestimable consolation to all the miserable; to all who were unfortunate in the circumstances of their birth, or in the frame of their bodies, or in the course of their lives. The face of these poor objects was lighted up with the smile of peace and gratitude; their subdued eye sent forth a sweet and gentle beam; men who would otherwise have been left to go to their graves a horror to the thoughtful, a scorn to the half-hearted; children of cursing and bitterness, swallowed up with the deep sullen sense of having been born but to suffer intolerable wrong, and of having been denied the blessed power of loving their fellow-men, were now enabled to sing with the Psalmist, "Quam dilecta tabernacula tua, Domine virtutum! circumdabo altare tuum, Domine, ut audiam vocem laudis, et enarrem universa mirabilia tua. Domine, dilexi decorem domus tuæ, et locum habitationis gloriæ tuæ. Concupiscit et deficit anima mea in atria Domini." O the justice of God! how equally dost thou still hold the balance! Thou seasonest the delights of the prosperous evil men, who seek only their own comfort, with care, melancholy, dolour, jealousy, envy, anxiety, terror, and remorse, which are able to make them sweat blood; thou refreshest the poor in spirit, who may be children of sorrow, with visions and hopes and love, which can unfold heaven to their souls. They

dry their eyes, and when they approach the altar of their God, their desires confer more happiness than all the possessions of the proud.

Bone Pastor, Panis vere, Jesu, nostri miserere:
Tu nos pasce, nos tuere; tu nos bona fac videre
In terra viventium.
Tu qui cuncta scis et vales, qui nos pascis hic mortales;
Tuos ibi commensales, cohæredes et sodales
Fac sanctorum civium. Amen.

The Church assigned a practice of devotion for every hour of the day. Besides the offices of the night, at break of day men were invited in the hymn of St. Ambrose to beg the protection of God, peace, government of the senses, guard of the heart, and mortification of the flesh: at the third hour, when the Holy Ghost descended upon the Apostles, to pray to the Holy Ghost to replenish their understandings, wills, senses, hearts, and tongues: at the sixth hour, which is noon, to look up to the Sun of Justice, to pray for alienation from the heat of concupiscence, mortification of anger, health of body, and peace of mind: at the ninth hour, three o'clock, when the sun is now declining towards the West, to pray their great star, the immovable centre, about which the world is turned, to grant them a happy evening, a constancy in virtue, a good end: at vespers, when darkness draweth near, to pray for grace and direction, that when deprived of this temporal light, they may retreat into the bosom of God, the fountain of intellectual light: at complins, now that darkness covered the face of the earth, they took shelter like little birds under God's wings, beseeching him to protect them, to drive away evil dreams, and to keep off the adversary, who goeth up and down like a roaring lion, besetting the sheep-fold. The vespers for Saturday were particularly remarkable for expressing their hopes

of heaven: as the end of the week reminded men of the end of life. The moderns condemned the principle of these divisions with little reason. Let an admirable modern writer defend the ancients here: "We are tardy in finding out the beauty of order; our upstart will cannot be readily brought to acknowledge the sublimity of law. On the contrary, we prate about the uncontrollable vehemence of greatness, the excessive vagaries of genius; as if, forsooth, the uniformity of the sun's march detracted from its glory; as if the orderliness of the universe, by which the Greeks were so charmed that they called the world κόσμος, or order, and made the endeavour to conform thereto the regulative principle of their minds, could in any wise lessen its majesty or loveliness."[1]

So familiar were men with the divine offices, that the bare mention of the verses or hymns which the Church employed on particular days was considered a sufficient record of the period when an event took place. Thus the curious old poem, lately printed from a manuscript in the King of France's library, on the battle of the thirty English and thirty Bretons, states in the title that it was fought "le sammedi devant Letare Jherusalem"; and again, that

> 'Le dimence dapres saint Eglise chanta
> Letare Jhrlm en yce saint temps la.

So, in the beautiful legend, by Musäus, of Liebestreue, when the countess is anxiously expecting the return of her lord from the wars: "'The vines,' she says, 'have not yet sent out sprouts, the wind howls through the forest, the savage Harz is white with snow; and the woods must be green, and the vineyards blossom, the Harz must lay aside its win-

[1] Guesses at Truth.

try covering, before my lord returns.' Thus days and weeks passed on: the snow disappeared, the shoots of the vine came out, the woods grew green, and the Veni Creator was entoned in the church; but Count Henry returned not again." It must not be denied, however, that there were evils attending this holy observance, which arose from the conduct of the irreligious and careless part of men, who sought to combine obedience to the rules of life with the indulgence of their own weakness or evil passion; and these are recorded in consequence of the horror and concern which they occasioned to good and brave men. "Roger, bishop of Salisbury in King Stephen's time, had been in the days of William Rufus a poor priest, having a cure in a village near to the city of Caen in Normandy. And as it chanced, the first Henry, the king's brother, came thither on a time, and called for a priest to say masse before him. Whereupon this Roger, comying to the altar, had so speedily made an end thereof, that the men of war, which as these were attendant on the said Henry, affirmed that this priest only, above all other, was a chaplin meet to say masse before men of war, because he could make such quick dispatch withal." [1] It must be remembered, however, that William Rufus and his brother were but little distinguished by any religious feeling.[2] The expression was terribly solemn which was used to mark the sin of those hurried offices of devotion which wild hunters and profane travellers used sometimes to extort from priests: "Missa sicca non celebratur pro fidelibus." Hence Gilles de Rome is very severe upon the extreme love of hunting which prevailed: he says that "some will not even wait to hear mass, and others, if they hear it, will be so hurried that the priest can hardly

[1] Holinshed, II, 372. [2] Eadmeri Historiæ Novorum I.

finish; et combien que presentement ils soyent à l'office, si ont ils le cueur au boys." Pierre de St. Louis, in his poem La Madeleine, complains of the light behaviour of certain persons in church:

> Hélas! combien de fois avez-vous à la messe
> Fait voir vos vanités avec votre paresse,
> L'esprit toujours distrait et les yeux égarés,
> Aux idoles unis, et de Dieu séparés;
> Tantôt au damoiseau, puis à la damoiselle,
> Amusant celui-ci, parlant à celle-là,
> Au scandale public de ceux qui venaient là.

But the horror which these instances excited proves what was the general practice. Women frequently came to church like Marie Clotilde, Queen of Sardinia, in long veils. Froissart relates of the Earl of Foix, that he would never permit any interruption while in the church; and knights were among the first to reprove those whose behaviour was contrary to the solemn respect which was due to the altar of God. The opinion of the brave Joinville upon this subject is strikingly evinced, where he relates the following event which took place upon the eve of the battle of Mansourah. "Le jour devant Caresmeprenant, je vis une chose que je vueil bien racompter. Car celui jour mourut un tres-vaillant, preux, et hardy chevalier, qui avoit nom Messire Hugues de Landricourt, qui estoit avec moy à banniere: et fut enterré en ma chapelle. Et ainsi que je oyoie messe, six de mes chevaliers estoient là appuiez sur des sacs d'orge, qui estoient en ma dite chapelle; et parloient hault l'un à l'autre, et faisoient ennuy au prestre qui chantoit messe. Et je me levé, et leur allé dire qu'ils se teussent, et *que c'estoit chose villaine à gentils-hommes de parler ainsi hault tandis qu'on chantoit la messe.* Et ilz commancerent à rire, et me disrent, qu'ilz parloient ensemble de remarier la femme d'icelui Messire Hugues, qui estoit là en bierre. Et de ce

je les reprins durement, et leur dis que telles paroles n'estoient bonnes ne belles; et qu'ilz avoient trop toust oublié leur campaignon. Or advint-il, que le lendemain, qui fut la grant bataille, dont j'ay devant parlé, du jour de Caresmeprenant. . . . Car on se pouvoit bien rire de leur follie, et en fist Dieu telle vengeance que de tous les six n'en eschappa pas ung, qu'ilz ne feussent tuez, et non point enterrez, et en la fin a convenu à leurs femmes leur remarier toutes six. Parquoy est à croire que Dieu ne laisse riens impugny de son malfait."

XXI. Everything in those ages bore a devotional aspect, and all objects of human contemplation, mountains, lakes, flowers, birds, were converted into memorials of subjects in religious history. On the eve of St. John, fires on the mountains were symbolical of him who was a burning and shining light.[1] Bridges, streets, and forests, recalled the charity, or the martyrdom, or the holy solitude of the saints, which now are either converted into memorials of war, and trophies of victory over Christian nations, or else designated by "such mincing, minikin, make-believe sounds," as make one wish that they were distinguished "by numerals or algebraic symbols, and called 155 or $x2^3$."[2] The outward walls and the interior decorations of houses exhibited scrolls in which some holy words were written to remind men of religious truths, or to express the piety of the family. I have seen the huge chairs of oak which stood in the feudal hall bear this inscription, "Deus est amor meus." The crucifix met you at every turning in the imperial palace. The walls of the room in which St. Augustine dined warned his guests to refrain from maligning the absent; in every corridor of La Trappe you read inscriptions proclaiming that perfection lay in

[1] St. John V. [2] Guesses at Truth.

charity; an eye painted on the ceiling of the cottage reminded the poor peasant of the Divine presence; the verse of the Psalm, "Nisi Dominus custodierit civitatem, frustra vigilat qui custodit eam," was engraven over the gate of walled cities. It was not a small advantage that the very outward face of a country bore testimony to its faith. When Æneas entered the strange city, and saw represented on the walls of the temple the Trojan battles in order, Agamemnon, Priam, and Achilles, he stood still with surprise, and wept; but they were tears of joy, for it was evident from this, as he exclaimed,

> Sunt lacrimæ rerum; et mentem mortalia tangunt.
> Solve metus.[1]

And how much rather did they rejoice when, on entering a strange land, the emblems of human redemption met them on every side; not the memorials of war and carnage, but of the manger in Bethlehem, of the flight into Egypt, of the passion and resurrection of Jesus! St. Chrysostom had an image before him of St. Paul preaching whenever he studied.[2] The Jews and Saracens abhorred all images and paintings; the Christians received them with thankfulness, as sanctified by the word of God and prayer.[3] What a religious scene did the holy state of Cologne present to the stranger in the twelfth and thirteenth centuries, with as many churches and chapels as there are days in the year! How did the pilgrim's heart rejoice when, looking down from some savage mountain, he beheld a city at his feet, and suddenly the bells of a multitude of churches and convents tolled the Angelus, when he knew that the words of the angel were then re-

[1] Æneid, I, 462.

[2] See Bishop Pointer on Christianity, for a learned note respecting the early use of images in the Church.

[3] Maimbourg, Hist. des Iconoclastes.

peated by every tongue! It was for him truly to say with gratitude "Solve metus." Doctor Forster has shewn, in his calendar, that plants were often called after the name of the saint who was celebrated about the time of their flowering. The snowdrop about Candlemas, an emblem of the purification of the spotless Virgin, was our Lady of February; the early daffodil was Lent-lily; the herb Robert blooms about the 29th of April, the day of St. Robert, founder of the Cistercians; passion-flower on Holy-rood-day, the 14th of September; cross-flower, or rogation-flower, about the 3rd of May, and this was carried in the processions of rogation week. The ancients were as anxious to supply such memorials as the moderns have been to obliterate them. The iris was the fleur de St. Louis; picinus was palma Christi; calendula was marygold; sweet-william was herb St. William; ornithogalum was star of Bethlehem; goat's-beard was star of Jerusalem; campanula was "Canterbury-bells" in honour of St. Augustine; clematis vitalba was virgin's-bower, flowering about the time of the Visitation of our Lady. Even the scenes of pastime and masquerade partook of a religious character. Thus we read in the Weiss Kunig, that at the entertainment in honour of the young Queen Leonora, daughter of Don Duarte, king of Portugal, the bride of the Emperor Frederick III, and afterwards mother of Maximilian, "among other masques there came in three youths, arrayed in the semblance of angels. The first carried a crucifix, and was called Faith; the second had a green twig in his hand, and was called Hope; the third held a pigeon, and was called Love." Chivalrous imagery was employed in denoting spiritual and celestial objects. Thus the order of Saint Michael was founded in honour of "Monseigneur Saint Michel, premier chevalier qui pour la querelle de Dieu, d'estoc et de taille, se

battit contre l'ennemi dangereux de l'humain lignage, et du ciel le trebucha." In L'Arbre des Batailles the following question and answer occur. "En quel lieu fut premierement trouvée bataille? Si vous dy que en ciel": alluding to the rebel angels. So also in the Songe du Vergier, the knight says, "la premiere guerre que oncques fut commenca en paradis." In the fine romance of Arthur of Little Britain, when the Emperor of Ynde's seneschal "lift up his eyen, and beheld the hooste over all; and then he saw the goodly yong squyers untrussing of their somers and carriages, and pitching up of their tents, and he saw the goodly knights ren their horses up and down in the feldes, some lyghting and some mountyng; and then he saw the armers furbyshe the harneis, and the speres and sheldes flaming agenst the sonne, the baners, standards, and stremers wavering with the wynd. Then he sayd to hymself, Saynt Mary! what people are these? are they mortal men, or aungells of Paradyse? whoo may endure agenst them? A! Fraunce! an honourable country above al other; blessed be thou that nourishest up suche people!"[1]

The miniature painted by René d'Anjou, in his book Mortifiment de vaine Plaisance, to illustrate the spiritual combat there enjoined, will shew how chivalrous imagery was employed to explain and recommend divine graces. In the Songe du Vergier the clerk says that when "Aucun est fait clerc, il est chevalier celeste; et aussi est il ordonné son corps et son ame au service de Dieu." The proud and pedantic modern, who concludes from these instances, that the ancients were gross in their philosophy, does only expose the shallowness of his own judgment. His conventional phrases and circum-

[1] P. 414.

locutory terms, if he conceives that they approach to an expression of celestial things, do rather convict him of grossness and want of spiritual elevation. What belongs to heaven is beyond the language and the thoughts of mortals. They err not in describing the angels invested with such perfection and beauty as are capable of being expressed by speech, or figured in earthly forms. The moderns have gained nothing in spirituality by killing fancy, the elevating organ of nature; but, as Solgar confesses, they have only "lost themselves in the low level of vulgar sagacity; to live without God, and to glory in so living. Was it not the time of the most lovely flower of mankind, when God as a friend, as man, walked with man?" The ancients had the most intellectual and sublime visions respecting the divine presence.[1] The old scholastic doctors were almost too scrupulous in their judgment of the common opinions of men; as when William of Paris complains "that men cannot conceive the angels unless in the form of young men with wings, and that therefore, from this custom of eyes, some men are unable to discern their own souls";[2] and when that subtle divine, Scotus, expresses his opinion, that "to understand and know objects by sensible representations passing through the gate of sense, and striking our imagination, is a punishment from original sin." Macrobius argued, that "to teach truth by fictitious scenes and similitudes is not contrary to philosophy, appealing to the example of Cicero and Plato";[3] and was not the same plan pursued by our blessed Saviour in his sublime parables and discourses? St. Anselm says, that when he was a little boy, hearing how God was seated on high in glory, he suspected, like a child bred among

[1] Vide Rodriguez, Christ. Perfection, trait. VI, c. 2.
[2] De Anima. [3] In Somn. Scip. L, 2.

the mountains, that heaven rested on their summits, in which was the court of God, and that by ascending their sides men might arrive there.[1] How beautiful, and in a child how innocent, was this idea! It may be well for profound theologians like Holden to entertain purely abstract notions of heaven,[2] but it is certain that the greater part of mankind will gain nothing by an attempt to follow him. The moderns have only a vacant stare and a laugh for those old paintings of angels in glittering panoply, with wings of gorgeous feathers, weighing, sinking, and raising the souls—of heavenly courts with walls of jasper and grottos of crystal; and yet it may be argued that these very forms serve the purpose of philosophy better than these proud and foolish discourses, in which things that surpass expression are set forth in long and empty sentences, deceiving men with the semblance of knowledge. A late writer has thought so, when he says, "How passing excellent may we hope to find the realities from which the offspring of our imagination are the shadows! seeing that offspring, all shadowy as they are, will yet often be finer than any sensible existence."[3] It is only ignorance and a shallow judgment which would condemn the romantic holy legend, and the strange but sublime figure in the painting. Eusebius Nieremberg, the Spanish Jesuit, relating a legend from Peter of Cluny, says, "when we read such-like stories, from the representations therein contained, we are to raise our thoughts to the substance therein represented":[4] and with respect to the strange and improbable forms which excite astonishment, hear what a profound modern has

[1] Eadmerus in Vit. S. Anselm.
[2] Proposit. 12 ad finem Divinæ Fidei Analys.
[3] Guesses at Truth.
[4] Treatise on the Difference between the Temporal and Eternal, book IV, c. x, 2.

said: "Not seldom the very majesty of the principle makes its sallies appear more extravagant; the higher the tree of virtue rises, the wider will be the range of its oscillations: and in this sense is there but one step from the sublime to the ridiculous. There is a sportive playfulness in true magnanimity, that, feeling the inadequateness of any earthly raiment, it is well pleased to clothe itself, like the godlike Ulysses, in rags."[1]

XXII. Sismondi says in one of his works, that in northern countries, or under the tropics, men may fear the Deity, and tremble at the idea of an evil principle. "Mais devant qui trembleroit-on en Italie," he continues, "where everything smiles on man? How should all men's thoughts be directed to another life, when the present is so sweet?"[2] The religion of which we attempt to give an outline, admitted of no such geographical limits: for the heart of man was not formed to be satisfied with even the prospects of Italian landscape. "Where is God whom I love?" said St. Augustine: "I asked the earth, and it said I am not He. I asked the sea, and the depths, and the creeping things, and they said, We are not your God." "Interrogavi auras flabiles; et inquit universus aer cum incolis suis: Fallitur Anaximenes, non sum Deus."[3] It is so with every earthly object. Either it perishes, and we lament it; or our taste changes, and it is no longer able to give us pleasure. It is not our God! this is the conclusion of Joseph of Exeter, the poet, who was contemporary of the Paladins, and who had seen life in all its variety, having left the valleys of Devonshire for the Holy Land, where he had experience of war under the walls of Ascalon:

[1] Guesses at Truth.
[2] Hist. des Repub. Ital. tom. VII, p. 4.
[3] Confess. X, 6.

Heu, heu quam tenui nutant mortalia filo!
Nil homini fixum; Fortunæ munera blandæ,
Insidias, non dona reor: semperque timebis
Syrenum turbæ simileis, sub sole sereno
Nubem, sub risu lacrymas, sub melle venenum.
Si tibi res, fallit casus; si forma, senectus;
Si vires, morbus; si nomen grande, litura
Postera; et in nullis fati constantia donis.[1]

Fame and honour cannot stand the trial of St. Augustine's question. "Many thousand years are past," says Nieremberg, "and no man knew thee; and of those who shall be born hereafter, few will remember thee; and although thou remainest in the memory of those, yet they also in the end must die, and with them thine and their own memory must perish, and thou shalt, as before thou wast, continue a whole eternity, without being known or celebrated by any." How the heart shrinks from such solitude! Fame and honour are not our God! Shall we say that friendship has a higher claim? Let us first reply to the question of Aristotle: "In those friendships formed from early youth; if one should continue a boy in mind and disposition (that is, should retain the simplicity of youth), and the other should become a famous man (engrossed with the world, and with the cares of a political or ambitious life), how can they continue to be friends, who neither admire nor love the same things?"[2] Alas! What can we reply to this question? What remains, but that we cry out with St. Augustine, "Tu fecisti nos ad Te, et inquietum est cor nostrum donec requiescat in Te."[3]

The beauty of nature, which seemed to Sismondi sufficient to induce an indifference to a future state, was regarded by the heathen philosopher as calcu-

[1] De Bello Trojano, lib. V, 511.
[2] Ethic. IX, 3. [3] Confess. I, 1.

lated to encourage the soul in its hopes of beholding more perfect beauty. "Hæc enim pulcritudo etiam in terris, patriam illam et avitam, ut ait Theophrastus, philosophiam, cognitionis cupiditate incensam, excitavit. Præcipue vero fruentur ea, qui tum etiam, cum has terras incolentes, circumfusi erant caligine, tamen acie mentis dispicere cupiebant. Etenim si nunc aliquid assequi se putant, qui ostium Ponti viderunt, et eas angustias, per quas penetravit ea, quæ est nominata,

> Argo, quia Argivi in ea, delecti viri,
> Vecti, petebant pellem inauratam arietis:

aut ii, qui Oceani freta illa viderunt,

> Europam Libyamque rapax ubi dividit unda:

quod tandem spectaculum fore putamus, cum totam terram contueri licebit, ejusque cum situm, formam, circumscriptionem, tum et habitabiles regiones, et rursum omni cultu propter vim frigoris aut caloris vacantes?"[1] The philosophers of the Church likewise taught men to derive heavenly wisdom, and peace, and hope, from beholding all that was beautiful and admirable on the earth and in nature. William of Paris calls the word incarnate, "Facies ultimæ pulchritudinis." St. Thomas Aquinas says, "The great diversity of creatures in all the order of the world hath no other aim but to represent the Divinity by some image whatsoever; and insomuch as the sovereign essence is infinite, it was expedient to produce many things, that the one might supply the other's defects, and all conspire to express some character of divine perfections, so that God beholdeth himself figured in the variety of beauties which fill earth and heaven." Caussin applies this: "Would you behold God? Observe these exquisite

[1] Cicero, Tuscul. I, 20.

flowers, these waves which curl on the current of rivers, these gentle western blasts which bear comfort and health on their wings; those vast seas, that immense extent of plains, those snow-capt mountains, all that is seen, all that is heard, cease not to recount to us the love of our Father."[1] When men loved God, "they did not love beauty of person, nor the loveliness of the seasons, nor the splendour of light; they did not love the melody of the voice, nor the sweet smell of flowers or perfumes; they did not love delicacy of taste, nor anything which was subjected to the senses: but when they loved God, they loved a beauty and a loveliness far exceeding all that mortal eyes ever beheld, a light more powerful than all light, a voice surpassing every voice, a sweetness passing all sweetness."[2] So Albertus Magnus says of the vision of God: "It shall be music to the ear, sweetness to the taste, balsam to the smell, flowers to the touch. There shall be the clear light of summer, the pleasantness of the spring, the abundance of autumn, and the repose of winter."[3] "If men should give to one person," say Eusebius Nieremberg, "all the wisdom of Solomon, all the sciences of Plato and Aristotle, all the strength of Aristomenes and Milo, all the beauty of Paris and Adonis, it would have no comparison to the delight which will be enjoyed in seeing God. In him will be found all the richness of gold, the delightfulness of the meadows, the sweet refreshment of the limpid stream, the brightness of the sun, the beauty of the heavens, the fragrance of the rose, all that can be admired and enjoyed. Every one shall then rejoice as much in the felicity of another as in his own ineffable joy, and shall possess as many joys as

[1] Holy Court, 552. [2] Vide August. Confess. X, 6.
[3] In Comp. Theol. l. VII, c. 7.

he shall find companions." So that while even the presence of God on earth was but to lead men to a love of things invisible, as St. Thomas Aquinas says in the divine prayer of the Church, "ut dum visibiliter Deum cognoscimus, per hunc in invisibilium amorem rapiamur," all visible objects of beauty were to direct the mind to its Creator and its future destiny. "Specta mare," says St. Ambrose, "terram circumspice, ut opere facta divino omnis creatura te pascat. Quæ formarum gratia in ipsis bestiis! quantus decor in hominibus! quanta in avibus pulchritudo! hæc intuere, et non videbis iniquitatem." So says St. Augustine: "qui fecit omnia, melior est omnibus, pulchrior est omnibus. Quicquid amaveris, ille tibi erit. Disce amare in creatura Creatorem, et in factura factorem, ne teneat te quod ab illo factum est, et amittas eum a quo et ipse factus es."[1] "Quis ornavit cœlum sideribus," says another great divine, "aerem volucribus, aquam piscibus, terram plantis et floribus? Quid sunt hæc omnia, nisi Dei pulchritudinis modica scintilla?"[2] So when Luis of Granada is describing the change which takes place in the views which men entertain of the natural world when they have been converted to a life of piety, he says, "they see all things now with other eyes, and they feel such motions and changes within as are strong proofs of every article of faith. If the nights are clear, with their eyes cast up to heaven they admire its beauty and the brightness of the moon and stars, considering them quite differently from what they used to do, and much more cheerfully; they look on them as so many mirrors of his glory, as so many messengers that come to bring them news of him, and they think upon those noble troops of saints who are more bright and glorious than the

[1] In Psal. XXXIX.

[2] S. Bonaventura, I, in Soliloq.

stars of heaven." As Plato saith, "The love which we have here below is as a remembrance of the first fair sovereign, and most pure of all beauties, which is the Divinity." "Our soul," continues Caussin, "hath a generous passion towards him, unless it be infected by the breath of the serpent, and obstructed by vapours of sensuality; it seeks for him; it speaks to him in all creatures; it beholdeth him in all the beautiful objects of nature; but it often falleth out that it forgetteth the workman in admiring his workmanship; it takes the shadow for the body; it feeleth there is some invisible hand which shoots arrows at it amidst the vermilion of roses and the whiteness of lilies. Oh, how attractive is beauty! Oh, should it on a sudden be seen without the veil, the whole world, in an instant, would dissolve under its adorable rays. It is so naturally imprinted on the heart of man, that hell itself cannot forget it. The evil rich man did from thence lift up his eyes to heaven, as desirous to look for the lovely face which he had eternally lost."[1] "Hæc est plena beatitudo, et tota glorificatio hominis, videre faciem Dei sui, videre eum qui fecit cœlum et terram, videre eum qui fecit eum, qui salvavit eum, et qui glorificavit eum." In this consists all the everlasting glory of the happy.[2] Holy men were even permitted to enjoy a foretaste of this bliss while on earth. Hear St. John of Damascus. "St. Josaphat being in profound prayer, prostrate upon the earth, was overtaken with a sweet sleep, in which he saw two men of grave demeanour, who carried him through many unknown countries to a field full of flowers and plants of rare beauty, laden with fruit never before seen. The leaves of the trees, moved with a soft and gentle wind, yielded a pleasant sound, and breathed forth a most sweet odour;

[1] Holy Court. [2] St. August. Solilo. c. XXXVI.

there were placed many seats of gold and precious stones, and a little brook of crystal water refreshed the air, and pleased the sight with a most agreeable variety. From thence he was brought into a most beautiful city, whose walls, towers, and battlements were of gold. The streets and squares shone with beams of celestial light, and there passed up and down bright armies of angels and seraphim, chanting such songs as were never heard by mortal ears." This was a shadow of heaven. Surius writes in the life of St. Nicholas of Tolentino, "that for six months before his death, he heard every night, a little before matins, most melodious music of angels, in which he had a taste of that sweetness which God had prepared for him in his glory; and such joy and comfort did he receive from hearing it, that he was wholly transported, desiring nothing more than to be freed from his body to enjoy it." From all this it appears how sublime and full of present happiness was the system of religion to which chivalry owed its elevation. Notwithstanding the awful solemnity of its doctrines, it was clothed in all the lovely and engaging colours that could attract the eye of man; and though productive of a soft and gentle tone of melancholy, there was nothing of horror or despondency in its nature. It was a theology which, while it trained René d'Anjou to be the father of his people, fostered the muse of Dante, and yielded those beautiful fruits which entitled the pages of Luis of Granada to be ranked among the prime glories of the literature of Spain. Theology with the moderns assumes the character of a dry and uninviting study, synonymous with whatever is most repugnant to the aspirations and sentiments of the young; but in the schools of our ancestors it introduced men to a beautiful and happy world, where the imagination enjoyed sublime visions, and where the heart found rest. The

Church invited men to approach to the altar of God, to God who gave joy to their youth; for even before the cross the Psalmist had said, "Memor fui Dei, et delectatus sum." Hence a Christian orator concludes, after speaking on the dignity and excellence of theological study, "O hebetes et stupidos, aut, ut verius dicam, miseros et perditos, si qui harum rerum suavitatem fructumque non sentiunt: contra vero, ô ter et quater beatos illos quorum ita est affectus animus, ut nusquam suavius, quam in his studiis conquiescat; non eos aut inanium dignitatum, aut fluxarum opum adurit sitis; non eos voluptatum illecebræ molliunt: liberi et pravis omnibus cupiditatibus soluti, ex illo perenni puteo aquam æternæ vitæ effectricem hauriunt: ex illis perpetuo virentibus campis flores suavissimos colligunt, ex quibus qui odores afflantur eorum nunquam est intermoritura suavitas."[1]

XXIII. But it is time to retrace our steps. Upon the whole, the conclusion seems to be this, that piety is inseparable from the true bent of honour. "There is nothing narrow, nothing of slavery, nothing confined in religion; it is the immense, the infinite, the eternal." The high sentiments of honour, the generous enthusiasm of chivalry,—so far are these from being contrary to its influence, that they confirm and exalt it. "Imagination soars above the limits of the present life, and the sublime in every subject is a reflection from the Divinity." Fénélon, who certainly cannot be accused of a worldly disposition in his views of religion, was of this opinion; and in writing to the Countess of Gramont, upon the recovery of her husband from a dangerous illness, he expresses himself in remarkable terms, which sanction the spirit of chivalrous devotion. "This restoration to good health," he observes, "is indeed delightful; it is the gift of

[1] Antonii Mureti Orat. I.

God, and it would be unjust to employ it against him. The count must pursue an open line of conduct, and full of honour towards God as well as towards the world. God is pleased to accommodate himself to noble sentiments; true nobility requires fidelity, firmness, and confidence. Will a man who is so grateful to the king for the gift of perishable good, will he be ungrateful and faithless to God who bestows so much? I can never believe it." And the virtuous instructor of the Duke of Burgundy had acted upon the same principle. "Je promets, foi de prince," was the form of engagement to which the pupil subscribed, and which Fénélon was accustomed to impose when he had occasion to desire an adherence to a particular duty. The child of eight years of age was made to comprehend the force of these words, "foi de prince et d'honneur."

The very mirror of all martial men could not have a more delicate sense of honour than has been shewn by the saints. When the murderers rushed into the church at Canterbury, crying out, "Where is the traitor?" no one answered till another cried "Where is the archbishop?" St. Thomas then advanced towards them, saying, "Here I am, the archbishop, but no traitor." "When we are Christians," says Fénélon, "we can no longer be cowards. The essence of Christianity, if I may so express myself, is the contempt of this life and the love of another." 'Holy men have remarked that we find the names of more soldiers recorded in the martyrologies than almost of any other profession. There is, in fact, a natural connection between heroism and piety. When Philip entered Peloponnesus at the head of his army, it was said that the Lacedemonians would have to suffer much if they did not recover his favour. "Ah, coward!" replied the Spartan, "what have they to suffer who fear not death?" The answer of the poet's hero to the

praises of his sister, who commended him for his deed is remarkable:

> *θεοὺς μὲν ἡγοῦ πρῶτον, Ἠλέκτρα, τύχης*
> *ἀρχηγέτας τῆσδ', εἶτα κἄμ' ἐπαίνεσον,*
> *τὸν τῶν θεῶν τε τῆς τύχης θ' ὑπηρέτην.*[1]

And upon the memorable retreat from Syracuse, when the Athenian general was endeavouring to raise the spirits of his disheartened soldiers, we may rely upon the truth of that statement which he produced relative to his own character and conduct through life, saying *καί τοι πολλὰ μὲν ἐς θεοὺς νόμιμα δεδιήτημαι, πολλὰ δὲ ἐς ἀνθρώπους δίκαια καὶ ἀνεπίφθονα, ἀνθ' ὧν ἡ μὲν ἐλπὶς ὅμως θρασεῖα τοῦ μέλλοντος.*[2] There is a curious passage in Plato's Republic, where Socrates explains how mildness and the warlike spirit (*πρᾶον καὶ μεγαλόθυμον ἦθος*) may be united in the soldier; and both, he says, are essential. *Ἀλλὰ μέντοι τούτων ὁποτέρου ἂν στερῆται, φύλαξ ἀγαθὸς οὐ μὴ γένηται.* Aristotle remarks that there is no connexion between fierceness and real valour, but rather that gentleness and mildness denote it.[3] Socrates even shews that they who are to be esteemed faithful in war must possess all virtues. For mercenaries often can fight well, and even be willing to die in battle, *ὧν οἱ πλεῖστοι γίγνονται θρασεῖς καὶ ἄδικοι καὶ ὑβρισταὶ καὶ ἀφρονέστατοι σχεδὸν ἁπάντων.*[4] So that when the sophist thought to establish his point by reminding Socrates that there were many men most wicked, most unholy, most licentious, most unskilful, who yet excelled in manly fortitude, the sage stopped him short where he least expected;[5] teaching what Benedick says in Shakspeare, "In a false quarrel there is no true valour."[6] Xenophon

[1] Eurip. Electra, 895.
[2] Thucyd. lib. VII, 77.
[3] Polit. VIII, 4.
[4] De Legibus, I.
[5] Plato; Protagoras.
[6] Much Ado about Nothing, V, 1.

lays it down as essential to the character of a general, that he should be impressed with a deep sense of religion,[1] calling it, *μέγα καὶ καλὸν κτῆμα ἀνδρὶ στρατηγῷ*. And Polybius, in comparing the characters of Scipio and Lycurgus, attributes to both of those renowned generals the same disposition; the former, he says, was continually impressing it on the people, *ὡς μετὰ τῆς θείας ἐπιπνοίας ποιούμενος τὰς ἐπιβολάς*.[2] Xenophon even describes the piety of warlike men attending religious sacrifice.[3] A heathen critic remarks that the word *τύχη* does not once occur in all the Homeric writings;[4] and Valerius Maximus, speaking of the warlike Roman state, says, "Omnia post religionem ponenda semper nostra civitas duxit, etiam in quibus summæ majestatis conspici decus voluit. Quapropter non dubitaverunt sacris imperia servire; ita se humanarum rerum futura regimen existimantia, si divinæ potentiæ bene atque constanter fuissent famulata."[5] But the Christian religion has given justice and security to the religion of heroic men. The Paladin was religious and brave, humane and merciful, open-hearted and just, frank, sincere, faithful, and firm:

> ——————— Quo justior alter
> Nec pietate fuit, nec bello major et armis.

The lamb and flag were borne by the knights Templar, to signify the union of these qualities, of gentleness with the martial spirit. What is taken from the mind may be made of service to the heart: "Car jusque dans l'embarras et au milieu du bruit des armes," says the great Sully, "il se présente à qui sait les chercher, des écoles excellentes de vertu et de politesse." History will indeed present us

[1] Agesil. 3.
[2] Lib. X, 2.
[3] De Repub. Laced. c. XIII, 8.
[4] Macrobius, Saturnal. V, 16. I, 1.

with instances that seem to contradict this opinion; we shall meet with men like the tyrant Ezzelino and Count Tilly; Frederick the Great and Oliver Cromwell: like the Baron des Adrets and his friend Montluc, who distinguished themselves by cruelty in the reign of Charles IX of France: but these are undoubtedly exceptions to the general result. "Intus fide, foris ferro se muniunt," said Saint Bernard of the knights Templar; and in the same exhortation to these holy warriors he affirms, "Miro quodam ac singulari modo cernuntur et agnis mitiores et leonibus ferociores."[1] His heroïc spirit breaks out in this address, proving that he was born with a soul for chivalry. "Impavidus profecto miles," he says again, "et omni ex parte securus qui ut corpus ferri, sic animum fidei lorica induitur. Utrisque nimirum munitus armis, nec dæmonem timet nec hominem." View, again, those knights of St. Lazarus and of our Lady of Mount Carmel, who have nine degrees of nobility, and yet who are assisting in the infected hospital and attending the lepers. The soldier is often deficient in learning, but he is frequently the most religious without hypocrisy, and the most sound in his judgment without vain pretension: he is little skilled in the intricacies of legal justice, and still less is he qualified to adjust the theological balance of the schools; but his decision will be seldom mistaken, and his piety will be sincere. Like the centurion in the Acts; like the grand-master of the order of St. John, Pierre d'Aubusson, the first captain of his age, the father of the poor, the saviour of Rhodes, the sword and buckler of Christendom; like a Tancred, a Godfrey, or a Saint Louis, he will be devout towards God, and benevolent to man. That religion may be associated with even the

[1] Exhortatio ad Milites Templi.

maxims of warlike discipline is displayed in a remark of Brantome upon an act of suicide. "This," he observes, "is not the mark of a Christian; for we must never abandon the garrison of this life without obtaining our dismissal from the great General, who is our sovereign God; and for this reason we cannot praise his death."[1] And this advantage to the cause of virtue was not overlooked even by the ancient moralists. "Una Hannibalem hiberna solverunt," says Seneca, "et indomitum illum nivibus atque Alpibus virum enervaverunt fomento Campaniæ, armis vicit, victis victus est. Nobis quoque militandum est, et quodam genere militiæ, quo nunquam quies, nunquam otium datur."

XXIV. And now, like those travellers who, having lost their way in a forest, ride on always towards one direction, with the hope of arriving finally at the end somewhere; so we, albeit not unfrequently having turned a little to right and left, though pursuing a decided course, have now come to the end of our wanderings, and the harsh light of common day breaks in upon us, and the dreary plains and the cheerless level of common life are the first prospect. Sublime moments have been ours, living with

[1] Let this principle be compared with the philosophical tenet of Cicero, which is so well known to the classical student (Tuscul. II, 27);—and for which the Roman moralist had certainly no excuse, since he must have been aware that the impiety of suicide was the grand doctrine of the mysteries, taught to all, as beneficial to society, and since he himself relates, "vetatque Pythagoras injussu imperatoris, id est, Dei, de præsidio et statione vitæ decedere" (*De Senec.*). The words of Plato also were before him, ὡς ἔν τινι φρουρᾷ ἐσμὲν οἱ ἄνθρωποι, καὶ οὐ δεῖ δὴ ἑαυτὸν ἐκ ταύτης λύειν οὐδ' ἀποδιδράσκειν. *Phædo.*—The Christian arguments against suicide are stated by St. Augustine, De Civitate Dei, I, 2.

> Those brethren of old times, whose holy names
> Live in the memory of all noble hearts
> For love and admiration, ever young.

These recollections render the soul like very dry powder, which takes fire at the least spark which falls on it.

> Know ye not, hearts to honour dear,
> That joy, deep, thrilling, stern, severe,
> At which the heartstrings vibrate high,
> And wake the fountains of the eye?[1]

Sometimes the observer forgets that these men were of his own weak and imperfect nature; like one of the giants in Ariosto, in the heat of combat he forgets that he is dead. A flash of lightning "unfolds both heaven and earth"; "Sed heu! rara hora, et parva mora."[2]

> Ere a man hath power to say behold,
> The jaws of darkness do devour it up.

Then

> Our soul is by vile fear assail'd, which oft
> So overcasts a man, that he recoils
> From noblest resolution, like a beast
> At some false semblance in the twilight gloom.[3]

It is with men's minds "as it was with the apostles' eyes; for as they, seeing our Lord walk upon the sea, took him for a ghost, so these seeing him in their heart, deem him but a fancy, being not yet acquainted with his spiritual power."[4] No marvel, then, that they mistrust others. It was in such an hour that the knight, "faith without pity," in Tirante the White, asked King Arthur, through the bars of his iron cage, what were the faults of men? for, looking upon his sword, the desponding king replied, "Wise without good works, old

[1] Lord of the Isles, IV.
[2] St. Bernard. Serm. XXIII, in Cant.
[3] Carey's Dante.
[4] Southwell.

without honour, young without obedience, rich without compassion, a bishop without watchfulness, a knight without goodness, poor without humility, a soldier without truth, a deceiver without remorse." Then we are ready to reply in the words of Telemachus to Nestor,

> ὦ γέρον οὔπω τοῦτο ἔπος τελέεσθαι ὀΐω·
> λίην γὰρ μέγα εἶπες· ἄγη μ' ἔχει· οὐκ ἂν ἔμοιγε
> ἐλπομένῳ τὰ γένοιτ', οὐδ' εἰ θεοὶ ὧς ἐθέλοιεν.[1]

The scholar in Cicero describes his dejection in affecting simplicity when he says, "And I truly have been enraptured on reading Plato's Phædo, sed nescio quomodo dum lego adsentior; cum posui librum, et mecum ipse de immortalitate animorum cœpi cogitare, adsensio illa omnis elabitur." This most bitter cup reserved for men was drunk by the divine Saviour, when he cried from the cross, "Deus meus, Deus meus, ut quid dereliquisti me?" But let men rally their desponding spirits, and take courage to examine the extent of the evil, that their fears may not magnify it beyond its true proportion. They are told of nothing but the vices, and superstition, and ignorance of the ages of chivalry,—

> ——————— And still they hear
> The sottish rabble all things rashly brand,
> And question most what least they understand.[2]

In the first place they should take heed that their judgment be not vitiated by the immoral indulgence of a suspicious censorious spirit; for such sweeping censures as those of Cornelius Agrippa are both foolish and sinful. I speak not to you who Catholic are hight; but to those, albeit οὐ φιλῶ φρενοῦν ἀμούσους καὶ μεμηνότας ξένους:[3] of whom

[1] Od. III, 226. [2] Ariosto, Stewart Rose.
[3] Euripid. Io, 528.

Thuanus[1] justly said, that they were "genus hominum suspicax." "Si devons tousjours supposer le bien jusques à ce que nous voyons le contraire," was the wise maxim of king Perceforest, and in general of all Christian antiquity. When that gentleman of Venice in the Orlando Furioso had told his tale verifying what was said of him, that of wives the treachery

> Was known to him, with all their cunning lore,
> He, both from old and modern history,
> And from his own, was ready with such store
> As plainly shewed that none to modesty
> Could make pretension, whether rich or poor;
> And that if one appeared of purer strain,
> 'Twas that she better hid her wanton vein.
>
> Of sounder judgment, 'mid that company,
> There was an elder, one more wise and bold,
> That, undefended so the sex to see,
> Was inly wroth, and could no longer hold:
> To the relater of that history
> He turned; and, "Many things we have been told,"
> Exclaimed that ancient, "wherein truth is none,
> And of such matters is thy fable one."
>
> And he a larger field for speaking well
> Will find, than blaming woman-kind withal;
> And of a hundred worthy fame may tell
> For one whose evil deeds for censure call.
> He should exalt the many that excel,
> Culled from the multitude, not rail at all."[2]

It was thus that chivalry taught men to regard suspicion as a miserable and detestable weakness, "velis remisque fugiendum." They did not search for examples of vice, but they felt confident of the existence of virtue,—

> Things hardly known, and foreign to our time;

though not unknown or contrary to the philosophy of the ancients, as Cotta bears testimony, saying,

[1] Lib. II, 435. [2] Cant. XXVIII, Stewart Rose.

"Mihi enim non tam facile in mentem venire solet, quare verum sit aliquid, quam quare falsum."[1] Sismondi, in his history of the French, apologizes for the dryness of his pages by comparing his subject to the disgusting researches of the dissecting-room. But the truth is, that it is often these writers themselves who are to blame; for with their leaden mace they smite the muse of history, and then peep into horrible recesses, and finger and lay bare deformity which they create, turning every object the wrong side out, "and never giving to truth and virtue that which simpleness and merit purchaseth." "Qui multum peregrinantur raro sanctificantur," says a holy book; and in this respect historians are like travellers, for the quick, and unnatural, and forced succession of evil, which is made to pass before them, diminishes their confidence in virtue, and deadens their susceptibility, and prevents them from looking inwardly at the evil which lies within themselves. Even poets have been guilty of calumniating mankind. If the divine muse of Sophocles painted men as they ought to be, Euripides represented them worse than they are; he seemed to cherish a most odious pride in bringing down the greatest of men to a level with the base and vulgar; and his mantle has been eagerly caught up and worn by many in our time.

"Nos in vitium credula turba sumus." Those who have studied our Christian antiquity speak of generous knights and of holy men, who had celestial revelations, the deeds of chivalry and the sacrifices of the just, "les dits et gestes des bons trépassés." "Negemus omnia; comburamus annales; ficta hæc esse dicamus: quidvis denique potius quam virtutem apud homines inveniri, quam Deum res humanas curare fateamur." But how unjust

[1] Cicero de Natura Deorum, 21.

and how feeble are you who thus condemn antiquity! As the gallant Benedick says with Shakespeare, "You break jests as braggarts do their blades, which, God be thanked, hurt not." You have not shaken the confidence of honourable men, nor shall you even hear them condemning the odious object which you take such pains to expose. They say with Socrates, "I will not reprove him; for I am not fond of reproving, *οὐ γὰρ εἰμὶ φιλόμωμος*. For there is no end to the number of the unwise; so that if any one takes pleasure in reproving, he may be satiated with reproving them."[1] But what then? Are there no objects for those who seek rather to love, to admire, and to bow down with reverence? Crito indeed, when he looked upon the men who professed philosophy, had not courage to turn youth *ἐπὶ φιλοσοφίαν*· but Socrates reproved him, saying, *Ὦ φίλε Κρίτων, οὐκ οἶσθ' ὅτι ἐν παντὶ ἐπιτηδεύματι οἱ μὲν φαῦλοι πολλοὶ καὶ οὐδενὸς ἄξιοι, οἱ δὲ σπουδαῖοι ὀλίγοι καὶ παντὸς ἄξιοι*; In every profession *τοὺς πολλοὺς οὐ καταγελάστους ὁρᾷς*; therefore he argues we are not to consider the men who embrace a profession, but the profession itself.[2] Still it is a difficult, and one of the most glorious triumphs of wisdom, when a person is able to separate in his mind the truth from the folly and vices of the vulgar, and weak, and undisciplined men who may happen to be its nominal supporters. But it is even a dangerous error to be unacquainted with the wickedness of men. Socrates shews that the opinion that all men are good leads one to a hatred of the species; for when he discovers his error, *μισεῖ τε πάντας, καὶ ἡγεῖται οὐδενὸς οὐδὲν ὑγιὲς εἶναι τὸ παράπαν*.[3] It only remains to say, with St. Bernard, we

[1] Plato, Protagoras. [2] Plato, Euthydemus.
[3] Plato, Phædo.

do not accuse all, but neither can we excuse all. "Reliquit sibi Dominus multa millia"; but the multitude of the wicked, even in the brightest ages of chivalry, who can count? René d'Anjou wrote his book, L'Abuzé en Court, to shew the vanity of ambition at court; and in that we find that all hateful vices existed then as they do now. Edward the Confessor lived in a corrupt age: St. Bernard had to determine between Innocent and Anaclet, both nominated to the Pontifical chair: there were scenes of debauchery close to the tent of Saint Louis. Our modern sagacious adversaries, who are ever raking and grubbing into old folios to discover corruption, do only lose their time; for it is ecclesiastical writers who are ever the most anxious to discover and record these horrible examples, for the purpose of their own instruction. We must all come to St. Augustine's conclusion, "Vera justitia non est, nisi in ea republica, cujus conditor rectorque Christus est."[1] It is in vain you point out the liability to abuse:

Omnia perversas possunt corrumpere mentes.

The piety of the adulterous Ægistheus,

πολλὰ δὲ μηρί' ἔκηε θεῶν ἱεροῖς ἐπὶ βωμοῖς,[2]

may have had imitators in that very England, where a pope's legate declared, "God accepts no pay, nor even holocausts for sin."[3] Christian knights may have had to entreat Christian knights in words like those of Œdipus to the Athenians, when he warned them not to make their piety an excuse for crime:

[1] De Civitate Dei, lib. II, 21. [2] Od. III, 273.
[3] Ottoboni was the Legate in 1268.

καὶ μὴ θεοὺς τιμῶντες, εἶτα τῶν θεῶν
μοῖραν ποιεῖσθε μηδαμῶς· ἡγεῖσθε δὲ
βλέπειν μὲν αὐτοὺς πρὸς τὸν εὐσεβῆ βροτῶν,
βλέπειν δὲ πρὸς τοὺς δυσσεβεῖς.

"It is for the sins of Christians," said Luis of Granada, "that so much of Europe, Asia, and Africa, formerly filled with churches, is now possessed by the barbarians; and so far from wondering that so many have fallen from the Church in these days, I give God thanks for what remains sound amidst so much depravity." But then our modern adversaries must be addressed in the words of St. Augustine: "Nunc vos illud admoneo, ut aliquando ecclesiæ Catholicæ maledicere desinatis, vituperando mores hominum, quos et ipsa condemnat, et quos quotidie tamquam malos filios corrigere studet."[1] As for the violence and disorders which characterized those ages when society had no artificial and hollow surface, much may be advanced in extenuation. How many brave and generous men were incited by them to devote themselves to the protection of the weak! And were not these disorders accompanied with virtues of the most exalted kind? *ἦ οἴει τὰ μεγάλα ἀδικήματα καὶ τὴν ἄκρατον πονηρίαν ἐκ φαύλης ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐκ μεγαυικῆς φυσέως τροφῇ διολομένης γίγνεσθαι, ἀσθενῆ δὲ φύσιν μεγάλων οὔτε ἀγαθῶν οὔτε κακῶν αἰτίαν ποτὲ ἔσεσθαι;*[2] this is the question of Socrates. "Formerly," says Sismondi, "greedy and unjust men seized the goods of others by violence; to-day they obtain them by fraudulent bankruptcies. Every attempt formerly was open; to-day everything is secret."[3] "It may be noted," says Izaak Walton, "that in this age there are a people so unlike the God of mercy, so void of the bowels of pity,

[1] De Moribus Ecclesiæ Catholicæ, 76.
[2] Plato de Repub. VI.
[3] Hist. des Répub. Ital. III, 259.

that they love only themselves and children; love them so as not to be concerned whether the rest of mankind waste their days in sorrow or shame; people that are curst with riches; and a mistake that nothing but riches can make them and theirs happy." We hear of the dungeons and chains in the castles of chivalry; but what tales of misery and of cruelty are unfolded before the legal tribunals of the moderns! Search the annals of the poor in our great cities, and how often will you have to say with Jeremy Taylor, "This is an uncharitableness next to the cruelties of savages, and at infinite distance from the mercies of the holy Jesus." "Zeal hath drowned charity," says Hooker, "and skill meekness." You do not find the ancients accusing their contemporaries of this want of charity; they rather prophesied, saying with Albertus Magnus, that "the element of fire seems chosen for the instrument of final destruction, to punish the coldness of charity which in those last days shall reign in the aged and decrepit world." But the moderns accuse their chivalrous ancestors of being over-zealous: and "What if they were all on fire and inflamed, if it was with them," says Taylor, "as Homer sings of the Sirian star, it shines finely, and brings fevers, splendour and zeal being the effects of their first grace," are there not times when anger becomes charity and duty? When Charilaus, King of Sparta, was commended for a gentle, a good, and a meek prince, his colleague said, "Well, how can he be good who is not an enemy even to vicious persons?" St. Augustine contrasts the Christian with the Stoical notion, and says, "Denique in disciplina nostra non tam quæritur utrum pius animus irascatur, sed quare irascatur."[1] Plato had said, that one thing to be

[1] De Civitate Dei, IX, 5.

learned to make up the harmony of virtue was μισεῖν ἃ χρὴ μισεῖν.[1] And, after all, it is a baseness and an infamy to apologize for anything when we are recording the deeds and dispositions of our Christian chivalry, ἀνθρώποις γὰρ διαλεγόμεθα, ἀλλ' οὐ θεοῖς. Look at those poor dead figures on the tombs of knights, with the cross on their breast, and their armed hands raised up in prayer. Where shall we find as much religion, and honour, and dignity, among the living, as beam from that cold stone? Is it for the kind of people who finger them with a vacant stare to name chivalry? But the superstition of the knights is the subject of declamation. The Church was careful to cut off the branches of this crime,[2] though it may have been unable to pull up all the fibres of its roots, "ita sunt altæ stirpes stultitiæ." "In the faith which is infused," says Father Luis of Granada, "there

[1] De Legibus, II.

[2] For the zeal of the Church against superstition, see Art. 3, de la Censure de la Faculté de Théologie de l'Université de Paris, in 1398; St. Eloi, cap. CCXX, lib. de Vera Relig. c. LV; the Penitential Canons, published by D'Achery, t. II, Spicil.; the Sixth Council of Paris, in 829; Eadmeri Historiæ Novorum III, c. VIII; Boniface, Epist. 132, 182. M. de Marchangy remarks, that "all beneficial civilization comes from the Church"; and he contrasts her gentleness in combating the follies of men with the bitter zeal of human societies. "The zeal of men is furious and devouring, because it is always mixed with passions and error: that of the Church is unimpassioned, patient, and eternal. The Church had exposed the folly of superstition. The parliament of Toulouse, in the 15th century, in one year put to death more than 400 persons accused of magic." Pierre Grégoire de Toulouse, lib. XXXIV; Syntag. Juris Univ. cap. XXI, No. 10. He might have appealed to James the First's proceedings against witches. For the condemnation of interpreting dreams, vide S. Greg. Nyss. de Opib. Homin. 13; Jo. de Sarisb. Polycrat. 17. The diviners of dreams were excommunicated by bulls, councils, and synods. Wherever men abandoned the Church, they gave way to superstition in the proper sense of the word; that is, they had recourse to a faith which was not founded in Jesus Christ.

is not the medium which exists in moral virtues, as there is no medium in the love of God: the more we love, the more we believe in him; but in human faith there is a medium separating credulity from incredulity: and these two are vices, because it is a vice and a lightness of heart to believe too readily, as it is a vice not to believe upon reasonable evidence." [1]

In the third chapter of the Songe du Vergier, the clerk proves to the knight the sin and folly of astrology, divination, and necromancy. On being asked whether all knights and squires may continue their custom of wearing relics, or some writing and divine words about their neck, he replies as follows: "Je vous respons, que si ils le font pour la très parfaicte fiance qu'ils ont à Dieu et à ses saints, adoncques ils le peuvent faire loisiblement; mais si en portant telles reliques ils font ou pensent auscunes vanites, adoncques c'est chose illicite et damnable de porter telles reliques, selon monseigneur Saint Thomas." Some practices were observed which offended holy men. Thus Gerson, the honour of the Sorbonne, said of some, "Hæc omnia non aliud sunt quam vana religio": these were expressly forbidden. Other opinions might be untrue, and yet the Church wisely did not interfere with national prejudices. "Though we should believe that St. James preached in Spain," says Fleury, "salvation is not endangered; but directly to combat this opinion in certain places, and before certain persons, would be to scandalize them, and to offend eminently against charity." [2] After all, the good knights were not so credulous and ignorant as those modern pedants would persuade us, who seem to think, that till their science was invented, forsooth

[1] Catechism, part II, c. XXVII.
[2] Premier Discours sur l'Hist. Ecclés.

Agamemnon could not tell how many legs he had, as Socrates says.[1] The doubts and reasoning of Bohemund respecting the vision of St. Andrew, to indicate the place where the holy lance was buried, in which he was joined by Arnulph and Tancred, might be cited in evidence. "A likely thing," said the Norman Prince, "that the blessed Andrew should appear to a man who is a frequenter of taverns, a trifler, and a saunterer in the markets. As for the place, who does not see that it was feigned? If a Christian had concealed the lance, why not have availed himself of the secret place of the altar? If a Gentile or a Jew, why place it within the walls of a church? But if we are to suppose that it was there by accident, what historian relates that Pilate was ever at Antioch? for we know it was the lance of a soldier, and a soldier of Pilate; and, to omit this difficulty, am I to be told, that what many digging by day could not discover, has been found by one in the dark? O rustic folly! O rustic credulity! Let the provincials trust in their iron, we in the name of our Lord Jesus Christ have conquered, and shall conquer." Mark how careful were the judges of the Maid of Orleans to convict her of superstition, and how she replied to their questions: "Interroguée qui aidoit plus, elle à l'estendart, ou l'estendart à elle? Respond, 'que de la victoire de l'estendart ou d'elle, c'estoit à nostre Seigneur tout': asked 'Si l'esperance d'avoir victoire estoit fondée en son estendard ou en elle.' Respond, 'il estoit fondé en nostre Seigneur, et non ailleurs.'"[2] You smile at the indulgences which were given to the crusaders. Profane men, can you read the terms on which they were granted by Gregory VII without trembling? "On condition that, applying himself to

[1] De Repub. VII. [2] Chronique et Procès de la Pucelle.

good works, and lamenting his past sins, he should make his body a pure temple for God." "Without the spirit," says St. Bernard, "the sacrament is taken to judgment, and the flesh profiteth nothing, and the letter killeth, and faith is dead."[1] When a modern is for teaching a spiritual religion to the followers of antiquity, he not unfrequently resembles a sign-painter who would give advice to Raphael. The confidence of the faithful is confirmed by every investigation; for truth requires no mystery, and it disdains a suspicious or faint-hearted advocate. "No," says St. Bernard, "the race of Christians has never failed; faith hath never departed from the world, nor charity from the Church. The rivers swelled, and the winds blew and beat against it, and it fell not, because it was founded on a rock; therefore neither by the wordy eloquence of philosophers, nor by the cavils of heretics, nor by the swords of persecutors, hath it ever been, or can it ever be, separated from the charity of God which is in Christ Jesus."[2]

XXV. And now it is meet I let my reader rest, and leave him with the inspiring recollections of the heroic dead; that as the poet, who had beheld the sum and punishment of mortal crime, revived his fainting courage with the water of Eunoe, so there may be a reviving stream for him who has been doomed to explore the records of human weakness, that he too may return from the most holy wave regenerate,

> E'en as new plants renewed with foliage new,
> Pure and made apt for mounting to the stars.

Yes! were it not for the beauty which meets the eye in every object, whose colour "nature's own sweet and cunning hand lays on," he who now

[1] In Cantica Serm. 33. [2] Ibid. 79.

converses much with the dead would long to be with them. Nevertheless, while defending past ages, a disciple of the ancient wisdom has no desire to express his thoughts as one who is angry with men or with times; nor, on the other hand, as one who is ready to flatter and to follow fortune. In our day, he need not dread much from the anger of other men. "Causa enim manet eadem, quæ mutari nullo modo potest: temporis iniquitas atque invidia recessit, ut quod in tempore mali fuit, nihil obsit." [1] Who formerly dared to say that the intellect of the house of Tudor was not competent to determine the religious views of all British subjects? Who now, at least before the Republic of Plato, dares to affirm that it was? Who then had doubts of the veracity of Titus Oates? Who now pretends to believe his evidence? Who then had scruples in affirming that the Pope was Antichrist, and that all our ancestors, "for eight hundred years or more," were "drowned in abominable idolatry"? Who now would venture to express such an opinion, though every one is ready to swear to it as a fact, treating the legislator like a doting or insane person, who is to be humoured in his weakness? And besides, though there are men enough in the world, whose example, as William of Paris says,[2] can disprove the Platonic notion that the human soul is a harmony, there are not wanting others, endued with great generosity of nature, who, like the woman of Samaria, are rather edified than offended on being reminded of their own faults. *Τοιοῦτον γὰρ αἱ γενναῖαι ψυχαί· ὑφ' ὧν ἕτεροι σκανδαλίζονται, ὑπὸ τούτων ἐκεῖναι διορθοῦνται.* This is the remark of St. Chrysostom.

Still, it is hard to be compelled to leave these peaceful scenes for the sombre realities, the direful discords, of the modern world, which, notwith-

[1] Cicero pro A. Cluentio. [2] Lib. de Anima, III.

standing all the gifts of nature and the offers of grace, can be compared most truly to that city of grief filled with the lost people; or to that dark cave imagined by the sage, where men think there can be no safety, but where there is suspicion and eternal contention, where they either doze away years in sullen torpor, or else wander from side to side, hating and suspecting one another, and sigh and laugh and blaspheme in darkness and in chains.[1] Alas! was it for these unhappy people to complain of the darkness of the day without? "The dark ages!" Yea, at all times the world lies in darkness. "Nox est Judaica perfidia; nox ignorantia paganorum; nox, hæretica pravitas; nox etiam Catholicorum carnalis conversatio. An non nox, ubi non percipiuntur ea quæ sunt spiritus Dei?"[2] They lived not in the dark ages; but well might their neglected and insulted guides have replied to them: "Vide ergo, ne lumen quod in te est, tenebræ sint." They accused the clergy of wishing to lead them back to darkness. What injustice! "O men," cries St. Augustine, "love not darkness! be not darkness! O homines, nolite esse tenebræ, nolite esse infideles, injusti, iniqui, rapaces, avari, amatores sæculi: hæ sunt enim tenebræ."[3] Alas! must he not have slept a long and deadly sleep, who was not awakened with the sound of such a trumpet?

St. Bernardin relates of a certain confessor, who, attending a rich man at the time of his death, could get no other words from him but "How sells wool? What price bears it at present?" And the priest still urging him, saying, "Sir, for God's sake, leave off this discourse, and take care of your soul, and confess your sins"; all he could get from him was, "I cannot"; and with these words he died. Dion

[1] Plato de Repub. VII.

[2] S. Bernardi in Cantica Serm.; Herman Hugo, Pia Desideria, I, 5.

[3] S. August. Tract. in S. Johan. Evang. c. I.

was no sooner acquainted with the philosophy of Plato than his whole soul caught the enthusiasm, and with the simplicity of a young man, who judges of the disposition of others by his own, he concluded that Plato's lectures would have the same effect upon Dionysius as they had produced in his mind; and he never rested till he persuaded the tyrant to hear Plato. Alas! those were vain hopes. Men of this character attended so much to what they themselves were saying, that the reply of the sage could never gain even a hearing. Plutarch records a saying of Plato, who, when he was desired by a certain people to give them a body of laws, and to settle their government upon wise principles, gave them this oracular answer, "It is very difficult to give laws to so prosperous a people." "I have heard, indeed, O dear Socrates," says the youth in Plato,[1] "that whoever desires to be an orator need not learn what things are really just, but what seem to be so to the multitude, who relish not what are really good and honourable, but what seems to be so, and that in these the art of persuading lies; and not in truth," ἐκ γὰρ τούτων εἶναι τὸ πείθειν, ἀλλ' οὐκ ἐκ τῆς ἀληθείας. After the religious troubles had given new forms for two generations, an instructive book might have been composed on the difficulties of truth. As the world wore, and as men were placed, it seemed, humanly speaking, impossible that any should have the wisdom or the courage to embrace a religion which offered them the rigours of penitence, tears of compunction, and the certainty of insults and outrage; which says to them, in the words of St. Remi to Clovis, when he received him at the door of the church at Rheims, "Mitis depone colla, adora quod incendisti, incende quod adorasti."[2] If men of learning, they were

[1] Phædrus. [2] Hincmar, Vita S. Rem.

proud, and resisted truth; they were not men of meditation, and perhaps they did not even understand the meaning of the term; pursuing divine things in the way rather of a study or a speculation:[1] and their study did not bring them nearer to a comprehension of truth: "Sunt enim literæ multis instrumenta dementiæ, cunctis fere superbiæ, nisi quod raro in aliquam bonam et bene institutam animam inciderunt."[2] Learned men and men of genius had a difficult sacrifice to make before they could embrace this philosophy, which condemned so much of their intellectual treasures to be divided among the needy; for, as St. Bernard says of those who are against it, "Omnibus una intentio semper fuit captare gloriam de singularitate scientiæ."[3] The study of antiquity was abandoned by the moderns to men who were content to write volumes in folio, on its dry bones and fibres, or to others who searched into its detail, only that they might be enabled to pay their court to men in power, and to perplex those who adhered to its spirit with the cavils of an erudite fancy. Men of noble mind were deterred from a study which was thus made subservient to adulation. On the other hand, to what could love without knowledge lead in such an age? "To error," says St. Bernard. The evidence of St. Ignatius, St. Irenæus, Tertullian, St. Cyprian, St. Cyril of Jerusalem, and the other lights of the early Church, was lost upon men wholly unacquainted with the history of Christianity; and to those who had never studied the Fathers of the first ages, the ignorant and rash appeal of a Jewel to their evidence would seem decisive and unanswerable. Daily experience shews that while men firmly maintain and act upon the

[1] Luis of Granada, Catechism, III, 21.
[2] Petrarch de Ignorantia sui ipsius.
[3] In Cantica Serm. 64.

axioms which are used in the practice of their own profession, they are often wholly unprepared to discern the importance of others, which are no less essential, in a different study. This was the case with the men who joined the standard of those who opposed the Church. All their thoughts and experience had been employed in another cause, either in the pursuit of science, or in the cultivation of modern literature; so that in pressing them with the principles of the primitive Christians respecting the unity and authority of the Church, men produced as much effect as if, in reasoning with a ploughman, they had quoted the demonstrations of Euclid. If, again, men were led towards the sanctuary by the suggestions of others, or by the impulse of their own genius, then they were poor, and could not starve for conscience; they were generous, and they could not wound the feelings of a friend; if rich, they were too gross and sensual and overcharged with the cares of this life, to admire its excellence; if young, they were sedulously kept from embracing it by parents and governors, and perhaps by the terrors of law—Suetonius relates of Nero, that his mother had inspired him with aversion to philosophy, teaching him that it was contrary to the character of one who was to rule an empire;—if old, the world had gained too great an ascendency over their minds to suffer the entrance of celestial inspiration. "I know, indeed," says Dion Chrysostom, "that it is hard to teach men, but easy to deceive them; and they learn with pain, if they do attain to learn, by means of the few who are wise, but they are deceived most readily by the multitude of the ignorant, and not only by others, but by themselves."[1] Lastly, there were others for whom it might have been said, "evacuatum est scandalum crucis";[2] who had learning and meek-

[1] Orat. XI. [2] Epist. ad Galat. V, 11.

ness, who had a strong inclination for the truth, who had no dread of poverty, and who had no friends that would be grieved, who had youth and no obstacles, age and no perverse prejudices, and yet who chose rather to die than to return to the household of faith. "Probatum est," says St. Bernard, "mori magis eligunt, quam converti."[1] Still, however, it was not for Christians to despair.

> ——— Jordan was turned back;
> And a less wonder than the refluent sea
> Might, at God's pleasure, work amendment here.

A reasonable hope might have been expressed in the words of St. Augustine, "O utinam possetis intelligere quæ dicta sunt! Confestim abjiceretis omnes ineptias fabellarum, totosque vos magna alacritate, sincero amore, firmissima fide sanctissimo Ecclesiæ Catholicæ gremio conderetis."[2]

But within how few minutes has this melancholy shade come on! The objects which are soon to pass along our path, like the train of spectres through the woods of romance, which give notice of approaching wars to the empire, making the night hideous with the rattle of direful wheels, are casting a gloom before them. Ἐῤῥέι τὰ καλά.[3] It is as if the night had closed in upon us. Nothing is to be seen of those gallant sons of chivalry decked with jewels, and adorned with glittering armour, who, with banners richly wrought, reflecting the sun's rays, passed in such solemnity before us; it is as when the belated pilgrim learns from the last toll of the bell of a distant convent, that he has wandered far from the track, when the light fails

[1] Serm. LXVI in Cantica.
[2] St. August. de Moribus Eccles. Cathol. 32.
[3] Xenophon, Hellenic. I, 1.

him, and the ground is overspread with tangled thorns, and there is no sound but the screech of the night-heron to awaken the echoes of the forest. As Landor bids adieu to his Cato and Lucullus, we leave our Tancred and the Cid; we leave St. Bernard and the Paladins, the Broad Stone of Honour and the sanctuaries of faith, for Henry VIII and Elizabeth and Cecil, for Calvin and Knox and Cranmer. In the following book I shall unfold events than which were never mightier nor more cruel cause of woe. Nobles we shall behold

> Cancelling their fame,
> Blotting their names from books of memory.
> Razing the characters of their renown:

unstable churchmen too, claiming reverence, although they felt their title

> Hang loose about them, like a giant's robe
> Upon a dwarfish thief;

resembling that Athenian father who was ambitious to make his son a sophist, and who rejoiced on seeing him return from school with an insolent countenance, and a tongue ever apt at contradiction, and to challenge argument with a τί λέγεις σύ; but who soon had reason to lament his own folly when his son laughs at him, and beats him, and proves to him that he ought to be beaten: men becoming devils to themselves, tempting the frailty of their powers, presuming on their changeful potency, "drest in a little brief authority," surpassing in extravagance him of old who made his horse the consul, playing "such fantastic tricks before high heaven as make the angels weep." The field of disputation is a prospect not more inviting than the review of these events; yet upon this too I shall be obliged to enter; though I am not always without fear lest this attempt to describe

the religion of our ancient chivalry should be received with malice, as furnishing ground for an argument against it; for there are many who do not love chivalry, and, still more, who have no soul to comprehend the connection and the harmony which reigns in the circle of virtue. There are many persons with whom it is better never to contend; and as we approach these subjects, so awfully sacred, so affectingly sublime, a man should rather concede all minor things, and surrender his own inclinations and judgment even to what he may regard as the error and prejudice of weak minds. Alas! truth of itself has sufficient obstacles before it; be it far from any mortal to add to them by disguising it in the colours of his own passion: only let truth prevail, and let chivalry be a vision—only let the spirit of the oracular dead, the soul of England, be restored, and let the plumed troop, and the bright banners, and the heart-stirring tournament, which made ambition virtue, be consigned to oblivion. But men ought not to reject the conclusion, because these premisses are abandoned; they ought not to be insensible to the severe beauty of that solemn temple, because they may have been led to it through an enchanted garden of shadowy forms:—they should remember that the destiny of man is often determined by the very passions which seem designed to reverse it. St. Augustine went to Milan, thinking that it was to teach rhetoric; but he was sent there to be converted by St. Ambrose: and young men may begin by suffering their thoughts to dwell on visionary scenes, and their imagination to kindle at

> Such sights as youthful poets dream
> On summer eves by haunted stream;

and their feet to wander among the lofty fables and romances which recount, in solemn cantos, the

deeds of knighthood; and all the while God may be leading them, as St. Anselm says, "through vanity to truth," "per vanitatem transimus ad veritatem."[1]

For me, indeed, it was sufficient that what is now to be maligned was the religion of the Church; "Sed tu," I must say to the disciple of the modern philosophy, "auctoritates contemnis, ratione pugnas. Patere igitur rationem meam cum tua ratione contendere."

"This day," said Hannibal, when he moved the cup of poison to his lips, "will prove how changed are the manners of the Roman people. The fathers of these men gave warning to King Pyrrhus, to an armed enemy, who had troops in Italy, lest he should be destroyed by poison; these men have sent a consular ambassador, who has instigated Prusias to the crime of murdering his guest."[2] A melancholy, but instructive example, which might teach even Christian people, that whatever may have been the heroic greatness of their ancestors, though their country may have been for ages the seat renowned for saints and chivalry, neither the holiness nor the heroism of former times will avail them, if the spirit, and the dignity, and the innocence be not transmitted; that vain and worthless will be self-applause, and exultation, and all the pomp of material prosperity, if they should forfeit the grace of that Being, who can pull down the mighty, and confound the proud, and who determines in the balance of unerring justice the destiny and the fame of nations.

[1] St. Anselmi Epist. lib. II, 25.

[2] Livy, XXXIX, 53.

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